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### *Some Thoughts on International Morality.*

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IT is one of the most striking characteristics of the ordinary literature of the day, and especially of our newspapers and reviews, that the standard of the moral judgments most commonly to be found in it is a Pagan rather than a Christian standard. The natural virtues, as set forth in the best heathen moralists, are respected and admired, and any marked deviation from them is condemned; but of the specially and distinctively Christian virtues we hear little; they are not rejected, but are for the most part passed over in silence, as matters with which the ordinary run of men have little or no practical concern.

It is of course a grievous loss that in the current literature of a nation a standard of morality should be adopted, which is not the highest one attainable; but with respect to private morality it may perhaps be said that this is for the most part the whole extent of the evil. The natural virtues are as much virtues to Christians as to other men, and in so far as any man practises them he is deserving of praise. A Catholic would, no doubt, have much to say upon this point, both as to the motive from which virtue is practised, and as to the higher degree to which even natural virtues are exalted under the Christian dispensation; this is not, however, the question with which we are dealing now, and we therefore pass it by, and turn at once to the topic which we propose now to discuss, the results of adopting a Pagan, instead of a Christian, morality in regard to political questions. A very slight consideration of this subject will show us that Pagan and Christian ideas are here not distinct, but divergent. To the Pagan his own state, whether it was the city of the Greek with its narrow territorial limits, or the vast Empire of the Roman, ever extending its boundaries at the cost of others, was the highest aim of his earthly aspirations, often the only real object of his worship, and whatever tended to the exaltation of that state was not only justifiable, but just; all men outside a

narrow circle were to him barbarians, who had no rights entitled to his consideration, and no claims whatever upon his justice; his whole political morality was summed up in the cry of Cato: *Delenda est Carthago*—Carthage is the rival of Rome, therefore let Carthage be destroyed.

Now it cannot be denied that this idea has strong attractions for different descriptions of persons. It has great and obvious attractions for ambitious sovereigns or ministers, for it is easy in accordance with it to justify any aggression, and to defend any attack upon the rights of a weaker neighbour. It is only necessary to assert that the influence of a great empire ought to be paramount over the smaller states on its borders, or that a frontier requires improvement, and a resort to arms becomes legitimate, and any resistance on the part of a threatened people is regarded as obstinacy and insolence. This idea is also very attractive to the vulgar and rowdy elements, which exist in every country; all those, who estimate the greatness of a nation by the size of its territory and the numbers of its population, are naturally delighted with it; while those, who are accustomed to measure all questions by a low moral standard, imagine that they are taking rather an elevated view of public affairs, when they find themselves advocating an extension of the influence or the power of their country without any consideration of the morality of the means by which it is proposed to obtain it. But it would be both an inadequate and an unfair estimate of the motives, which often induce men to accept this theory, if we were to suppose that its supporters were to be found only among persons belonging to one or other of the two classes just referred to. There will always be men of a far higher character, who under certain circumstances and at certain times will be tempted to make the theory, which we are considering, their own. Few persons probably have taken an active part in public affairs for any considerable time, who, if they have not steadily taken the teachings of Christian morality as their guide on every political subject, have not felt the attraction of a doctrine, which gave them so comparatively simple a rule for guidance, as that, under which any course may be adopted with a clear conscience, which is held to be likely to increase the external greatness of their country. Many of the most complicated and perplexing questions in politics may thus be solved in a moment, and the statesman may enter upon the most unprovoked war

without a pang, and pursue the most tortuous diplomacy without a blush under the sheltering protection of this idea. But this is not all; there are many, alas, how many in these days, who have no real faith in things unseen, who either do not believe in God at all, or believe in Him so faintly and doubtfully as to leave earthly realities as the only practical realities to them. To such men to make a god of the state is to raise themselves to a higher level and to lift them out of the slough of mere individual selfishness, in which they might otherwise be plunged, and therefore when in political life they do deeds themselves, or support deeds in others, from the like of which they would shrink in private life, they often seem to themselves to be pursuing objects so high and unselfish as to justify the means used for their attainment; their standard of morality is not given them from above, but received by them from below, and they not unfrequently believe that if they violate in the supposed interest of their country moral rules, which they respect for themselves, they make an acceptable sacrifice on the altar of patriotism.

And yet more, if personal ambition, if the desire to possess authority and influence, are inducements so powerful with men of high intellect and great force of will as often to drown the voice of conscience and prompt them even to political crimes, how much more likely is it that such men will yield to the temptation to forget the claims of strict morality, when they can persuade themselves that they are animated by no selfish motive, but are actuated solely by a desire to promote the greatness of their country! To love our country with a passionate devotion is so high and noble a virtue, that the devil juggles with her name just as he does with that of wife or child, and it is often the greatest and in many respects the noblest men, whom he tempts the most successfully by brilliant visions of national glory into forgetfulness of that justice which alone really "exalteth a nation."

Such, then, are some of the reasons which give attraction to the Pagan view of political morality, and which seem to have a wide-spread influence at the present time. We have seen within the last thirty years a succession of rulers and statesmen, who have made this view the guide of their conduct. Of these Prince Bismarck is the ablest, as the Emperor Napoleon the Third was probably the most absolutely unaffected by moral considerations. To such men the end ever

justifies the means; if they can satisfy the world that their end is a right one, they never seem even to suspect that it is necessary to defend the means which they use to attain it; and to them increase of territory, security for their own country and insecurity for their neighbours, "natural" frontiers, national consolidation—any of these, or of a thousand other excuses, are sufficient to outweigh the ordinary considerations of justice and the rights of weaker rivals. It is not unfrequently greatly to the interest of men of this type, which for want of a better name it is the fashion to call the Imperial type, to take up this theory. Able, as they may be and often undoubtedly are, in the contests of diplomacy or in war, they frequently display that sort of incapacity for internal government, which seems to characterize Prince Bismarck, and it is therefore very natural that they should desire to turn aside the attention of their countrymen from their internal affairs to the pursuit of vast schemes of external aggrandizement.

But the doctrine which we are criticizing is not confined to rulers and statesmen such as these. It is widely prevalent among the people of most European countries, it is preached in the Press, defended by political essayists, and often assumed to be undeniable. For a long time we heard little of it in England, except to be condemned; it is essentially of foreign growth, and took no root at first in our soil, but of late a change has occurred in this respect, and it is now considered enough, in too many quarters, to say that such and such measures are required to increase the influence of a country, or to give additional security against possible future dangers, in order to cause all doubts or questionings as to their justice or morality to be ridiculed as the follies of weak-minded and contemptible persons. Let us take a few examples of the sort of thing we mean. The independence of a small republic is guaranteed by a European Congress, but its freedom is obnoxious to its powerful neighbours, and it is annexed without a scruple. The circumstances of a particular moment are such as to enable a Government to repudiate an irksome engagement solemnly entered into—to hesitate to seize the fleeting opportunity would be a weakness unworthy of a bold and spirited statesman, and the deed is done. The frontier of a State is supposed to be capable of improvement, military men are found to say, often probably very truly, that in a scientific point of view, it would be better to secure a different



line; but the territory of a neighbour comes in inconveniently, and, therefore, to pause in consideration for his rights, and from a respect for his independence, is treated as an imbecility, if not a treason, unworthy of a lover of his country. These things are sometimes said openly; but the more common course is to pass by altogether all considerations of right and wrong, to assert the State necessity, and then assume that no more can be said. Many no doubt will be found to approve of this method of reasoning in the case of their own country, who would be very much astonished if they were called upon to accept it with equal readiness in other cases. Let us take an instance. There is probably no territorial boundary which is so utterly inconsistent with the requirements of a scientific frontier as that which gives the Trentino to Austria, and places one of the most important keys of Italy in her hands. But how many of those who talk glibly of the theories of military science when their own national interests are supposed to be concerned, would be ready to applaud the "Italia Irredenta" Societies in applying them to the seizure of the upper valley of the Adige; but what is a good argument for one nation is a good argument for another, and if men decline to apply to their neighbours' case the principle upon which they act in their own, there is strong ground for suspecting that the principle is wrong.

But however well such theories were suited to Pagan nations and Pagan politicians, they can never constitute the political ideal of Catholics, or of Christians of any kind. The Latin proverb runs, *Salus populi suprema lex*, but though the saying may be accepted if it is taken only to mean that when the safety of the nation comes into conflict with the interest of the individual the latter must give way, its truth in an absolute sense cannot be admitted by any Christian, because for him there can be but one supreme law, the Law of God. To obey His Law, to do His will, is the one end of man, whether of man as an individual, or of nations of men collectively; and all lower ends, all earthly advantages, influence, power, wealth, though in their proper places they may be lawful objects of pursuit, are each and all of them strictly subordinate and not supreme. The Christian ideal of civil Government must surely be the promotion of the highest well-being of the people, but even this great end is not to be pursued without regard to the claims of others, and a Christian nation ought

ever to be distinguished by its scrupulous respect for the rights of its neighbours, and its just consideration of their interests. It is the fashion now-a-days with many persons, either openly or by insinuation, to denounce those who govern their political conduct by such principles as these as unpatriotic. Such a charge deserves no lengthened refutation; it is a coarse calumny, which is sufficiently answered by pointing out that the true patriot does not regard his country as a tawdry mistress to be supplied at any cost, and by any means, with gaudy jewels, but as a dear wife, whose untarnished reputation is more precious than life itself, for whom he would joyfully make every sacrifice but that of duty, but to whom he would ever say, slightly altering the words of the cavalier poet to his lady love,

I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not *justice* more.

For the Christian's patriotism is wider than the Pagan's; he rejoices to see his country great, and powerful, and respected, and he would spend himself in all ways to make her so; but above all things he desires that she should be famous in the world for her love of justice, and for her strict good faith. And how can one who believes in God's providential government of the world desire anything else for his country? Can he doubt that national sins bring down national judgments? They may come sooner, or they may come later; they may be patent to all men, as the lightning flashing across the sky, or they may be hard to trace by our imperfect vision; but they are sure. The misdeeds of Warren Hastings may seem to go unpunished for near a century; but an Indian mutiny comes at last to avenge them, and others like them, with an awful severity. Or, on the other hand, the retribution may follow swiftly on the offence; three short years sufficed for the purpose in the case of the first Afghan War, of which Sir John Kaye writes in his eloquent history<sup>1</sup>—

In the pages of a heathen writer, over such a story as this would be cast the shadow of a tremendous Nemesis. The Christian historian uses other words, but the same prevailing idea runs, like a great river, through his narrative; and the reader recognizes the one great truth, that the wisdom of our statesman is but foolishness, and the might of our armies is but weakness, when the curse of God is sitting heavily upon an unholy cause.

<sup>1</sup> Kaye's *War in Afghanistan*, vol. ii. p. 390.

To put, then, considerations of right before considerations of policy, to consider what is due to others as well as what is due to ourselves, is not the folly that it seems to many; it is that higher wisdom which has learnt that which in truth is the first of political lessons, that material force is of all the powers that move the world the weakest in the long run, and that the solid foundations of enduring prosperity can be laid in justice alone.

But there is a subtler, if not a sounder form, which is sometimes given to the doctrine, which we are discussing, and which it will now be right to consider. It is said that a great nation, possessed of wide-spread dominions and ruling over many subject races will inevitably fall from her high position in the world, as soon as she ceases to extend the sphere of her influence. The idea may be plausible; but a close examination of it will show that it is as unsound politically as it is morally. We are dealing here chiefly with moral considerations, but we may perhaps be permitted for a moment to allude to one or two of the political objections to which this doctrine is liable.

In the first place many persons will be found to doubt whether large nations are the happiest, or enjoy the most widespread general well-being; that there are points in which smaller nations have the advantage over larger ones will scarcely be contested, and that the real happiness of a people increases with every increase of its territory is unquestionably untrue. Indeed, all history teaches us that the overgrowth of an empire is the almost inevitable precursor of its fall. More nations have died of plethora than of atrophy, and it is as possible to overtax the powers and energies of a great people as it is those of a great man. In this, as in all things in human life, the truest wisdom is to look only to the path of duty, it is a happy and undoubted truth that

Not once or twice in our fair island story  
The path of duty was the way to glory,

but in these cases our aim was to do our duty, and the glory which followed was the reward which God gave to us over and above. This surely is the true English ideal to be cherished by us as a noble principle bequeathed for our guidance by our great forerunners, from Alfred, our model King, to Wellington, our model soldier, and not to be cast aside for any showy dream of material glory of the Napoleonic type. Neither is it safe to suppose that we can nourish such a spirit in regard to

our external conduct and that it will bear no fruit at home. The *coup d'état* lies very close to the *raison d'état* and more than once in history have nations bartered away their freedom for military renown. If a people is willing to encourage its rulers to disregard law and right in their dealings with other nations, they must not be surprised if those rulers begin to extend the practice to internal affairs. A strict respect for law and constitutional obligations, a desire to consult the nation on its own business even at the risk of delay and opposition, is seldom found in statesmen of the Bismarck stamp, the lovers of a "grand policy" are impatient of control, and, if they cannot bear down their opponents with the cynical frankness of the Prussian Chancellor, are apt to take refuge, first in concealment and then in lawlessness from criticism, which they find troublesome; once relieve them from the wholesome restraints of moderation and considerateness in their external dealings, and they will be pretty sure to treat their own countrymen before long as they have been encouraged to treat the foreigner. The miserable spectacle of the German "National Liberals" in the hands of Prince Bismarck is a warning for all time.

Let us look now at the moral aspects of the matter. What aggression is there which this theory would not justify? What better defence could those desire whose object it has been to convert Rome from the spiritual Capital of the World into the temporal Capital of a single Kingdom? If Prince Bismarck covets Holland, or France should desire to annex Belgium, here is a choice argument ready to their hands. Really, those who employ such reasoning should remember that it can be used by others as well as by themselves, and should look a little beyond the exigencies of the moment before they commit themselves to doctrines, against the application of which by others they would be the first to cry out. But it is not only because they may furnish dangerous weapons to other countries that these notions are to be condemned; their prevalence has a directly demoralizing effect upon any nation in which they are rife; they tend to weaken the sense of right and wrong, and we may be very sure that if that be done in regard to political matters, the mischief will spread to other matters also, and will tend to engender a low and vulgar tone of thought, deeply injurious to the national character. Chauvinism is a fungus of rapid growth, spreading its poison far and wide.

If this view of the theories which have now a certain prevalence among us be true, surely Catholics, above all other men, ought to reject and resist them. Nothing can be clearer than that it is greatly to their interest to do so; they have everything to lose and nothing to gain by aggression; they have in these days no commanding influence with the Governments of the world; their only hope of preserving freedom for the Church, and a just regard for her independence, lies in the maintenance of a strong general love of justice and a scrupulous respect for the rights of others. The recent history of Germany warns us that the same overweening spirit, which attacked weak Denmark and did its best to crush prostrate France, is ready at a moment's notice to oppress the Catholic Church; the revival of Pagan views of the position and claims of the State is at the present time her greatest political danger. It would, however, be contrary to the spirit of the whole of the preceding argument if we were to rest our appeal to Catholics in favour of the views which we have been setting forth upon the ground of interest alone; our claim is a far higher one—it is the claim of duty. The ultimate standard of judgment for a Catholic, in politics as in all other affairs of human life, must always be a moral standard; for him at all events there surely cannot be two moralities, one for private and one for public affairs. God's law is the same for all, for the Sovereign or the Statesman as for the humblest dweller in the land; and that law, which prescribes scrupulous justice between man and man, prescribes it no less between nation and nation. Those to whom this is an elementary truth, will naturally give special evidence in their conduct on political questions of their being ever guided by it, and will be remarkable among other men for the high moral tone of their judgments on such matters. They will show that they detest any theory by which men persuade themselves that they may do evil that good may come, and they will repudiate with indignation the notion that for any material end whatever it can ever be lawful or wise to disregard the claims of others, or to trample upon their rights. Catholics in this, as in other countries, differ, and ever will differ, upon many a political question, but they will always recognize that all such questions, so far as they involve moral considerations, must be brought to the test of the one moral law which God has given to man; and judging by that law, they will on every occasion ask themselves first, not whether any course of policy

will extend our territory, or enlarge our influence, or add to that "prestige" of which we hear so often now-a-days, but for which the English language provides no word, but whether it is founded on justice, is regardful of the rights of others, and will increase that reputation for good faith which is at once the firmest security for our power, and the best preservative of our greatness.

RIPON.



## *A Long Day in Norway.*

### CHAPTER IV.

#### IN LAPLAND.

*Wednesday, July 17.*—So we have reached the North Cape in eight days from Bergen, including our frequent calls at stations and one whole day at Thronthjem : and here we are in latitude  $71^{\circ} 13'$  N. and longitude  $25^{\circ} 50'$ .

Before we turn back, let us pause a moment to consider our position thus accurately defined, and what these terms imply. Our *latitude* shows that we are nearly twenty degrees north of London, that is to say, twenty degrees nearer the North Pole, and so more than half way from London to that undiscovered point. But what is more remarkable in its phenomena is our *longitude*. First, as it affects our time. We have moved rapidly eastward in our northern voyage. At Bergen we were five degrees east of Greenwich, at Thronthjem ten, near the Loföden Islands fifteen, at Tromsø twenty, and at the North Cape nearly twenty-six. Now, as every five degrees eastward makes a difference of twenty minutes in the local time, our clock had to undergo many corrections that made great confusion in our orderly habits, which of course had to be regulated by clock-work. We were voyaging to meet the sun, and so in these last three days we have gained twenty minutes a day, and have added nearly one hour to our time.

Indeed, in these extreme northern regions it is much easier and shorter work to gain time in this way, by sailing east, than it would be nearer home, and for this simple reason : the degrees of longitude grow shorter as the traveller increases his latitude, and yet fifteen degrees make a difference of one hour, be those degrees long or short. The great circle which sweeps around the Equator is divided into three hundred and sixty degrees, and so is each one of the lesser circles parallel to the Equator, which of course diminish in circumference as they

approach the Poles, until the ultimate circle at either Pole is contracted into a mere point. Thus it is that a degree in longitude grows shorter as each circle of longitude grows less, and so it comes to pass that here, at the North Cape, a degree is but twenty-two miles, while at the Equator it is more than four times as great. So were we now resolved upon a voyage round the world, we might turn off in the *Jonas Lie*, rounding the North Cape, strike eastwards, and travelling less than double the number of miles that this our Norwegian tour covers, might find ourselves once more at the same point, but coming in upon it from the west, having completed the whole circle in a voyage of about eight thousand miles.

And did we make the attempt, we might be surprised to find how very far north we indeed are. Iceland would be found south of us, and Greenland itself but half ahead; the great passages which have grown so familiar to us by records of Polar expeditions, Bhering's and Davis' Straits, would be crossed in their northern extremities; Baffin's Bay would be but a portion of our direct route, while Boothia Felix and the magnetic North Pole itself would be as it were a station in our way, not one degree further north.

So our voyage would be interrupted by land, and sledges would have to take the place of the good ship at certain points, as they would have to do here in Norway at certain seasons; but directly measured, the distance round the world in this latitude would be as short as we have said: and this gives us an idea, perhaps as clear as any that we can form, of the position and the characteristics of this strange North Cape.

And now the time has come for us to begin to retrace our steps. We take one farewell look at the great Cape we came so far to see, and we gaze, it may be with longing eyes, upon the vast expanse of ocean which is spread before us, and towards that undiscovered land which veils itself in eternal ice and snow, and still defies all efforts of stout hearts and scientific skill to penetrate its mysteries. The watching and fishing have brought us prolonged sleep, and when we rise—on

*Thursday, July 18*—we find the ship at a station in a cosy harbour, loading itself with stock-fish. We have already mentioned the simple process of drying which the poles and lines at the Lofóden suggested, and here we have around us boatloads of the dried cod-fish, which are being tossed on board and stowed away in the hold, as light and bulky and so as undesirable

a cargo as could well be imagined for a ship which may have to rough it in the broad Vest Fjord, and which needs much weight to steady it in those wild waters. The cod, when tied in pairs and hung up to dry, shrink to less than half their size and to much less than half their weight. Then they are piled up in stacks or heaped in warehouses until the *Jonas Lie*, as now, calls for them. We take four thousand on board, and stow them carefully away. We are told that they are carried to Italy or Spain, and sold at the rate of twopence a pound. They require to be soaked for two days to soften them, for now they are so hard and rough that the Laplanders who bring them on board have to wear stout gloves to protect their hands from cuts. When soaked they swell out again to their original size, and so reduce their original price one half; and being unsalted, the purchaser gets fish and not salt for his money.

But if the stock-fish does not bring salt, it fetches it: that is to say, salt for the herring trade is purchased in Italy and Spain in exchange for the fish. So these southern countries export salt and import fish, and Norway does the reverse, and exports fish and imports salt.

But, say we, why not extract salt from the Arctic Ocean, and get your salt where you get your fish? The reply is, that the waters of the Arctic Ocean are not salt enough to repay evaporation, and thus reciprocity is encouraged. The weather grows cold, showery, and gloomy, but brightens up as we once more arrive at Hammerfest.

And now we take a longer stroll than on our first visit. We know enough of this *Ultima Thule* to hurry through its fishy streets and breathe as little as possible of its rancid air. A broad up-climbing road leads us into the bright and pleasant country, and very refreshing it is alike to mind and body after the confinement of shipboard. Soon we come on a pretty little lake, with a charming villa residence in the midst of a bright garden. The lake is fed by a noisy stream which the overhanging snowy mountains bountifully provide. Down it comes tumbling in bold and graceful leaps, which win us on from point to point until we have explored seven good falls and cascades innumerable. But, alas! thoughts of supper draw us homewards, which is of course shipwards, with more than usually good appetites; for, to tell the truth, a rough sea had spoilt, if not the dinner, at least our appreciation of it, and so we hasten on board at half-past seven only to find the desired meal postponed

until half-past nine! But there is some consolation in store. We are now steaming westwards, and so the clock has to be put on, and not back as of late; and taking the local time of Hammerfest, we find the two hours of waiting reduced to one.

The ship seems to smell just now worse than Hammerfest itself. We had before symptoms of the climax which has now been reached; but we comfort ourselves with the knowledge that when things have come to the worst they will mend. And if the stale fish which is the cause of this will not and cannot themselves grow fresh and pleasant, they are at any rate taking their departure, and making that departure felt. But in justice to all concerned, we are bound to say that the state of affairs is as exceptional as it is unpleasant.

It seems that "once upon a time" a load of herrings was shipped at Hammerfest for Christiania which, on its arrival, was pronounced to be unfit for the usual market; so it was returned, and we were the unfortunate bearers of this unsavoury load. We had not time to discharge it on our first visit, and so we carried it to the North Cape, not, as might be supposed, to throw it overboard and give it to the fishes, as London does with its sewage at Barking. No such waste was contemplated: it is brought back to Hammerfest to be sold for another market, where the stale fish, having gone an extra voyage, like East India Madeira, would be more highly esteemed for its increased pungency; and there, sure enough, are the customers waiting for them: two Russian frigates are in harbour, expecting this foul smelling freight, or, as they consider, this dainty cargo. We laughed incredulously when, on asking what could be done with such things, we were answered, "Sell them, of course, to the Russians:" but truth is stranger than fiction, and so we content ourselves with making a note of it. Any how, we get rid of our annoyance, and let us hope the Russians profit by it also. It seems to be a recognized principle in Norway that anything will do for a Russian; that a foul thing, like one of these herrings, sandwiched between his black bread is a relish for him, nothing less rank tickling his palate. The subject from a politico-economical point of view might be interesting to follow out, but it could not be made a pleasant one.

At midnight we steam again out of Hammerfest, but there are clouds in the sky, and as we cannot see the midnight sun, we go grumbling to bed about one o'clock in the morning. Sleep is broken by the pitching, tossing, and rolling of the vessel,

which is now light as a cork and as playful on the waters, and so it comes to pass that we absolutely regret the departure of our old companions the Russian herrings, which at least steadied us when as now in the rough open sea. About seven o'clock we get once more under shelter, and get up also in a pleasant bay, and grow accordantly bright and cheerful in the brisk morning air. We are taking in stock-fish, and when that is done, which happens just about breakfast-time, out we go again into the open, and tumble about as of old. The bell rings in vain; only four take their places at the table, where the plates and dishes are stowed away in small high-sided compartments, and into which one has to make a dive to secure anything that may be ventured upon. Prudent people delay until the protecting mountains once more shut us in, and we can breakfast without danger of nursing the hot dishes in our laps or driving the forks—or for some of us the knives—down our throats in the sudden lurches.

The day is again showery and cold; but with intervals of sunshine which brightens up the green foreground into brilliant contrast with the filmy vapours that hang about the glaciers and black volcanic mountains, clothing them with a mystic beauty which enhances not a little their natural grandeur. Some of these glaciers are very fine. One we have just now passed, which occupies the centre of an outbending curve that skirts at once our way and the broad Lungen Fjord which branches from it, is wonderful in its serrated surface and deep innumerable crevices. From a distance it looks as though its lines were traced by a needle point, so thick do they lie together, and yet so distinct are they in their contortions. Again we are anxious for a bright midnight, and again we are disappointed. The clouds cover the sky, the air is cold and raw, freezing but not bracing, and we cast anchor at Tromsøe for the night. Some go ashore to purchase reindeer skins, Lap-boots, and such like; but all are in bed in good time, for there is nothing to keep one up, and much is hoped for to-morrow.

*Saturday, July 20.*—The morning is bright, though with mists high up the mountains. Tromsøe looks cheerful from the deck; the sea in which we lie at anchor is so shut in on all sides by lofty mountains, that it has all the characteristics of a lake. On one side lies Tromsøe; on the other the valley we are about to explore, in which the Laplanders are encamped, while each end of the salt lake is closed by a lofty range of snowy moun-

tains so clustered that in each case the highest of the group stands sentinel just where the waters lave its base. Beautiful as the effect is in nature, it would be judged too artificial if seen in a picture; for nature deals more boldly with groupings than artists can venture to do, and contents herself with simple features which will not satisfy in the efforts of the painter. And while we look around we are not a little puzzled to determine on which side is the mainland, until we remember the name of the city, and that *oe* is the Norse for island, and so conclude that Tromsøe, the island of Trom, is not on the mainland. And thus we understand why, when we embark in the small boats, we make for the shore opposite Tromsøe, and land at the entrance of a glen, the Tromsdal, up which the Laps we met here before told us they were encamped. Strictly speaking we should call the glen Tromsdalen, which means the Glen of Trom: *s* being the sign of the possessive case, and *en* the definite article which is added to the end of the word. And now that we have aired our little knowledge of Norse, we will jump ashore and begin our first expedition in Lapland.

Yes, we are in Lapland: somewhat it must be confessed to our own surprise, for we had vague notions that that country was somewhere in Russia, and always buried in snow and traversed only in sledges. And so we had concluded that the Laps we were about to visit were only some wanderers who had been brought into these parts to be exhibited, as Chinese or Red Indians might be collected together in London. But it is not so; these Laplanders belong to Norway, as others do to Russia; Lapland spreading into both kingdoms: and though our friends are migratory, like all their race, they have their summer quarters here and their winter dwellings elsewhere, just like fashionable people at home with their town and country houses.

Seen from our vessel, Tromsdalen is picturesque, wooded, and grassy in its depths, and of course duly shut in by the black, volcanic mountains which form the constant background to our daily pictures. The rain of last night must have made the grass wet and unpleasant, and so we in our wisdom equip ourselves for the Lapland expedition in waterproof coats and leggings, and arm ourselves with stout umbrellas which may do duty for alpenstocks, which are here unknown. But as soon as we touch the shore we find an excellent gravel path before us: a royal road it seems, made for King Oscar on his recent visit;



and so our preparations for "roughing it" are needless, and would seemingly be as much required in a well-kept park at home. So we advance to the camp, which we were told is "just in shore"—but this means, we find, a walk of an hour and a half.

But the promising gravel walk fails before long in its performance. Up and down and round about is our way, for King Oscar's path proves to be much out of order, and frequent swamps have rendered it worse than useless; for it beguiles us from the drier upland into quagmires, over which the ladies, not to say the gentlemen, of our party find the navigation intricate and dangerous enough for boots and shoes. However, in due time we see the smoke of the camp-fires, and high above, on the mountain-side, the reindeer are trooping down in a noble herd under the driving and shouting of Laps old and young. Their route is towards the deer pen or fold, which is a large circular inclosure formed of poles and palings, with a wide opening, into which about two hundred are entering when we arrive, under the leadership of the monarch of the herd. Gaunt, ragged creatures are they, and seen to least advantage just now when they are shedding their fur. Very inferior do they seem in form, colour, and condition to our English deer. And as they move about restlessly in their pen, they utter a grunting noise and rattle and crack their joints in a manner that would lead a mere listener to question whether they were a herd of swine or a huge bundle of breaking fagots. Their antlers are fine, and have the peculiarity of two branches projecting forwards at right angles to and just at the roots of the upper ones. An active young Lap near us—for we are all together, tourists, Laps, and reindeer, in the inclosure—lassoes a young fawn, pulls it in, or rather we should say holds it still while he works himself in, hand over hand, up the rope; whereupon another child seizes the animal's hind legs, and between them the two boys manage, with much struggling on all sides, to throw down the fawn and cut a piece out of one of its ears. This is no act of wanton cruelty, but a sort of branding by which the ownership of the animal is marked.

Leaving the fold, we turn towards the human habitations. These consist of two or three residences, and a kind of half-roofed out-house in which things not in use are stored. This last is simply an erection of branches of trees with a covering thrown loosely over it. But the dwellings are much more substantial. These are not tents, but huts, built in circular form

of poles and turf, of very substantial construction, which probably last for years, as the Laps return to the same glen every summer. The entrance is not very low nor small; we stoop, but do not crawl in. The roof rises from the walls to the centre, in which is a hole for the smoke to work its way out, which it does leisurely enough when it gets tired of lingering about the walls. The fire is in the middle of the hut, and when we enter we find an old Lap crone cooking something; nothing diabolical or mystical, but good honest coffee, which diffuses a fragrant and not unnecessary perfume throughout the dimly lighted chamber. A prettier, if not more picturesque, group than the ancient crone and her surroundings, consists of a young mother with a baby in her lap and a small child nestling behind her and peeping out half timid and half coquettish at the strangers. One would expect that with the children she would have her hands full; but no, she is twisting reindeer sinews into a kind of thread with her hands and teeth. Baby is clean and friendly, looking out of its large bright eyes and responding with a cheerful crow to a pat on the cheek; the other child pretends to be shy, but we soon make friends with the offer of a sweetmeat. The floor is thickly strewn with rushes and small branches of fir—like Queen Elizabeth's chamber of state, and perhaps as clean—any how, the hut is neither stifling nor filthy, as guide-books had led us to expect it would be: and certainly dirtier cabins are to be found elsewhere. The days of barter have passed and gone. And so people who had brought glass beads and tinsel ornaments to give for furs were disappointed. The Laps are sharp traders, and require a fair price for their reindeer skins, boots, and carved spoons. These latter are primitive enough; indeed, they might pass for prehistoric productions, and be used to prove all kinds of things about the antiquity of man. They are of wood or reindeer bone, having handles rudely decorated with little semi-circular knobs on each side. The bowl itself has a rudimental reindeer scratched upon it. We saw exactly similar ones of great antiquity in the Museum at Christiania, so that herein at least there has been no development. There are about a dozen men and women in the camp, with no lack of boys and girls, and all are armed for trade and "eager for the fray." Their costume is very picturesque, and well contrasted in colours. The favourite Norwegian red is of course predominant. Their caps are really grand—at least those of the men—somewhat like stage crowns, and stuffed out to large dimensions with

sider down. In the midst of these primitive people, and their wild surroundings, who should suddenly turn up but a photographer! So we called in the aid of science, and grouped all together, not omitting a venerable reindeer, for a picture which is to follow us home and recall to memory this strange old-world scene.

After many purchases, duly legalized by a shake of the hand—which is the Norwegian method of expressing satisfaction—we set out on our way home to the *Jonas Lie*. Very pleasant is this walk back out of Tromsdalen; for now the *fjord* opens before us and forms the sparkling background of many a well wooded picture in this narrow mountain glen. As we draw nearer the shore the sunshine brightens up the snowy mountains and brings out beautifully the tints both of rock and verdure. When we lie down upon the heights at the mouth of the glen, where it opens out and suddenly drops down to the water, the lake-like form of the *fjord* is complete. The lower (but not low) heights slope down on both banks until they die out beneath the bold cross ranges which rise where they sink lowest, until these mid-distances attain their highest sweep, while, shut in between and beneath, the placid waters glitter and dimple in the greenest beauty.

We return on board about three o'clock, in excellent order for dinner, after the unusual walk of many miles in Lapland. Before we steam away from Tromsøe we have to take farewell of two of our fellow-travellers, the distinguished Professor and a young Russian officer, who leave us for an expedition of a far different character from the easy one we are now concluding. Two frigates, the *Vega* and the *Lena*, destined for this voyage, lie beside us, and we wish them success in their scientific work which our friend the Professor is to record.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "The *Gothenburg Handels Tidning* (of October 16th, 1878) contains a telegram from Irkutsk, addressed to Mr. Oscar Dickson by Professor Nordenskjöld, announcing that he had reached the mouth of the *Lena* on August 27th, after having passed Cape Chelyuskin, without meeting with any noteworthy obstacle from ice, and that the voyage would be continued toward Behring's Straits with the highest hopes of success. News has also arrived that the *Lena*, a small steamer which accompanied the *Vega*, has ascended the river of the same name, having arrived at the town of Yakutsk on September 22nd" (*Nature*, October 24th, 1878). Letters have since been received from Professor Nordenskjöld, giving more details of his scientific investigations. However, we hear that "there is scarcely any hope now that the voyage will be completed before next summer;" but with such distinguished men on board, we may be sure the delay will be turned to good scientific account. The latest news is that intelligence has been received that Nordenskjöld is wintering forty miles north of Cape East in Behring's Straits.

The night brings on the usual fever about the midnight sun ; and though mists are abundant and our way lies for hours amid narrow *fjords* and lofty ice-clad mountains, we still "hope against hope." Masses of grey vapour roll low down in the north—which it must be remembered is for the sun both our east and west—but about eleven o'clock a break in the clouds shows us the sun in all its splendour, and then about midnight, and shortly before, the sky brightens up, fleecy clouds overhead palpitate with colour, and the brightness of day grows still more bright. There is a wide passage which evidently leads into the open sea, but our coasting duties send us into a small cove, where we ship many barrels of cod-liver oil. All hands work with a will : Soloman, our most renowned seaman, displays more than his usual tremendous energy ; and in half an hour we steam off—our kind captain varying his route by going outside instead of inside a large island, just to give us a chance ; but now it is some time past midnight, and the sun is once more rising, marking out his whereabouts by golden beams of light, himself unseen. So revelling in the brightness for a brief period, we retire to rest as usual in the small bright hours of morning.

*Sunday, July 21.*—Morning is hazy, with occasional showers. The captain says it will be fine, and the captain is, as usual, right. A fresh breeze springs up and affords us a new object of interest, which is not to be despised by people who are growing somewhat wearied of the monotony of a sea life. During the night—which of course means when we were asleep in the morning—four fishing-boats were taken aboard, and another, for which room could not conveniently be found, was taken in tow. This last for a long while affords us a painfully exciting spectacle. The sea grows choppy under the fresh breeze, and our steamer drags the seemingly frail boat violently through the waters, which threaten to overwhelm it. How wonderfully does this light, high-prowed, low-sided boat cut the waves and keep itself dry amid the heaving and splashing water. The men belonging to the boats we have taken on board keep an anxious and yet a proud eye upon their companions who man the struggling craft, and from time to time advise them in the use of the rudder. Once our pace is too fast for them, and they signal to us to slacken speed ; and not before it is needed is the signal given : but all goes well, and our fears pass into admiration. While we lie in a cove and take in cargo, we two, while the Protestant service is going on, take advantage of a vacant

hour, and go ashore in a diminutive, crazy, water-logged boat, which is rowed by one of the fishermen who had gone through the dangers and difficulties of the recent towing. A fine specimen is he of a Norwegian sailor: hardy, fair-haired, and open-browed, with muscle and play of limb which make the rickety little thing dash rapidly to the shore. We chronicle the name of the station, Koestnes, as it was our own in right of being the only passengers effecting a landing there.

It has the usual simple features of such a place. A quiet little cove, with a fish storehouse overhanging the water, a pretty red and white dwelling-house of wood in its little garden, and telegraph poles bringing the wire down to the shore, plunging it into the water to rise once more on the other shore, and thus connecting these out-lying stations with distant civilization. Here, however, there is no telegraph station, as there are very frequently, to enable us to send a message home from some comparatively unknown point in these out-lying arctic regions. Pleasant is it to stretch our limbs on the sandy shore, to climb its glacier-worn, rounded rocks, to pick up shells which, ordinary looking enough, have yet an interest in being from the Arctic Ocean, and to look around from the height we have gained upon the black and snowy mountains which tower in every variety of form on all sides; and then to look down upon our good ship which lies beneath us, sunning itself in the now tranquil waters.

And now we have once more to leave the mainland and make for the Lofóden Islands; and we feel somewhat nervous about the weather, for a fresh breeze again springs up, which however conveniently drops by dinner time. The evening comes on with rain and wind, and as the broad waters of the Vest Fjord have to be crossed and re-crossed, the prospect is bad enough. However, we are all abed before the tossing begins; but when at last it comes, the pitching and rolling are at times frightful; but no one in the saloon is sick, and so we manage to get through it well enough, with the only inconvenience of having to wrap tight in the red blankets, hold on to the curtain rail or to the berth-shelf, while books are flying about and clothes disporting themselves on the floor, as though we were in the dark chamber of the Davenport Brothers.

*Monday, July 22.*—Weather is still unsettled, the deck is sloppy with the cold showers, and people grumble, and are growing tired of one another and of the good ship itself.



We arrive at Bodø about noon. It is a large place for this part of the world, and takes rank with Hammerfest and Tromsø. Of course it is an island, as its final *ø* implies, and lies just inside the Salten Fjord. We were in bed and asleep when we called here on our outward voyage, and so we look upon it with some little interest, but not with enough to induce us to land, and await there, as some of the passengers do, the return of the *Jonas Lie* from a voyage up this celebrated *fjord*.

There is a long straggling street, with one or two shops and an hotel; and we who remain on board, watch the more adventurous, who land in a heavy rain and wander disconsolately on the cold shore or effect an entrance into a shop. The object in landing was to dine somewhere else, and escape the monotonous meal in our saloon if only for once. We envied them but little at the time, and still less in the end. So we remain on board, and steam some miles up the *fjord* to a fishing-station, where we discharge our five boats and their crews—for the fifth boat had to be taken aboard during the crossing to the Lofóden, while the storm raged last night. The position of this fishing-station is very picturesque. We wind our way “in and out and round about,” until at length we cast anchor close under a fine headland, whose sides are worn by storms and tempests into seeming paths and deep caverns. A peculiar feature which enhances much the colour effect, is the bright green coating of turf which covers every ledge to be found in the dark brown rock, picking out each feature of the cliffs with green lines, winding and curving in all directions. And down the headland thus exquisitely painted, and amid its abundant foliage, dash cascades innumerable; not one here and there, but everywhere a mass of broken and moving waters: a living veil which graces, but does not conceal, the beauty underneath. On the other sides of this almost circular bay, upon which we look when the good ship, swinging on its anchor, suddenly turns our back upon the headland, the scene is striking. The foreground is formed by low, rounded hills with much level ground, cultivated and built upon; behind are higher crests of barren white rocks, while nearly in continuous sweep our old familiar friends, the black, snowy, rugged mountains, close in the background.

In the midst of the bay lie barren rocks, just clear of the waters, and these are crowded with birds and their nests, sea-gulls and eider ducks. The birds here are very numerous just now, for the herring fishing is going on, and it is feeding-time all



day long with them. They are noisy too in their own queer way, mewling like cats, which seems in accord with the heavy, cold showers and the grim, grey clouds which at times obscure the finest part of this romantic spot. Our crew are hard at work, as indeed they almost always are; for they are lightermen and porters as well as sailors, and think nothing of toiling night and day when work of any kind has to be done, and doing all with a zeal and a goodwill which are most commendable. Just now they are loading us with barrels of cod-liver oil and of herrings, which latter are shipped almost as soon as caught. While we are here a haul is announced of three thousand barrel loads of herrings in a single net. But what a net it is! It took half an hour to lift an empty one on board a few days ago, when it was merely passed from a boat alongside.

We are so busy here that we do not start for Bodoe until eleven, when we are comfortably in bed. We pick up our friends about two o'clock in the morning, who had been expecting us for five hours. So we hug ourselves and our blankets in the warm saloon, and picture to ourselves the prolonged misery of those who have thus been kept waiting for hours with nothing to amuse them. We have some more tossing during the night: but we have now grown accustomed to be

Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

*Tuesday, July 23.*—Morning is bright and sunny, with a fresh and favourable breeze. Our visitors to Bodoe tell us that while we were up the Salten Fjord, the *Michael Krohn*, one of the companion ships of our *Jonas Lie*, came into the harbour with its screw broken, and two days behind time. The tourists on board expect to get up as high as Tromsø, but have little hope of reaching the North Cape; so we rejoice in our greater success. Some weeks later, however, we learn from persons who were aboard that they reached the North Cape, in fine weather, saw the midnight sun, and picniced on the top of the Cape itself. So they beat us in the end, at which of course we duly grieve.

The weather grows colder, with occasional showers, as we pass the Hestmandsøe (Horseman's Island), and try once more to recognize the figure of a horseman swimming his horse through the waves, whence the island derives its name. We write this in the saloon during a shower, but hasten again on deck to take our last view of the Arctic Ocean and the glorious

scenery which accumulates its varied attractions just at this point, as though it would leave in our minds an abiding impression, and so bring its chief features into view to bid us a last farewell. Indeed, such scenes as we have day after day passed through and lingered amongst here, can never fade from our minds. They grow into the memory, and paint their own pictures there; pictures of which we have seen the like nowhere else, and in colours which none but an arctic summer can furnish. Coast scenery, wild beyond expression, glaciers of enormous extent, mountains heaped on mountains in the maddest confusion, and all lighted up with colours which Turner alone could understand, and which even his bold pencil failed to realize. Who could forget such scenes as these, which none but those who have seen them can believe to exist? Ten days ago we crossed the Arctic Circle in brightest sunshine and calmest waters, and now we recross it in gloom and rain; so have we seen these mysterious regions under much variety of light and colour. It is well to do so; for scenery like this will bear any change, and comes out with new and peculiar characteristics under each kind of weather. The grandeur of outline is ever there; but details owe much of their effect to the light and conditions of atmosphere under which they are seen. A bright sun and glowing sky will light up mountains and glaciers with an intensity of colour which reflects and seems to rival their own, and the mind rests satisfied with the thought that all there has been revealed; but see the same group again under mist and rain, when there is wind enough to give motion to these, and new beauties will come out, sterner and fiercer it may well be, but none the less beautiful on that account. If the former wins and attracts, the latter awes and subdues: in both alike the mighty power of nature is recognized, and the full heart learns humbly and thankfully to

Look through nature up to nature's God.

And so we bid adieu to the Arctic Regions, and crossing the mystic circle, enter the North Sea by steaming south: so very north have been our recent wanderings. Showers again. After dinner we turn aside out of our direct route into a *fjord* abounding in islands, stations, and fishing-boats. It is a lively scene, into which a telegram has brought our captain, for there are barrels of herrings to be picked up, and as we shall be some hours taking in the freight, we go ashore to while away the time

and stretch our legs. We land in a pretty bay, with a few good houses and several large fish-warehouses decorating the shore, and sundry large nets occupying no small portion of the water. Behind stretches a range of lofty hills, backed as usual by the grand dark mountains. At once we start for a climb, and the entrance to a cave high up the face of the nearest hill gives an object and direction to our pleasant toil. The cave is deep, and the downward climb into it abrupt enough, but it has little of interest to offer us, and so our exercise is, like virtue, its own reward. However, when we get out again to its mouth, the wide view around is very striking: so down we throw ourselves upon the greeny grass—what pleasure is this to those who have been condemned so long to walk the plank—and look out upon the picture, so beautiful and varied, before us. From this high point we overlook the *fjord* in which the *Jonas Lie* lies, and then as in a map, but with life and colour which no map can even suggest, we gaze on *fjord* beyond *fjord*, or what at least seems to be such; or perchance there are islands great and small, islands of every shape and form, islands apparently innumerable, scattered in a wide and almost boundless bay. Over these the eye roves and never wearies of a scene so full of variety and beauty. At last it rests content upon our own little bay beneath our feet, and the life which is so busy there. There, in the centre of the curved shore and just a meadow or two inland, stands the chief residence, a wooden house of large dimensions, painted all over a bright red, save the window-frames and the corners of the house itself, and these are picked out in white. At one extremity of the bay stands the great store-house, on the very edge of a rock, indeed overhanging it, so that while it partly rests upon it, the fore part is sustained by piles in the waters. Lofty is the building, which rises into two stories, and lofty also are its doors, like those of river wharves on the Thames, but, unlike them, painted in the brightest colours and decorated with the red national flag, as every station must be. For we signal our approach by hoisting ours, and the local flag replies and tells us if the traders are up and waiting. If no flag rises, we go on; and the sluggards, lose their trade, and perhaps their food, and so pay dearly for their ill-timed sleep. But there is no sleeping in the busy scene before us. Evidently this is an important station, and combines in one most of the characteristics which are found severally elsewhere. There is the garden round the house, the field with

the crop of barley, and the broader meadow land, with its grass so light as almost to be invisible to a careless walker, and quite undistinguishable from our commanding position; there also is the little cow, or perhaps two, and certainly three of those charming ponies which win at first sight the love of every person, and of course some dogs and cats. All these animals are of the gentlest and most friendly disposition: the ponies run after us to be patted and petted, the dogs bark in so roguish a manner and with such fun in their eyes that you hardly need the wag of the tail to tell you that they want to be patted too; and the cats themselves cease in this pleasant land to be demure and suspicious, and absolutely come bounding towards you with the dogs and ponies to have their share in the general welcoming. But of course we do not see all this from our mountain cave; but when we descend, what we say takes place.

The bustle of the place, however, is about the large storehouse; and to see this in detail we hasten down with what speed we may from our standpoint. Indeed, the descent, like the upward climb, is not easy: for the lower heights here are not ordinary hills, but gigantic fragments of rocks evidently thrown down by some convulsion of nature from the mountains behind; so that the climb is not only up a steep slope, but up and down again over young mountains tossed anyhow in wild confusion: indeed, it is much like glacier climbing, with deep and wide crevices which have to be circumnavigated or boldly faced and scaled.

The crowd around the store is carrying out the various stages of the whole process of the herring trade. Close to the shore, and spreading far and wide over the bay, is the great herring net, its outline marked by corks and its capacious bosom filled with herrings beyond number. It is too large to be drawn ashore, and so its contents are fished out with smaller nets or in gigantic ladles. It is itself a kind of storehouse for the living fish. When brought ashore in boats, the herrings are heaped in piles and carried in barrels to the chief executioner, who takes each fish separately in hand, cuts its throat, and throws it bleeding into one of three barrels that surround him, not indiscriminately, but according to its size—large, larger, largest; for the small ones are ignominiously cast aside for less noble uses. Then when a barrel is full, another person carries it off, fills it to overflowing with brine, the water salted with Italian and Spanish salt, when the cooper closes the lid, examines the hoops, and

brands the cask. It is then ready for the *Jonas Lie*, and takes its place in a goodly throng on the platform in front of the store to be carried on board and exported from Christiania to the lands whence the salt came, and to which it thus returns, like a successful emigrant, with a herring in place of a nugget, as the reward of its travels.

We spend plenty of time on shore, and yet have much more to spare. Indeed we hardly know when we leave this station, for on

*Wednesday, July 24*—when we get up we are still loading, and much discussion arises as to where we are, and whether or no we have done more than swing on our anchor: for there we see the same main features of the land, but somehow the mountains have re-arranged themselves. At last we conclude that there are several stations round about this mountain group, and that we are progressing without advancing on our way. And so people began to grumble at this delay; for some have rashly made plans—we are all making land plans now—which necessitate catching certain steamers; as though in a voyage of three thousand miles a coasting trading-vessel could keep its time better than an express train at home.

The weather has grown fine again. The day is bright and sunny, but the breeze is bracing, if not cold; and while we pace about, we find no little skill needed to work our way among the barrels and crates which cumber the deck. A beautiful afternoon is succeeded by a corresponding evening and night. Sunset is about ten o'clock, and the cloudless sky palpitates with warm light. We bask in this night sunshine, and when midnight comes the sky seems fuller of light than at sunset. Some remain up, and are rewarded by a beautiful sunrise about two in the morning. The old bright days and nights we met at the Arctic Circle have come back again, as though they had missed us when we came away, and followed us with their warmth and brightness.

*Thursday, July 25*.—Bright and warm again: indeed, too warm in the sun. The sea is calm even in the open. About noon there is a little motion.

Again we turn into the Thronhjems Fjord, and reach the old capital at midnight. We cannot touch the pier, and have to send some who are leaving us, ashore in boats. Here is our first breaking up, and now our minds are turned to other things, and our own voyage being so near its end, we busy ourselves



with devising routes for our land tour, comparing notes and examining maps and guide-books.

*Friday, July 26*—finds us thus occupied. We are too busy to go ashore while we lie in harbour at Christiansand, where we leave some more of our travelling companions, and in the evening we turn inland and leave the North Sea, to end our voyage at Molde.

It is a glorious finale to our long expedition on board the *Jonas Lie*, for the sail up the Molde Fjord is perhaps one of the most striking we have had during our long coasting voyage, and forms a fitting link, connecting the past with the future; for there before us rises that glorious range of *fjelds* which we have hitherto gazed upon from a distance, but into which we are now to penetrate. We turn our backs upon the ocean we are leaving, and look with wondering and admiring eyes upon the grand scene we are approaching.

Molde lies at the upper end of the *fjord*, and round it in a grand amphitheatre, and closing it as it were in its giant arms, sweep the wildest and most stupendous portions of the Lang and Dovre Fjelden. It is indeed an amphitheatre, in detail as in grand outline, for the vast, snowy mountains rise tier above tier, range beyond range, until the eye grows dazzled and the mind perplexed in the attempt to separate the vast confusion into groups and to distinguish one renowned height from another.

The long mountain range which stretches from north to south through Norway—from the Vest Fjord down to Stavenger—nearly in a straight line, breaks up near Molde into a grand curve, which gives its peculiar charm to the view, and makes Molde and the *fjord* which leads up to it the very centre point of this more than Alpine region. And thus it is that we have chosen it for our starting-point for inland expeditions, and as the closing scene of our coasting voyage.

And here we take farewell of those we leave on board, and with mutual good wishes, and many pleasant memories, quit the *Jonas Lie*, which has for so many days been our home, not forgetting to thank, in duly signed address, our gallant captain and his officers for unflagging attention and unfailing good nature, which did so much to make pleasant the voyage we have now completed.

HENRY BEDFORD.



## *The Heaven of Christianity.*

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"THE whole set of positive thoughts compels us to believe that it is an infinite apathy to which your Heaven would consign us, without objects, without relations, without change, without growth, without action, an absolute nothingness, a *nirvāna* of impotence—this is not life; it is not consciousness, it is not happiness—" thus Mr. Frederic Harrison, in an essay on "The Soul and Future Life," contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* of July, 1877. Mr. Harrison's essay has evoked abundant criticism both hostile and friendly; it is not my present purpose to add to the censure or the praise. I am sincerely of opinion that it is a very remarkable contribution to our current learned literature. I know of no treatise in which the shallowest of all views on the gravest of all questions has been better set forth. For sake of the posterity which shall be privileged to perpetuate Mr. Harrison's spiritual activity, I could wish his essay a more assured immortality than the articles of a monthly review can usually hope for. For future and better times, it might serve as the characteristic monument of a very strange condition of English thought; might, perhaps, be conveniently used as a starting-point whence to gauge the progress of the national mind in that day when all the wise men of England shall be philosophers.

I have not quoted Mr. Harrison's words that with them I might here fix the lists of a theological controversy. Between Mr. Harrison and those who are not positivists no controversy is possible. "Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts: nothing else will ever be of any service to them . . . In this life we want nothing but Facts, sir; nothing but Facts!" This vigorous epitome of Mr. Gradgrind's philosophy summarizes Mr. Harrison's also. "We occupy ourselves with this spiritual life," he writes, "as an ultimate fact, and consistently with the whole of our philosophy we decline to assign a cause at all."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, June 1877, p. 632.

Worse still for the purposes of controversy—Mr. Harrison's notion of a fact is not ours. He refuses to recognise as facts, and therefore, as possible objects of thought, the hard and fast laws of existence that underlie all things that are—gigantic facts eluding the grasp of sense, accessible only to the vision of reason, but, for all that, quite as palpable as the rougher phenomena of colour and sound. He is prepared to admit as a fact an objective order to whose reality sense will testify, but the order whose existence only reason will vouch for he peremptorily excludes from the region of fact. I will not, then, dispute with Mr. Harrison. He has drawn a picture of the heaven of what he deems an exploded theology. For the "vapid figment," the "vacuous eternity" of Christianity he has substituted the substantial glories of the positivist elysium; he has found in the "sense of posthumous participation in the life of our fellows" the adequate reward of human virtue, an effective stimulus to noble action, the ultimate basis as well as the final crown of religion and morality. Before this ennobling faith, he would have the selfish belief in an eternity of personal bliss give way. He flatters himself that the propagation of the new gospel would be an easy task, easier, he is assured, "than that of teaching Greeks and Romans, Syrians and Moors to look forward to a future life of ceaseless psalmody in an immaterial heaven."<sup>2</sup>

I reproduce Mr. Harrison's caricature of the Christian Heaven, merely that I may set side by side with it a true picture of the Eternal Future to which we, the children of faith, look forward. The contrast may serve to make brighter that Paradise of our hope which shines upon our lives eclipsing the brightness of present joy and encouraging us to be self-denying, lighting up the gloom of present sorrow and strengthening us to endure. It will startle some of those who have had the advantage of studying Mr. Harrison's pages that in doing the work I have set myself I should claim to be the exponent of a venerable tradition. They will remember his assurance that "theologians and the vast sober mass of serious men and women who want simply to live rightly . . . know that before the advancing line of positive thought they are fighting a forlorn hope . . . that their own account of the soul, of the spiritual life, of Providence, of Heaven, is daily shifting, is growing more vague, more inconsistent, more various. They hurry wildly

<sup>2</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, July 1877, p. 838.

from one untenable position to another like a routed and disorganized army."<sup>3</sup> It has been observed that when a tiny steamer, with much puffing and circumstance, paddles its frothy way from the shore, thoughtless persons on board become possessed by the fancy that the rock-built pier, the staid city, and the big solid earth have set themselves in unseemly motion, and are flying from the little craft. Is there room for the suggestion that the mass of mankind is really standing still in its beliefs; that this advance of positive thought, and this hurried falling back of the old lines of faith are but subjective appearances, the effect of psychological causes akin to those at work in the moving vessel? I put forward the hypothesis with diffidence. As an orthodox disciple of the positive school Mr. Harrison has, doubtless, been at the pains to verify by careful observation his very comprehensive statements.

Unfortunately, he has not found it necessary to inform us what sphere he chose for his researches into the mental condition of "theologians and the vast sober mass of serious men and women who want simply to live rightly." Only one fragment of his experience has he thought fit to record. "In a religious discussion years ago," he questioned "one of the Broad Church, a disciple of one of its eminent founders" as to his faith in the Third Person of the Trinity. It was hardly a surprise to be told that the disciple of the Broad Church showed unmistakable haziness in his view of the Trinity of personal relations which constitute subsistence in God. But, there was matter for wonder in the further assurance that "since those days," in which Mr. Harrison catechized disciples of the Broad Church, "the process of disintegration and vaporization of belief has gone on rapidly, and now very religious minds, and men who think themselves to be religious, are ready to apply this 'sort of a something' to all the verities in turn." The argument of Oberon's fondling is not unknown to Mr. Harrison, he has used it with effect against the Scherasmins of the immaterial school:

Schwatzt noch so hoch gelehrt

Man weiss doch nichts als was man selbst erfährt.

In what region of facts did he pursue his inquiries, after he had passed beyond the field of Broad Church theology? The question has peculiar interest for those whose own consciousness

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* p. 833.

does not register the ebbing and flowing of popular beliefs, for those whose task is to fathom the truths they hold, not to build up theories which may contradict them. These people are puzzled to guess in what direction he can have pushed his later investigations. Outside the Broad Church, encompassing it on every side, but sharply distinguished from it, there exists a religious organization numbering well nigh two hundred million individuals which seems to have escaped Mr. Harrison's notice. Presumably, it would have offered him matter of study of an order altogether new to his experience. For it contains a large number of theologians, and a still larger number of serious men and women who want to live rightly, all of whom are profoundly unalarmed by the advancing line of positive thought, all of whom give an account of the soul, of the spiritual life, of Providence and of Heaven, which has been current in their communion for eighteen centuries. It is much to be regretted that he was not led to study the articles of so conservative a creed.

With the traditional Heaven of this unyielding faith I have now to do. The literature of this faith shall guide me in what I write. I shall select from its treasures, old and new. I shall borrow thoughts from those who, when the faith was young, defended it against the restless subtle philosophers of Alexandria, as well as from those who, now in its mature age, are its champions against the phlegmatic schools of English unbelief. In this way I hope to right again that picture of Heaven which Mr. Harrison has set awry, and at the same time, to add one proof more that the sin of doctrinal inconstancy cannot be charged upon the Church of Christ.

As far as may be I shall avoid the language of metaphor. Mortal eye has not seen nor mortal ear heard the glory which God has in store for His elect. But there have been those to whom, while yet in the flesh, it was given to see something of this glory, and there have been those to whom genius has been instead of a revelation of Paradise. Human speech in its mere human sense, could not be a vehicle for the thoughts of these men, if they would speak to others what their own minds had realized. A language of highly-strained and mystic metaphor alone could serve their purpose. But why should they presume to employ language of this kind, unintelligible to positive, practical minds? Why should the Florentine poet describe the

Eagle of Paradise, if he will thus lead prosaic men to fancy his Sixth Heaven a celestial aviary? Why should the inspired Seer of Patmos speak of the rapturous songs of the Blessed, if thereby matter-of-fact interpreters, like Mr. Harrison, will understand him to regard Eternal Life as a prolonged Methodist Service? Surely Dante and St. John were not blind to these eventualities. That they declined, notwithstanding, to speak the language of positivism is an indiscretion for which we cannot be held to offer an apology. It is enough that we strive not to offend as they have done. I will not, then, speak of the City walled with jasper, through whose streets of gold flows the river that waters the Tree of Life; nor of the marriage-feast at which the wine of the elect gladdens the faithful servant admitted to the joy of his Lord; nor of the battlemented citadels wherein celestial warders keep watch against the legions of the lost; nor of the centre

Ove s'appunta ogni ubi ed ogni quando

round which, in circles of flame, the orders of angelic life revolve for everlasting. These images of higher things are out of place in an age of facts. Theologians are dumb, if asked whether the Tree of Life is endogenous or exogenous. Which of them could determine the equation of the curve described by the hierarchy of Dominations? As Mr. Harrison happily puts it, we cannot state these things "in terms of our present knowledge." It were better, therefore, not to speak of them at all—to put poetry and passion aside.

Christianity teaches that our present existence is a state of trial, that is to say, a condition wherein our perfection, individual and social, is of our own making. In legislating for this state, it aims at perfecting society; but it aims at this end mainly through the individual. It imposes on each man the solemn duty of perfecting, before all else, his own nature; necessarily he will then exert on the mass of society a bettering influence, to which space and time do not set limits. It thus secures to him the fulness of that reward of well doing which is found in a "sense of posthumous participation in the life of our fellows." But it promises him much more besides. The vague present sense of an impersonal future something does not fill up the measure in which it deals out reward to virtue. It gives a good measure, heaped up and flowing over. Personal self perfection, which is often the equivalent of personal pain,

it enforces as a duty; palpable personal happiness it offers as a reward. Not a selfish happiness; for it is offered without stint to all; the fulness of one does not make the dearth of another, nay, each one increases his own bliss by leading others to share in it.

Heaven, Paradise, the Kingdom of God, the House of the Father are names which stand for this reward. To the Christian mind these terms signify rather a condition of the soul than a place of retribution. The revelation vouchsafed us does not enable us to determine, with certainty, the local habitation of our future happiness. It may be that we shall find it in "quiet seats above the thunder," in some far off orb now lost in the azure depths of space. Or it may be that this earth will, as St. Peter and St. John seem to intimate, be refitted for our indwelling. Or it may be that we shall be freed from the existing laws of three-fold extension, that our geometrical as well as our physical relations to the world of matter will undergo a change. It may also be that no one of these possibilities will be realized. The older theology, which sought to fill out the details of revelation from the physics of Aristotle and the astronomy of Ptolemy, made the uttermost heaven the scene of this posthumous bliss. To reach it, man "leaves behind him the region of the air; traversing the middle space in which lie the courses of the wandering stars, he crosses the bounds of the ethereal regions, and gains at length the fixed world which is accessible to the mind alone."<sup>4</sup> But these surmises have been discarded with the system on which they were based. The influences of the planets have long ago ceased to affect the birth and death of things terrestrial; angels' hands no longer guide the revolving spheres; the *primum mobile* is no more known to science. The Empyrean too—tideless ocean of light—is gone with the rest. Gone, that is, from its place among scientific theories. But not wholly destroyed. There is a sense in which it may be said to have outlived the fall of Egyptian and mediæval astronomy, a sense in which it was a substantive reality in the days when the effects of opium were attributed to a *virtus dormitiva*,<sup>5</sup> as it is, in these happier times, when they are attributed to the narcotic action of  $C_{34}H_{19}NO_6$ , and thinkers like Mr. Harrison take the change for a progress in philosophy:

<sup>4</sup> Gregorius Nyssen. in *Hexæmeron*. Migne, *Patrol. Græc.* t. xlv. p. 122.

<sup>5</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, June 1877, p. 629.



Ciel ch' è pura luce,  
Luce intellettuale piena d'amore,  
Amor di vero ben pien di letizia,  
Letizia che trascende ogni dolore.

In this sense the Empyrean changes not; in this sense it is now, as it has always been, the goal of Christian hope, the Heaven of Revelation.

In a conscious being, pleasure is the unimpeded action of a conscious faculty. The wisest of the Greeks defined it thus;<sup>6</sup> the requirements of their theology have not forced his Christian followers to quarrel with his definition. Happiness is the harmonized action of all the faculties of a conscious being; to quote again from Aristotle, it is "the congenial energizing of the soul" — *ψυχῆς ἐνέργεια κατ' ἀρετήν*.<sup>7</sup> It is the vigorous, healthy action of the whole system of conscious faculties, the unchecked play of the energies of the soul. But, that the action of each faculty may be free, and so be pleasurable, no one faculty must hinder another, none must appropriate more than its due share of the total sum of vital energy. A condition of existence in which the exercise of sense hinders the exercise of reason is not a state of happiness. It leaves the best of man's faculties torpid, energizes only a small fraction of his entire nature. This may be pleasure, but it is not happiness. The brutish ecstasies of the drunkard absorb the forces of a whole human nature; but who would call his delirium happiness? Absorbing enjoyment, of which intellectual action does not make the chief element, is not human happiness at all. Specifically, it is the consummation of a nature lower than man's. The pleasure of the glutton over his dainties, and of swine over their mess of offal differ in degree not in kind. Such pleasures sate the highest capacities of the brute, and make him happy; they appease only the lowest appetite of the man and are not happiness for him. For this reason, they are spoken of slightly as the lower or animal pleasures; for this reason, unrestrained indulgence in them moves all men to instinctive contempt. What is true of the pleasures of the palate is true of every form of pleasure which lies below the sphere of intellect. We cannot make man happy with a happiness specifically human, if we do not make intellectual activity the dominant factor of his bliss; to continue my last quotation from Aristotle, "if the virtues of the soul are many, the highest

<sup>6</sup> *Ethic. Nic.* lib. vii. cap. xiii.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.* lib. i. cap. vii.

must guide the exercise of its energy"—*εἰ δὲ πλείους αἱ ἀρεταί, κατὰ τὴν ἀρίστην καὶ τελειοτάτην.*

Into the pithy epigrams I have quoted, the Greek philosopher seems to have gathered the best that is given to human reason to say, on the vexed question of the *summum bonum*. The Christian Church has seen nothing to modify in this theory. She has accepted it thankfully, as she has accepted so much more from the same source; it has helped to throw light on the doctrines she had learned from a greater Master than Aristotle. Like many other theories taught in the Lyceum, this one was found to fit in with the truths of faith, and for this it has been made to live with a new and enduring life in the theology of the Church. Among her Doctors there has been one, in intellect much akin to Aristotle, and by him the revelation of man's destiny after death has been well explained in terms of Aristotelian philosophy.<sup>8</sup>

In common with the rude theologies of barbaric and savage nations, the Christian teaching makes eternal action the reward of virtue practised in time. But the Christian Heaven is the more human, the more philosophical. It is not a pleasant garden where converse with the good and wise makes existence blissful; not a hunting-ground where we shall career over celestial plains in eager chase for ever; not an enchanted palace where alternate combats and revellings make the joy of warrior spirits; not an abode of sensuous delight where the fire of passion never wanes. In other states of civilization men have made out of these things material for the happiness of an eternity. They were grievously in error, no doubt; but their error is significant. Instinctively they identified happiness with a form of conscious vigorous action. They could not conceive the bliss of torpor, any more than we can. A paralyzed or withered limb was not to them an instrument of enjoyment any more than it is to us. That Heaven of psalm-singing impotence, which Mr. Frederic Harrison declines to enter, would have been a prison to them, as it would be a prison to us.

Crude fancies, indeed, those Happy Hunting-grounds and Walhallas! Yet there is in them a measure of philosophy which we look for in vain among the highly finished absurdities of advanced positivism. The creators of these fantastic paradises made man's highest reward after death consist in an intensified

<sup>8</sup> St. Thomas, *Summa*, Ia. 2æ. q. 3. a. 2—5.

form of what they held to be his best activity in life. In this, the worshippers of Odin and Manitou were at one with the children of faith. They had grasped the truth, which has slipped through the fingers of more pretentious philosophers, that consummate happiness is only to be found in consummate action. Their mistake was that they did not rightly apprehend the order of their own faculties, that they did not place first that faculty which nature has made supreme in man. Had the conditions of their existence been other than they were; had their intellectual energies been duly called into play; had they known the potencies of their own mind, the vastness of its range, how much more it can grasp of the objective world than the puny forces of sense, the heaven of their theology would have been another. They would have given to this faculty the chief part in the activity by which man is made supremely happy, and would have assigned to the others subordinate functions in the economy of bliss.

But in a rude age, as in a voluptuous age, the idea of a Heaven that is primarily intellectual finds little favour. It is only when men have cultivated the faculty of taste that they can enjoy the masterpieces of art; it is only when they have developed their intellectual powers that they can appreciate intellectual pleasures. A Patagonian or a fashionable London profligate is little attracted by a paradise in which intense thought is the absorbing occupation of the Blessed. Yet the man's nature which is common to both can be happy only in a paradise of this kind. There are many, even of those who have missed the gift of faith, to whom this is by no means a hard saying. They are those who have worked their way slowly and painfully to one or other of the advanced outposts of human knowledge. They are not, we must suppose, mere sappers and miners in the army of science, at work in a trench, pushing forward, it is true, the lines of man's knowledge, but unable to see beyond the pit in which they are delving. They survey the whole of the ground conquered by human reason, and feel, too, the pride and pleasure of success; but they measure justly the extent of the conquest, and still look wistfully towards the vast regions that lie beyond, untrodden and impenetrable. They can boast, with the Athenian, that they are wise enough to know their own ignorance. What, after all, have they achieved, beyond certain utilitarian gains? They have determined the laws of local motion, tracking them through

their intricate manifestations in light and sound ; but can they define force—the worker of these wonders—better than could Thales or Democritus ? They have ascertained the conditions of chemical action ; what do they know of the why and wherefore of chemical affinity ? They have counted the members of vegetable and animal organisms, are acquainted with all their functions, have observed the successive stages of their growth ; but what is it that hides itself in these wondrous mechanisms, fashioning them and working in them ? Yes, what lies beneath it all, beneath the ever-moving surface of things that are ? What are they, and what is that unseen something which passes into and quickens them, passes from them, and leaves them inert as before ? We do not know, we cannot grasp these things as they are. We know just enough to puzzle ourselves with questions we cannot hope to solve. Like other ages, ours has its quack philosophers, ready to satisfy every intellectual want, who importune our ears with the trumpeting of their cheap mental wares. But the man who, by years of weary thought, has come to measure the range of human knowledge, to understand what it is and what it is not, puts aside these wordy nostrums with a smile. He feels that notwithstanding all our progress, we are still on the outer surface of the ocean of being, that the depths, wherein motion and life have their source, lie dark and impenetrable as they have ever lain. For this man, a Heaven which is not intellectual is not Heaven at all. He ambitions no future but that in which his cramped and thwarted mind shall exercise its powers unchecked, where the veil shall be lifted and he shall read the secrets of the universe, where nature, and in nature, God shall come closer to him, filling to the full both sense and understanding. This is the Heaven of the philosopher. This Heaven he would covet for himself, and this Heaven he would assign to his fellows. An immortality of this kind would make man happy with a natural happiness. This lot, in all likelihood, awaits beyond earth the souls whom death overtook while they were yet strangers to the influences which make the higher sanctity of life. In this state, perhaps, shall those be made happy who died unregenerated, without time to practise personal virtue, or to contract personal sin.

In itself, this is by no means a gloomy paradise. But, whatever its brightness, the hope of the Christian is bidden to rise above it. For him there is something brighter and

better still. He must look for something more than a mere pushing back of the present boundaries of knowledge, an enlarging of the present sphere of thought ; for something better than a new sense of God's presence in His works, a keener feeling of His nearness, and a closer view of His veiled perfections. Who shall say it without awe ? To him it is promised that this world—this universe—nature, shall one day cease to stand between him and God ; that he shall go into the very presence of Him in Whom all things live, move, and have their being ; that his faculties, quickened by a new, unknown energy, shall grasp that Supreme Essence itself, Whose imaged excellence makes lovable the good and fair on earth.

Thus described, Heaven would seem to be but a paradise of philosophers, an immortality which makes no provision for mere illiterate bliss. I will not deny that it might be made more popularly attractive by dwelling more on its subordinate pleasures. These are more within the general experience and appeal more powerfully to the general imagination. But I am not now inviting a popular verdict on the Christian faith in Heaven. I have, I trust, a becoming respect for the rights of the people, but I dissent from the notion that questions of science can be decided by a plebiscite. For the present, then, I shall describe Heaven by its highest joys. As to the unlearned poor we need not be solicitous. For them it is much, very much, to know that in the Kingdom of God all tears shall be wiped from their eyes ; that there death shall not be any more, nor sorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain. Resting on this assurance they can hopefully await the end. When it comes, their present ignorance will not be found to have marred their capacity for Heaven's highest pleasures. The ploughman knows nothing of the secretions of the stomach cells, yet he digests his dinner better than the skilled physiologist. Thus, too, shall it be in the judgment to come. The blind and the halt, the ignorant and the feeble of mind shall come from the east and the west, and sit down in the Kingdom of God, and perhaps appreciate its purest joys better than theologians and philosophers because they shall possess them more abundantly.

In this life, however, only a long exercise of laborious thought, or a large influx of supernatural light will enable us to grasp the full significance of God's promises for eternity. For Pythagoras, or Plato, or Aristotle, they would have had a meaning which they have not now for the mass of those who believe

in them with unwavering trust. But they were not preached at Crotona nor at Athens, till the intellectual glory of these cities had passed. More than this: they were not announced in their fulness to the disciples of the pre-Christian revelation. To Solomon it was given to know that "when the dust returns to the earth, as it was, the spirit shall return to God who gave it." But even Solomon to whom the Lord "had given a wise and understanding heart," did not "see the end of the wise man, nor understand what the Lord hath designed for him." Isaias understood that "the just shall enter into peace, and shall rest in their place of sleep;" but he, who knew so much of the temporal future, has left us no better revelation than this of the eternal. The Patriarchs met death firmly in the hope that it would unite them to their fathers in some place of rest; that they should be "gathered to their people,"—in what abode they knew not. "To-morrow," said the shade of Samuel to the conscience-tortured king, "thou and thy sons shall be with me." Vague as this was the summons which the angel of death carried to the mass of those who believed under the older Covenant. Not even for him whom the Lord knew face to face, whose like did not arise after him among the prophets of Israel, was the dark veil lifted. He went up into Mount Nebo and from the peak of Pisgah beheld the land which he was not to enter because of his trespass against God, by the waters of the wilderness. His eye was not dimmed by his century and a quarter of life. Its glance swept the land of Gilead and Ephraim, and the land of Juda unto the utmost sea. But into that other region on whose bourne he was standing he saw not. It had been said to him that he was "to sleep with his fathers." With this knowledge of the future at hand, he died upon the mountair in the land of Moab.

But, at length, a time came when it was safe distinctly to reveal to the living the fate of the dead. There was no room for hero-worship or ancestor-worship, when God had taken human form, and men, without idolatry, could pay adoration to a being of their own mould. Moreover, Christ came to announce a new gospel to the world. He fixed the standard of personal holiness much higher in the new dispensation than it had stood in the old, while at the same time he multiplied the supernatural aids to virtue. With these changes in the economy of salvation, came the need of a more explicit revelation of man's destiny after death. Accordingly, the Redeemer,



to use the words of St. Paul, brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel. On this subject, Christ, in the days of His own preaching, held, for the most part, a language of simple, easy metaphor. His followers were mostly of the poorer sort, men of dull wits and horny hands. They would probably have appreciated the intellectual joys of Heaven no better than do our own philosophers. He did not puzzle them with revelations they could not understand. He was content to tell them that the "Just shall shine as the sun in the Kingdom of the Father; that they shall receive again, with hundredfold increase, the things sacrificed for God;" and the rest. In the same language He spoke His last farewell to those who had been given Him out of the world. They were distressed, kind souls, by the approach of that oft-foretold hour, in which this strange Master, Whom they loved, in their rough fashion, though they could not understand Him, should die. In His usual gentle, considerate way, Jesus put the horrors of His own coming death out of sight, and bade His downcast friends think only that He was going to prepare for them a home in the "House of many mansions." He spoke in metaphors still. But, His leave-taking ended, He turned to the Father Who is in Heaven, to plead for His cherished followers. Now, He spoke not any longer to men; the language of metaphor was put aside. Life eternal He asked for those who had been faithful to Him: "and this," He added, "is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent."

When the Redemption had been accomplished, and the Spirit promised by the Redeemer had come to quicken the nascent Church, the Apostles of the New Gospel went forth to spread the Kingdom of their Master. In the cities of the Levant, of Greece, and of Italy, to populations blinded by a debased philosophy, and blinded still more by lawless extravagance in sin, they preached the lofty morality of Christ and the pure Heaven which is its reward. In Corinth, close by the Temple of Aphrodite where human passion was worshipped with unnameable rites, St. Paul taught the neophytes of the faith that purity of life is a primary duty of man, and that the vision of God "face to face" shall reward through eternity the clean of heart. At a later period St. John held the same language to the Churches of the voluptuous cities that studded the opposite shore of the Ægean: "We know that when He

shall appear, we shall be like to Him, because we shall see Him as He is."

The blood of the first martyr flowed. The passing vision of God strengthened him for his sacrifice, and "he fell asleep in the Lord." Ignatius was brought from Antioch, to die in the Imperial Amphitheatre. He besought the Roman brethren not to offer prayer for his deliverance, his desire was to behold "the pure light." Hoping what he had hoped, the thousand martyrs, who confirmed his testimony, nerved themselves to meet the savage tortures under which they died. "What glory, what delight," writes Cyprian to the confessors of his African Church, "to be admitted to the vision of God, to enjoy the pleasure of life and light eternal in company with Christ our God!"<sup>9</sup>

In due time, the intellectual forces of the time began to range themselves on the side of Christianity, and the theological schools of the East and West arose. Each had its distinctive characteristics, but the graceful Platonism of the one, and the severe dogmatism of the other, alike led up to the spiritual Heaven of the New Revelation. The great Doctors who succeeded Clement and Tertullian—Basil and the Gregories, and Augustine, and Ambrose—developed more and more the wealth of hope hidden in Christ's promises. But they made no change in the Heaven of the earlier tradition. Under their hands the picture grows in distinctness and definiteness of detail; but its main lines are unchanged. Brief scraps of quotation are not a satisfactory method of argument; on this point, I will make but one extract—a passage from that volume wherein—

We read of the unseen  
Splendours of God's great town,  
In the unknown land.

"Therefore has the Apostle used the words just quoted: 'We see now through a glass darkly, but then we shall see face to face.' As the reward, then, of our faith, that Vision awaits us of which St. John the Apostle has said: 'When He shall appear, we shall be like to Him; because we shall see Him as He is.'"<sup>10</sup> Again and again, as the ages went by, the Pontiffs of the Church, and her great Councils reiterated these solemn truths. Benedict the Twelfth,<sup>11</sup> Gregory the Thirteenth, Urban the

<sup>9</sup> Ad Thibaritanos, *De Exhortatione Martyrii*. Migne, *Patrol. Lat.* tom. iv. p. 357.

<sup>10</sup> *De Civitate Dei*, lib. xxii. cap. xxix.

<sup>11</sup> Constitution *Benedictus Deus*.

Eighth, and Benedict the Fourteenth,<sup>12</sup> had occasion to reduce to dogmatic formulas her traditional teaching on this subject. For them, as for Ignatius and Augustine, Heaven is a region of 'pure light.' In the closing days of the Eastern Empire, the Fathers of the East and the West met, for the last time, in Council. There it was solemnly professed, as an article of their common faith that "the souls pure of sin are, after death, immediately received into Heaven, and contemplate, as He is, the Triune God."<sup>13</sup>

As was the teaching of the Church in ages past, so is it now. Titus Flavius Clemens taught the philosophers, whom his subtle eloquence charmed to the faith, that in the ecstatic vision of God the pure of heart are, at last, made perfect.<sup>14</sup> John Henry Newman, who would be the Clement of England, if England had an Alexandria, preaches the same Heaven as the reward of the same virtues.<sup>15</sup> The long line of theologians that link these two names together knows no Paradise but this. The few quotations I have made are proof sufficient of this assertion; any handbook of scholastic theology will satisfy those who wish for more. I will not insist further on this point. Despite the impressive assurances of Mr. Harrison, we may take it as certain, that in at least one great and venerable religious communion unvarying belief in an unvarying Heaven is a staple article of faith.

I pass on to examine what is implied in this belief. I have reason to fear that the part of my task on which I now enter will read like a chapter from *The Criticism of Pure Reason*, or the *Wissenschaftslehre*. If I knew a method of bringing abstract notions within easy reach of minds not given to abstract thought, I would use it here. But I know of no such method; and by highly abstract notions only can we get near to the reality of Heaven. I am forced to go on, burdened with the unpleasant feeling that I shall weary those who have consented to follow me thus far.

At first sight, it would seem an easy thing to fathom the scheme of bliss summed up in the words "man shall see God and be happy." All the while, the phrase is a cover to many mysteries. That we shall see God, does not mean that the

<sup>12</sup> See the profession of faith required from the Greeks by the three last Pontiffs.

<sup>13</sup> Decrees of the Council of Florence, *Decretum Unionis Græcorum*.

<sup>14</sup> Strom. lib. v. cap. xi.

<sup>15</sup> *Grammar of Assent*, p. 457.

Divine Being shall imprint a visual image of Itself on the retina, to be conveyed thence by nerve vibrations to the brain. God is spirit. The function of the eye is to represent the coloured surfaces of material bodies, and God is not a coloured surface. The eye cannot see God any more than it can see our own soul. The region of sense does not extend beyond the region of material motion; nay, there is every reason to think it is far from co-extensive with it. No sense can apprehend God. He may encompass us round about; His ministering spirits may flit, in legions, about us, but He and they alike are as far beyond the reach of our organs of flesh, as if they inhabited some distant star whose light shall never reach this planet.

More than this, the intellectual forces of our present state cannot bring us into immediate communion with God. As we now are, we commune with the immaterial world only through the world of matter. Our first contact with things objective is through that which is material in ourselves. Our intellect is roused to action, supplied with the objects of its activity, by the lower faculties of sense. The spirit world is not the natural field of our mind's action. Our language of mental science is proof of this. The terms which express our most refined processes of thought are borrowed from analogous organic functions. Concept, apprehension, intellect, idea, spirit; what are these but words taken from the terminology of sense, names which express much less intelligible phenomena in their new use, than they did in the old? Plato, Descartes, and Rosmini have claimed for our souls direct relations with the immaterial world. But the mystic theories of these philosophers do not find enduring favour with mankind. They are beautiful fictions, the fairy tales of metaphysics; Aristotle, shrewd methodical observer of things as they are—Positivist in the only sense in which the word signifies philosopher—will ever remain the approved exponent of human experience. The sphere of our intuition is the world of matter; consciousness apart, we know the immaterial only through its broken reflections in the world of sense.

Let us go a step further. Freed from the flesh, transferred to a state in which intellectual action is not conditioned by the impressions of environing material agents, the soul is still incapable of the vision of God. The reason of this lies in the nature of the intuitive act. Intuition is a form of conscious action. It is, therefore, elicited by and confined within the thinking subject. How it, nevertheless, comes to represent an

object without the field of consciousness is a mystery still unsolved. Many have been the devices of philosophy to bridge over this chasm. From the store-houses of scholastic lore we could bring forth learned mechanisms invented for the purpose. But the world is inclined to laugh at these old-fashioned contrivances—"Corporeo-spiritual go-betweens," to use the somewhat scornful phrase of Dean Mansel.<sup>16</sup> I have no wish to overrate the efficiency of these inventions. But it will not be too much to say that the *species impressa* and the *intellectus agens* are quite as useful for their purpose as the substitutes offered by later philosophy. Do they not explain as much as the *Categories* and the *Limitations of the Ego*? I do not desire to take from the fame of Kant or Fichte; to me they are not demigods or demons; but only laborious thinkers, who have lost themselves in the mystery they strove to unravel. Still, I am forced to believe they have left the fact of conscious intuition precisely where they found it. We know now, concerning it, just what was known before their labours began—that it is a subjective state induced by the self-adapting action of the thinking subject in obedience to influences received from an external object; which object it reproduces within itself. This is, in truth, a meagre definition. But it is enough for our present purpose.

Left to itself, no human soul, in any surroundings, can reproduce in its own being the positive traits of the Being of God. In the intuitive act, the soul's active state, a certain form of its vitality is the subjective equivalent of the object of intuition. The factors which produce this equivalent are, firstly, the innate energy of the soul; secondly, certain external influences which combine with it. If neither element—the innate or the adventitious—is of the same order of being as the object of intuition, it is impossible that this object shall be reproduced in its native traits. No effect can be of a higher order than the causes which produce it. No arrangement of molecular forces will produce life; no combination of sensitive forces will produce thought. In the same way no condition of a human soul, which is brought about by its own and kindred created forces, represents the specific traits of an object which is Divine. The being of the thinking agent, plus the sum of external force which cooperates in its act, measures the highest grade of objective being which any thinking faculty will exactly reproduce.

<sup>16</sup> *Essays and Reviews*, p. 9.

Objects above this level are not, necessarily, beyond its reach. But, if it apprehend them at all, it must express them in concepts which are primarily the equivalents of another order. For this reason, the faculties of a brute can have no true perception of the act of thought. For this reason, a man born blind cannot have a right notion of the sensation of sight. For the same reason, no spirit created, whatever its potencies, and whatever its susceptibility to the influence of environing agents, can, with these resources alone, achieve the vision of God. We cannot apprehend, as they objectively exist, perfections which do not belong to one or other of our factors of thought. If we will grasp things above this standard, we must drag them down to our own level. Between our mental picture of these higher objects and that formed by a mind of their own rank, there is the same difference that exists between the painter's picture of a bright landscape and a photographic negative of the same scene. On the canvas the high lights glitter in their native colours; on the glass plate they are marked by a blank. The photographer's picture is, no doubt, truthful, after its fashion, and the blanks are necessary to its truthfulness. But it cannot be said to represent the genuine traits of the original. So is it with our own mind-painting. We can only paint in those colours which exist in our laboratory of thought. If others occur in the original, their place must be marked by a blank. This will explain why our definitions of God tell us rather what He is not, than what He is. This is why all things that are above the level of our being are also above the level of our understanding. To put it in the language of a now unfashionable philosophy: *Omnis cognitio est secundum modum cognoscentis*.<sup>17</sup> Or, to go back to the philosophy of times still more remote: "No being can rightly apprehend a being above it, be the difference of grade ever so small."<sup>18</sup>

This defect in our powers cannot, it is clear, be shaken off by death. It must follow the disembodied soul into the world of spirits. If it is of weight at all, it must affect every rank and condition of created existence. Admitted to the companionship of beings more immaterial than ourselves, surrounded by a creation of spirits, we should have made but an infinitesimal approach to the Divine; for us God would still dwell "in light inaccessible."

<sup>17</sup> St. Thomas, in i. lib. *Senten.* dist. 3. q. 1.

<sup>18</sup> St. John Chrysostom, *De Incomprehens. Dei*. Migne, *Patrol. Græc.* tom. xlviii. p. 740.



It will perhaps occur to some that this method of proof has already carried us too far, that in gauging the distance between us and God we have found it to be impassable. Our nature—to adopt the terms if not the sense of Mr. Mill's definition—is “the aggregate of our powers and faculties;”<sup>19</sup> in fact, it is nothing more than our being in its functional aspect. Now, it would appear to follow from what has been said that, to see God, we must be equipped with a new order of faculties; that thus we must put on a new nature; that so, we—the subjects of our present consciousness—shall never see God at all. So much, however, has not been proved. Strictly speaking, from the arguments used there follows only thus much; if we are to see God, one or other of our present factors of thoughts must change; either our intellectual faculties must be renewed, or the external forces combining with them must be of an order other than they now are. It is the latter exigency of the dilemma that the revealed scheme of eternal life satisfies—to satisfy the other would be at once impossible and unavailing. The powers of our soul cannot, in combination with forces received from created agents, elicit an act of the vision of God. Energized by a force emanating directly from the Divinity, they have a higher efficacy. They transcend the bounds of the finite. Held together by the bond of individual consciousness they pass into the realm of the unending; the light in which God dwells is no longer inaccessible; man can look upon His face and live.

In the musty theological volumes that moulder on the shelves of our public libraries, the curious may find very learned and proportionately lengthy treatises on the subject of the *lumen gloriæ*. The term signifies that subsidiary intellectual force I have been describing. In fact, much that has been written here is but a translation into the language of modern thought of certain *articles*, *distinctions*, *questions*, and *quodlibets* of those ancient folios. Albeit the world forgets them now, the authors of those venerable tomes thought deeply and well. Their theories anent this mysterious force, furnish a noteworthy instance of their acuteness. They represent it as associated with the vital intellectual energies in the intuition of God, but not, for this, becoming itself the object of vision. To express this notion, they name it *light*. Without having known Mr. Tyndall's beautiful experiment, they seem to have divined that light, though the extrinsic force in the act of vision is itself invisible. Further, they regard

<sup>19</sup> *Essays on Religion*, p. 5.

it as the complement of our vital powers in a continuous act, and therefore, an abiding influence in the soul. This characteristic they express, in their quaint language, by the term *habitus*—a word to which modern science does not attach precisely the same meaning: *elevat et informat animam per modum habitus*. Again, it lifts the soul out of the sphere in which action is conditioned by the interchanged influences of created agents. For this, they call it *supernatural*—a term which modern science does not like to accept in any sense at all. Lastly, it introduces man into what had been otherwise the exclusive domain of Divine intelligence, it admits him to share in an activity which is primarily and essentially divine. For this idea they had not to invent an expression; it had been adequately expressed in the Apostle's formula: "We shall be like to Him, because we shall see Him as He is."

This, then, is life eternal! Not existence in a pleasant garden, or enchanted castle, or gold-streeted city; nor torpor unbroken through eternity; nor an endless chanting of psalms—but conscious, personal action in its highest form, an eager, burning intellectual life, fed by the unfathomable Being of God.

One phase of this activity yet remains to be noticed. Perhaps I have already dealt too largely in abstract notions. I would hesitate to introduce another, but that it will lead us back to the region of familiar experience. It touches a subject on which none of us is ignorant.

When the suitable object of any faculty of our nature passes into our sphere of apprehension, it at once attracts us. Its presence incites us to employ upon it the faculty it is fitted to exercise—if it were not so, how could we ever set ourselves in motion? This attractive quality of external things, their adaptation to our faculties, makes the material of all our pleasures. Towards the objects which possess it we move instinctively. This tendency of our nature we are wont to call craving or appetite. It is an impulse which we can govern, but may not destroy. The rational will is empowered to control its movements, not to forbid them. Acting under the sanction of the controlling faculty, this impulse is called *love*. The word has been profaned by vulgar use; for this reason I have been at the pains to fix the philosophic sense in which I use it here. An analysis of our own experience enables us to distinguish two stages in this familiar passion. Most of us know it but too well in that uneasy stage, when it is struggling to reach the object

of some unemployed faculty. Here it is love expectant—*desire*. The privileged amongst us know it in that other stage, in which it grasps the object that elicits the free play of the soul's energies. Here it is love gratified—*contentment*. Elsewhere, I have defined pleasure to be the unchecked action of the soul's faculties. Our analysis has already enabled us to identify love, in its second stage, with pleasure. If, in this stage, it extend itself to all the faculties of our nature, it is pleasure made perfect—it is happiness.

The philosophy that admits a personal God recognizes in Him the First Cause of all things. From Him come Being and Life, with all that they include. There is not, therefore, any attractive good within the compass of actual or possible existence which has not its prototype and perfection in Him. Everything which can be the object of thought, everything which can be the object of love, He holds within His own Being. Quickened by a supernatural energy, the soul's most potent faculty is brought into contact with this Divine Being. Instantly it is called into action to the full measure of its new capacity, the soul's expanded potencies of love are roused, but roused only to be gratified, and thus man is made happy with an absorbing happiness.

Growth or change is impossible in this condition. Growth is progress towards a better state; change is movement towards a better state, or a worse, or an equivalently good. The one, as the other, is possible only in a condition which is at once imperfect and insecure. Heaven's happiness is the highest state of bliss, and it is assured to us for ever; there is no direction in which it can change. It is of that kind which Aristotle attributed to the Deity: "God enjoys for ever one unchanging happiness; for there is an activity of rest as well as an activity of motion, and happiness consists in peace rather than in movement:"<sup>20</sup>

Che volgersi da lei per altro aspetto  
È impossibil che mai si consenta  
Perocchè 'l ben ch'è del volere obietto  
Tutto s'accoglie in lei e fuor di quella  
È diffetivo ciò ch'è li perfetto.

And now we have done with metaphysics. Imagination, Mr. Tyndall has shown, is a scientific faculty. In the matter before us, wherein it is usually supposed to play a large part, will it help us beyond the point we have reached? Already we are, I fear,

<sup>20</sup> *Ethic Nic.* lib. vii. cap. xiv.

far out of its reach. The pictures of our fancy are pieced together out of the materials of every-day experience, and we are dealing now with things which eye has never seen nor ear heard. What is the best it can do for us? No more than this. All of us have known love. Every life can show some shreds of happiness, and every shred of happiness, we have seen, is a form of love. Looking back over the life-course we have traversed, we see it dotted, at intervals more or less frequent, with bright moments which love of some kind has made pleasurable. Imagination can condense these scattered joys into one moment's passionate delight; it can purify this fancied ecstasy of all that makes the alloy of love on earth, and then intensify it beyond the extremest tension of joy which our present nature could endure. This is, perhaps, its best effort. But this effort pictures faintly indeed the bliss that awaits beyond death the most abject of the little ones who hear the word of God and keep it.

This, as I have been able to interpret it, is the Christian *gnosis* of the faith in Heaven. It is not, I admit, very explicit. Like the theory of gravitation, or the definition of space, it has still its mysteries. Nor has it here been given in all its fulness. I have dwelt only on the essential elements of the happiness of Heaven. Much might yet be said of its supplementary sources of bliss, of the regenerated body, sown in corruption, and, like the wheat seed, born thence into a new order of physical law; of the pleasures of perfected sense in a perfected material world; of the pleasant freedom to roam at will over a renewed creation, restrained only from sadness and sin; of the sweet society of friends who have carried their lovable qualities from earth, to be doubly loved for them in Heaven; of our happy intercourse with the noble Beings who stand above us in the scale of creation. These themes may be passed over here. They are abundantly treated in the popular literature of devotion. For minds that range habitually beyond the surface-world of sense they will have but a secondary importance.

To these minds the Apologist for Christian beliefs must appeal. In those for whom Positivism is philosophy, his words will move only lofty scorn. This hardship, however, he may bear resignedly, if he do but succeed in drawing one mind of the old English type to study closer the truths of the old English faith. Some purpose of this kind he must have; without it comment upon such random generalities as fill Mr. Harrison's

pages, would be inexcusable. In the chairs of John of Salisbury and Alexander of Hales sit for the moment the Doctors of the Positive school. We must not be wanting in reverence towards them. But neither must we carry flattery so far as to pretend that the Christian Church sees in their errors a danger to herself; that in her interest their errors must needs be refuted. Against the censure of these masters in Israel, their scorn or their pity, the Christian Church makes neither protest nor appeal.

Still, it is worth while to correct their rough caricatures of her doctrine. Our apology may reach other ears. It may perchance be heard by those other men of more earnest purpose and deeper thought to whom also this Heaven of ours is a dream-theory, gorgeous in truth, and not incongruous, but nevertheless a dream. They have studied the history of this our belief. They have traced its progressive development from Akkadian creeds upwards. They are not prejudiced against it any more than they are prejudiced against the faith in Asshur or Osiris. Its existence is a fact to be accounted for, to be reduced under a known scientific law, and so disposed of. Meantime their inward lives are affected by it much as they are affected by Taylor's Theorem or Dalton's Laws of Atomic Weights. "There is no proof of it," they say; "beyond its historical value, what interest has it for us? You who stake your present and your future upon its truth, by what demonstration do you justify it?"

Demonstration! In the mathematical sense of the term we have none. Like the convictions that rule our working lives, it cannot be established by a diagram or an equation. But has it not been shown, and well shown, that all effectual proofs are not to be marshalled under mathematical formulas?<sup>21</sup> The grounds upon which Revelation claims our assent are its guarantee. On these it has stood for ages, defying the changing currents of human opinion, unshaken by the rise and fall of ephemeral philosophies. Judge it by the standard to which it appeals. The momentous issues of our lives are decided by evidences which are not cast in Euclidean mould. According to the same canons of assent, we must decide for or against this faith on which hangs the issue that gives significance to life and death.

The question is grave as no other question is. We may not treat it as we treat the phantom theories of the passing hour; as we treat *Natural Selection* or *The Philosophy of the*

<sup>21</sup> See Dr. Newman's beautiful chapter on "Real Assents," *Grammar of Assent*, p. 72.

*Unconscious.* Let these rise, and flourish and die. Others will replace them. The ruins of a thousand statelier and better systems strew the field of science. But the doctrine of an unchanging Heaven is not a theory to be lightly taken up and put down. Yet a little while and the end of our uneasy seeking and striving will be upon us. The gift we all ask for will be vouchsafed us soon. *Mehr Licht!* What if it should come to light up the wrecks of our pretty thought-structures; to reveal to us the truths we have put aside in life awaiting us in the eternity we are bidden to enter.

THOMAS A. FINLAY.



### *Albert Durer: Painter and Engraver.*

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As it is the prevailing custom to introduce to our notice the private life and character of a celebrated man, and his general connection with the men of his time, by describing his parentage and the families from which he was descended, so the history of the development of his particular gift or talent is most fitly prefaced by describing the school of thought or of art which gave birth to and fostered his genius. In portraying, then, the talents and career of Albert Durer as a great artist, it is becoming that we should give a short account of the school of painting whence he sprang, and of the master who first guided his earliest efforts. Nuremberg, Durer's native town, was situated between Cologne and Prague, the centres of two somewhat opposite schools of art, between which it occupied a middle position. Before Albert's time the rise of the bourgeoisie class in importance had thrown the patronage of the fine arts into their hands, and by extending the mercantile activity of the imperial city as far as and beyond the towns we have mentioned, it had enabled its artists to adopt many improvements introduced elsewhere, though they still maintained an independent school of their own.

While the pagan art of ancient Greece aimed at the most perfect modelling of the human form, so the Christian art of the mediæval Church would fain symbolize the supernatural graces and heavenward tendencies of the spiritual life by a refined and idealized rendering of the figures of saints and angels, by the delicacy of their features and the richness of their garments. This style had found a very exact expression in the old school of Cologne, but it was modified during the first half of the fifteenth century into a detailed copying of the mere human lineaments. The Protestant connoisseur, having neither experience nor belief in the high spirituality of the saints, deems it equally impossible and imaginative, and condemns the attempt to portray it as a double extravagance and unreality. At Prague

the aim of the painter was different, though founded on the same German type, since in obedience to local and political influences in Bohemia, and to the taste of imperial patronizers, it discarded the supernatural for the simply natural life, and delighted in massive forms and heavy drapery, in deep and sombre colours. Its stiff outlines possessed no charm or grace, and the large fiercely-staring eyes sought only to awe the beholder into a cold and distant respect. The artists of Nuremberg formed, as we have said, a middle school between those of Cologne and Prague, and after, at first, combining a more correct study of the proportions of the human body with the old idealistic treatment, they soon devoted themselves exclusively to the matter-of-fact realities of ordinary life—a change which first manifested itself in the accessories of place and dress. The chief promoters, or rather founders, of this new school were the brothers Van Eyck of Bruges, who amazed all by the vigour and truthfulness with which they reproduced nature, and surpassed all that had been as yet achieved in the three centres of art already named. Their method passed rapidly up the stream of the Rhine and gave fresh life to works begun at Cologne, Colmar, Augsburg, Ulm, and Nuremberg. Two innovations especially marked the new system, the introduction of scenery instead of the previous gold background, and the character of individuality given to the figure, and of expression to the features of each person represented. The accessories of dress, &c., were held but secondary in the absence of any very sound knowledge of anatomy or of exact drawing. Thus had the progress of art reversed the order observed in ancient and pagan times, for as it had passed from depicting the merely carnal and material form into the mystical and symbolical, as in the early Church, and thence into the ideal and devotional, so now it was returning from this into the material, yet at the same time intellectual method of treatment, and having lost must now regain the power of correctly drawing the human body. May we not, however, question whether this abandonment of the spiritual and devotional in art for the purely intellectual was progress or development in any truer sense than is, in religious matters, the substitution of human intellect for supernatural faith.

The increasing taste and demand for pictorial illustrations M. Morriz Thausing attributes to the dissatisfaction of the German people with "the vague generalities of the Church as

regards both the past and the future," hence the concentration of their desires on the present and their study of human nature in their own thoughts and experiences, without dependence on the spirit and teaching of the Church. These tendencies were undoubtedly indulged and strengthened by the development of the kindred arts of engraving on wood and copper, in which an excellent substitute was found for large pictures and frescoes that could find no room on the limited surfaces and amongst the rich traceries of Gothic architecture. Being employed by classes of townspeople rather than by titled patrons, constant demands, free of all dictation, readily transformed the artisan into an artist; and a true painter could, in the designs for his engravings on wood or copper, carry out his own inspirations. As he himself generally printed off impressions of his designs and sold them in different towns, a safe income was at once secured to him. By way of copyright or protection to his property each work bore his monogram, and the civil authority, as was especially the case at Nuremberg, gave legal sanction to his rights. In Germany the art of the engraver by no means yielded the first place to that of the painter, it marched abreast with it, and often took the lead of it, and Martin Schongauer, of Colmar, though celebrated as a painter, gave almost his whole energies to engraving. This sketch of the state of art at the time when Albert Durer appeared upon the scene sufficiently describes the progress which it had made and the forms which it had assumed, and when taken with the history of his private life, previously given, it shows in how great a measure the practice of his art and the development of his religious convictions told upon one another.

The master who gave strength to the nascent genius of Albert Durer, and carefully cherished its earliest efforts, was the painter Michael Wolgemut. That the pupil soon threw the master into the shade does not disprove the truth of this statement, and the opinion that Wolgemut was nothing more than a wood engraver, a simple artisan, casts a slur on his work which is wholly undeserved. One reason for the accusation is drawn from the words in which Durer briefly alludes to his term of apprenticeship: "God gave me the grace of application, so that I derived great profit from it, but I had much to suffer for the help which my master gave me." As the artist has never made any complaint against his early instructor, but on the contrary kept up a lifelong friendship with him, his second

remark cannot well refer to any more serious drawbacks than the petty jealousies and animosities common amongst fellow students. Although Wolgemut seems to have habitually undertaken a large number of commissions, which he could have executed only through the hands of pupils and others, yet not only does the presence of a powerfully directing mind manifest itself throughout, but many innovations and improvements are both introduced and developed with great skill and vigour. In the *Chronique de Nuremberg*, the publication of which by Hartmann Schedel and Wolgemut was quite an event in the history of printing, many splendid illustrations fully attest the creative power and fertile imagination of Durer's master. And if on other occasions there has been some confusion between his monogram, W, and the signature of the designer and silversmith Wenceslaus of Olmutz, yet a closer study of the differences of style attributes to the more famous engraver and to his workshop most of the old German engravings marked with that initial. The difficulty arises from great inequalities of execution and variety of handling, but this is sufficiently accounted for by what we have said of the variety of hands actually employed by Wolgemut, and the readiness with which other works would be engraved by him besides his own. It is most certain that Durer's master gave an immense impetus to the perfection of wood and copper engraving in Nuremberg. Brought up in the school of Cologne, and having in all probability had Stephan Lochner for his master, he lingered for several years on the banks of the Rhine, where the influence of the Van Eycks was dominant, and where the system of engraving on copper, springing from Roger Van der Weyden and further developed by Martin Schongauer, was in full force.

On his return home Wolgemut introduced at Nuremberg the realistic method of Van Eyck, and for the first time took up a public position in his town, buying the house and marrying the widow of the painter Hans Pleydenwurff, under whom he had worked, and who may be considered as his master. Among his earliest paintings should be mentioned an altar-piece commissioned by a nun of the family of Landauer, and one of his finest was that intended for the high altar of the Church of the Augustines, in which painting, notwithstanding the size of the figures, the execution is absolutely perfect. Wolgemut afterwards tried his strength in portrait painting, and succeeded in giving great individuality to his heads. His treatment of

his subject was delicate and attractive, full of clearness and brilliance, yet vigorous and incisive, while the hands are executed with marvellous finish. Within a dozen years, however, he seems to have lost his power of portraiture. Wolgemut never achieved greater success than in his altar-pieces, as in that designed for the Margrave Henry the Fourth of Brandenburg. After completing his important work of decorating with religious subjects the great hall in the Hotel de Ville of Goslar, filling the compartments between its Gothic tracery with grave figures of prophets and evangelists, with lighter sibyls, and with portraits of emperors, he addressed himself to his last and best authenticated undertaking, the design which adorns the high altar of the parish church of Schwabach, and which he finished in 1508, at the age of seventy-four. On the interior panels of this altar-painting are the two patrons of the sacred building, St. John the Baptist and St. Martin of Tours. The figures themselves are full of force and dignity, and it is particularly observable that the details of rock and forest scenery are filled in with a care and minuteness that reveal enthusiastic love for nature. In other parts of the design there is an evident desire to attain correct perspective and the exact proportions of the human body, though the dress belongs to the artist's own period. Wolgemut died in 1519, and the Albertine collection of Durer's pictures at Vienna contains an excellent portrait of his former master, bearing the date 1516. In it the high brow and large open eye, the sharply-defined aquiline nose, the round and prominent chin, the full lips combine to indicate an unflagging spirit and energy, that even at the age of eighty-two could not seek repose. Such was the first instructor of Albert Durer, and to any one at all acquainted with the works of the latter, artistic parentage stands confessed in the close resemblance between the line of subjects selected, and in the general manner of their treatment at the hands of each artist. Every point we have dwelt upon in the aim and aspiration of Wolgemut is a fresh presage of its far more perfect rendering by Durer. That during his apprenticeship Albert adopted with ardour the system of his master, is proved by the etchings from his pen in 1489, which depict favourite subjects in the fierce aspect, feeble delineation of form, and awkward positions characteristic of the school. Though the sculptures and wood carvings of Adam Kraft were inspired by an imitation of the manner of Wolgemut, that artist retained his influence over Durer even

after he had lost him as an apprentice, and we have no trace of the latter placing himself under any other instruction, although he cherished a grateful remembrance of Hans Traut of Nuremberg, and preserved a picture by him in his possession.

During his travels abroad immediately after his apprenticeship, Durer seems to have studied the painting of heads, and to have given his attention to the treatment of natural objects; though, like his master, his perspective was faulty at the commencement. Another picture of this date is extant, being a half-length figure of the Infant Jesus, the figure is richly draped and modelled with great care after the German type. If at one time the Flemish schools of the north had exercised an especial influence over Italian art, during the last six years of the fifteenth century Italy held undisputed supremacy in the domains of skill and taste, for the principal representatives of Van Eyck's style, Hans Memmling in the north and Antonello di Messina in the south, were both lately dead. The relations between Nuremberg and Venice were close, and as Albert's friend, Willibald Pirckheimer, was studying at Padua and Pavia, the fame of the city of the lagoons would the more readily have drawn Albert himself in that direction. Though his visit was beyond doubt a hurried one, he received during it a most lively impression from the works of a new school which he saw, but he was not able until his second visit to appreciate them thoroughly and determine his own course under their influence. When more matured himself he expresses dissatisfaction with some pictures, and a more enlightened admiration of others, as of the paintings of Giovanni Bellini, but the fact was that the interval had marked the age of progress both for Venetian art and for the development of his own style. He had this great sympathy with it, that it stood midway between the character of the German mind and that of the less rugged south, and was late in admitting the soft perspective effects, the rich ornamentation, the graceful forms, and varied grouping of the renaissance. Murano, a German master, was the founder of the Venetian school, and preserved the Gothic taste of the middle age. In contrast to him Mantegna, born in 1431, had at Padua and Mantua first imparted depth to surface painting, and copied the magnificent decoration and correct costume of the antique without any tinge of modern insipidity, but with vigorous truthfulness to nature. Gentile and Giovanni Bellini first yielded themselves to this influence, with serious peril to the method of



Murano and of his followers, and they gladly adopted the use of oils as introduced by the brothers Van Eyck, and brought to Venice by Antonello di Messina. A third school had risen up in the same place, which aimed at brilliant and refined execution, detailed reproduction of nature, and the expression of sentiment; its originators, though Venetians, showed a strong German tendency. Durer reached Venice before the contest between these three different styles of art had ceased, and we know not to which he most attached himself, perhaps to the last mentioned, as between Jacopo de' Barbari and Nuremberg there were intimate relations. Certainly the leaves of the book of designs which he filled in during his first visit show a very partial appreciation or imitation of the antique, and combine the feeling of the middle age with an admixture of modern realism and ancient costume.

It would be difficult to ascertain where or when Durer made his earliest acquaintance with the works of Mantegna, who was settled at Mantua when Albert first visited Italy, and who died about the time of his second visit. In vain had he endeavoured to know personally both Mantegna and Schongauer, for he venerated them and in part formed himself on their style. National sympathy and the influence of Wolgemut brought him into closer agreement with Schongauer, but he made a still more careful study of Mantegna, and desired to catch the grandeur and dignity of his treatment. The development of his own handling of his subject was to differ from either painter, although when in Italy he felt the powerful attraction of one of the first masters of renaissance. Two copies of Mantegna executed by him betray an ambitious attempt to improve upon the original by a more exact modelling, and are in proportion inferior to Mantegna in force and expression. These copies, however, exhibit the progress made by the young artist in design, and an ardent desire by greater depth and variety of shading to increase the realistic effect of his figures. His error was that in giving more perfect expression to mere form, he sacrificed refinement and soul in his representations. Nor, again, could he shake off the traditional taste of his country for depicting violent and exaggerated emotion, which he still continued to ally to a fuller and truer delineation of the nude. He could not appreciate the improvements made by the new school in the perspective and construction of buildings introduced in its backgrounds, though he was much struck by the

interiors of the churches of Venice, and took ideas from what he then saw for the execution of his own pictures. But above all did Albert devote himself during his first visit south to the study of landscape, and he has left a perfect series of sketches, many of them afterwards utilized in his pictures, but belonging originally to the period of his passage through North Italy and the Tyrol, even though the artist's monogram may have been affixed at a later date. These views of rural scenes Durer continued to paint after his return to Nuremberg with far greater finish and detail than he bestowed upon them in his later years, and his subsequent practice of leaving his landscapes absolutely without colour is a fresh argument for throwing back these sketches to the years 1493 and 1494. Durer was eminently successful in them, and distanced all his contemporaries. The colouring is admirably managed, the foliage and buildings reflected in still water, the flowing stream, the green of the trees, the transparent blue of the sky, the light brown toning down the houses, and the aerial perspective of the whole scene—all these points are given with surprising truth and effect, and leave nothing to be desired. Such are his views of Innsbruck and Trent, of an Alpine pass called the Venetian defile, of a mountain fortress named in his handwriting "an Italian castle;" and such are various studies of trees, rocks, walls, and bastions, and of different scenic effects of light and shade, of clouds and sunsets. Equal to these in care and execution are views marked "Nörnperg" (Nuremberg), "Sant Johans Kirchen," "Weydenmüll," and "Trotzichmüll," descriptive of scenery in the neighbourhood of Nuremberg. When he went to Italy the second time his object, instead of being to observe and study, was that he might sell different works of art, as well as impressions of his pictures already painted. Indeed, he had no leisure for minute drawing or for finished and elaborate water-colours.

Even when in his father's workshop, the boy of thirteen soon gave proof of his precocious talent by the rapidity with which he acquired the first rudiments of the silversmith's art in chiselling and modelling, and during his apprenticeship he is said to have chased in silver the seven falls of Christ along the way of sorrows. This practice helped to form his hand early for designing the human figure with breadth and roundness, and developed his power as a portrait painter. The likeness of himself, which he painted at the age of thirteen, exhibits an

extraordinary freedom of treatment and minuteness of detail, the lower part of the countenance especially and the modelling of the chin and neck being admirably executed, and the arrangement of the hair showing a master-hand. The defective point is in the eyes, which stare out from the face with unnatural hardness and prominence, a defect that to a greater or less extent characterizes all Durer's likenesses. In another portrait of himself which bears date 1493, when the artist was twenty-two, all these excellencies were enhanced in the richness, clearness, and harmony of its parts. In the many likenesses which he has given us of members of his own family, of his friends and patrons, of emperors and men of science, of his master and of his fellow artists, and in the heads of Apostles and others for his imaginative pictures we particularly note the careful finish, the strong individuality, and the marvellous delineation of mental qualities which are stamped on every face, although one's eye is almost always painfully arrested by that same fixed and glassy stare of which we have spoken. During the latter period of his life, while he was sojourning in the Netherlands, we find him handling his pencil in behalf of the worthies and celebrities of the "Reformation" with suitable stiffness, gravity, and heaviness of treatment and expression, not lightened by the evident fidelity of the portraiture.

After his return from his first travels, Albert's advance in his art was much retarded by the limited circle of his friends and patronizers, so that several years had to be wearily plodded through before he attained sufficient notoriety. For the sake of that expedition, which the want of means doubly urged on him, he followed in his pictures of larger size the plan taught him by Wolgemut of handing over his rough sketches to be worked out by auxiliaries, without taking sufficient care to see whether their work retained the particular excellencies of the design entrusted to them. This habit should be borne in mind when we pronounce judgment on the earliest religious pictures which emanated from his workshop. There exists, however, in the gallery of Dresden a painting that previously adorned the altar of a chapel in the Castle of Wittenberg, and which appears to have been begun and executed throughout by the artist himself. This grand triptych is painted on fine canvas, in water-colours or distemper, after the easy and rapid handling employed frequently by German and Italian painters, such as Mantegna and his imitators in Verona. The Blessed Virgin

is represented as turning towards the left to adore the Infant Saviour lying asleep on a cushion beside her. Her face is oval, her figure slender and delicate, robed in blue, while her head is encircled with a white veil. A little cherub, kneeling before the Divine Infant, with a handkerchief brushes off the flies and fans him. To the right stands a pulpit supporting an illuminated book of prayers in German. Above the head of Mary are poised two angels bearing a royal crown of Gothic workmanship enriched with pearls. On a higher level behind, to which the correct perspective leads the eye, two smaller angels are engaged in sweeping the pavement and sprinkling it with water, and in a neighbouring room St. Joseph is seen at work. The composition of this interesting and important picture combines German severity with Italian breadth; the draperies are stiff and angular, the pose of the Infant reminds one of the Italian school, but the individual limbs are hard. The whole painting of the angels shows the influence of Mantegna in its freedom, fulness, and grace. A window reveals at the back the view of a farm and trees, beside which stands an open cart. The two wings of the triptych contain a St. Anthony and, as is probable, a St. Sebastian; the former appears to be a venerable old man full of gravity and energy of character, whose strong and bony hands are so true to nature as to absorb the attention. The anatomy of each figure is faithfully rendered, though the effect is somewhat harsh and cold, again suggestive of a German rather than an Italian model. The several accessories of flowers, fruit, and fanciful forms introduced are most striking in their accuracy. This picture belonged to the Elector of Saxony, Frederick the Wise.

In close connection with this picture as to date and proprietorship is the altar-piece at Ober-Sanct-Weit, painted a little later for Frederick, and bearing on its panels the electoral arms of Saxony. It was probably first placed in the Castle of Wittemberg, was thence moved into the private chapel of the Archiepiscopal palace at Vienna, whence it found its way to the summer residence of the Archbishop at Ober-Sanct-Weit, not far from Vienna. Time and modern restorations have much injured this painting, which in conception and execution never equalled the finer picture at Dresden, and in its working out belongs rather to the school of Durer, although an original design for it, carefully laid in and frequently retouched, has been found signed by Durer himself with the date 1502. The subject

is the scene of the Crucifixion, treated with great vigour and comprising nearly sixty figures. Upon the interior of the left hand door Christ is represented on His way towards Calvary, upon the other He stands in the garden before St. Mary Magdalene. The outer panels are filled in with figures of St. Sebastian and St. Rock. This latter picture, when contrasted with the one previously described, marks an epoch in its designer's style, wherein he began to sacrifice to the exigences of overwork the dignity and simplicity of his former conceptions. Henceforth he, for the most part, sought to give richness to his execution by introducing a confused multitude of figures together with a multiplicity of minor details, and it was only towards the close of his artistic career that he recovered a portion of his sounder breadth of style. In linear perspective he made at this time no great advance, nor did he practise his hand in water-colours or oils. On these points he but followed the universal custom in Upper Germany where altar-pieces were seldom painted. He contented himself with carefully drawing out a first sketch, which he transferred to the panel itself, washed with a general body colour, working in the outlines with his brush in dark and deep shades, a process which the damaging effect of time or the original thinness of the paint laid on often reveals to the eye. The finishing of the picture was in most instances left to the tender mercies of helps and pupils; thus the final execution of the Ober-Sanct-Veit painting is undoubtedly to be attributed to the young Hans Schäußelein de Nördlingen, whose work is traceable in the dignified features that wear a somewhat bitter and satirical smile. The St. Sebastian we owe, on the contrary, entirely to Albert Durer, for the undraped figure is modelled to perfection in its sombre outline, the fully developed head is covered with flaxen and richly waving hair, and is turned to the right displaying a sharply defined profile and upturned glance; while the whole arrangement of the figure, of which the upper part especially is round and muscular, betokens the artist's careful study of anatomy. For assistance in his engravings on wood, Durer had surrounded himself with a school of artists, who collectively at all events may be called his pupils. In the subsequent school which he formed to expedite his designs on copper he was less particular, growing more anxious to execute in detail with his own hands his larger and more important undertakings; and thus his triptych, entitled *der Baumgärtner*, though the finest beyond

doubt which came forth from his former school, still fails to show in all its parts that full energy and animation which the master's own hand subsequently imparted to the details of his work. This picture of the Nativity he almost repeated in 1508. About the 1511, two famous pictures executed by Hans Kulmbach were in all probability painted from designs supplied to his friend by Albert Durer.

The list of engravings on copper attributed to our artist is headed by two of doubtful parentage. These represent an old man seizing violently on a young girl, as symbolical of the struggle between death and life, and a young rider with whip in hand turning round on his horse. They may have been exercises of the master taken from some roughly executed copy, as they bear neither name nor date. The earliest specimens of his work which cannot be questioned are a Holy Family, called *of the grasshopper*, and *The offerings of love*; both date after 1496, for they bear the engraver's monogram, and show marks of having been copies. In the engravings which immediately follow, we soon see the young artist improving upon the example before him. When copying a subject frequently repeated in those days, namely the Dance of Death, Albert modified the rude, hard character given to its treatment, and showed a tendency to a simpler handling more in accordance with modern ideas, whereas his master Wolgemut retained all the characteristics of the old school. In truth Durer must have made rapid progress, for one would be amazed to find how complete and studied, yet at the same time simple and natural, was one of his earliest engravings, the Prodigal Son. In the British Museum is a water-colour by Durer, which with some marked alterations served evidently as the sketch for a future copperplate engraving, but he continued for some time to copy from and work along with his master Wolgemut. The war of the Emperor against Switzerland filled Nuremberg with mercenaries, whose picturesque accoutrements and dashing, reckless gaiety supplied him with many a hint for his sacred and historical paintings, one of these was his engraving in 1513, named, *Le Chevalier, la Mort, et le Diable*, intended to illustrate the armour of the period.

For his earliest designs in wood, Durer made choice of striking subjects suggested in the Apocalypse, taking up the style of the coarse anti-Catholic satires of Wolgemut, and directing his work against the Catholic Church, as he imagined it



to be in his day. His first wood engraving in the order of this series represented the martyrdom of St. John, the second depicted the summoning of the Saint by the voice as of a trumpet, in the third plate were seen the open gates of the heavenly city, while in the fourth stood forward the four horsemen of the Apocalypse. In these pictures the exercise of the inventive faculty was so elaborate and ingenious as to disguise many flaws and weak points in the execution. In his fifth picture Durer treats the opening of the fifth and sixth seals, and displays still more bitterly his growing animosity against the Church, a harsh judgment which he had by no means mitigated when he further commented on this picture in 1521. The chief point to remark on in the other engravings which followed in succession is that the design wholly departs from the Catholic traditions when he portrays the woman of the Apocalypse as a fabulous and symbolical figure, having two huge wings fastened to its shoulders in gross and literal application of the words contained in the 14th verse of the 12th chapter of the Apocalypse. The execution resulting from Albert Durer's designs in this series of plates inaugurates a new era in wood-engraving; not that it is likely the wood block was manipulated by the artist's own hands, for, as a general rule, the best work is to be attributed, not to the designer, but to the professional workman. In most cases Albert drew out his composition on the panel either with the pen or the brush, or in chalk, and left the material part of cutting to the artisan. Up to his day the outlines were meagre, and depended for effect on the colours to be afterwards applied, the deeper and finer cutting which he introduced gave light and shade without the aid of colour, for no hand was more cunning than his in the exactness, precision, and force of its execution, and no intellect more skilled in detecting and evoking the capabilities of his art.

In his treatment of the human figure Durer gained many lights from his study of the works of Jacopo de' Barbari, a Venetian painter, and his *Adoration of the Magi*, the first picture on a grand scale, which in 1504 was executed entirely by his own hand, gives evident sign of this influence in the immense care bestowed on the most minute points, in the clearness of the colouring, and the grace and delicacy of the whole execution. His engraving, about this time, of St. Eustachius presents the like features, but another of *Adam and Eve* far surpasses Jacopo in richness of composition, and stamps Durer

as the finest engraver of his time. On the reverse side of his sketches for these two figures can be traced measurements which exactly correspond with De' Barbari's theory of proportion. A succession of wood engravings represents events in the life of the Blessed Virgin; each scene is wonderful as a work of art, and crowded with detail, but the quaintness of the heavy German drapery, and the absence of all religious character in the pose of the figures or the expression of the features despoil it to the Catholic eye of all realistic or devotional effect; heart and imagination have equally ceased to be Catholic. Half Protestant and half Catholic is the famous picture of the Feast of the Rosary, in which Pope Julius the Second and Maximilian the First are receiving crowns of roses from the hands of our Lord and of the Blessed Virgin. Most of the distinct points are Catholic, but there is a thoroughly humanized character pervading their general treatment. Yet during his second visit to Venice and north Italy, Durer entered into close friendship with many of the Italian painters, whose names are as household words to us, and six marvellous designs for embroidery in arabesque work on black discs remind us at once of similar Italian ornamentations still extant, and bearing the stamp of the "Accademia Leonardi Vinci." After the pictures already named, succeeded in 1508 that of the *Martyrdom of 10,000 Christians*, in 1509 the subject of the *Assumption of the Blessed Virgin*, and the picture of *All Saints* in 1511, for Durer was then at the height of his fame and of his artistic powers, and he deemed that a complete year was the least time he could devote to a great work. Among these specimens of the master, the picture of the Assumption is perhaps the finest which he ever painted, if we consider the dignity and animation which mark the figures composing it, the depth and correctness of its perspective, the ability displayed in the grouping, the gracefulness of the draperies, and the vigour of its conception. It must be confessed, however, that his picture of the Saints in Glory, called also the *Adoration of the Blessed Trinity*, fully bears comparison with it. After the date 1512, Durer relapsed into his former negligence of execution.

The painting of "The Saints in Heaven" is not only valuable as presenting a *resumé* of all Durer's chief excellencies as an artist, but it introduces him also to us as architect and sculptor. Both in the books which he published and in the manuscripts which he left behind him we find various admeasure-

ments and copies of ancient capitals, &c., and a few of his pictures show his acquaintance with the forms of the Renaissance, though they degenerated in the climate of the North, as the designs for his wood-engraving of the *Triumphal Arch of the Emperor Maximilian* testify. As sculptor, Durer does not seem to have done more than supply the designs for bass-reliefs and statuettes; the best and most authentic example of these is a small female figure in silver, occupying a niche in a coffer presented to Helena Imhoff. His earliest training had given to Albert a wonderful facility in the working of metals, so that he proved himself perfectly acquainted with the art of designing with aquafortis on iron, steel, and copper, which he combined with engraving; and in the fecundity and versatility of his talent, combined with great diligence, he never abandoned his original taste for miniature work in water colour on parchment or common paper. During the years 1511 and 1513, appeared his two best conceptions of the Blessed Virgin, executed on copper, although he still more happily expressed the richness of his fancy in his engravings on wood.

In 1511, Durer was able to accomplish one of the great desires of his life, when he published three series of his wood-engravings in the form of books or collections. These comprised *The Apocalypse*, *The Life of the Virgin*, and *The Grand Passion*; and to forward this undertaking, he obtained a printing press. Not content with being writer, printer, editor, and publisher of his own works, he aimed at being a poet, composing stanzas, as titles illustrative of his designs, and even venturing on longer pieces of fairly average merit when compared with the compositions of his time and country. Another proof of the artist's marvellous versatility in its own proper field exists in the humorous and fantastic designs illuminating the *Book of Prayer of Maximilian*. The last great achievements of Durer as wood-engraver are all connected with the *Triumphal Procession* of the Emperor, embracing, as it did, not only the imperial car itself, but other pageants and trophies forming part of the same grand design. It must, in the last place, be remembered that Albert Durer was savant and author as well as painter and engraver. During his whole artistic life, the wish had ever been before his mind, to write a succession of treatises supplying the young painter with every direction and maxim necessary either for the theory or the practice of his profession, and yet he failed to grasp the true philosophy, the full science and theory of the

painter's art. He aimed at following rather than leading the taste of his day, for while founding his practice on the close imitation of nature and antiquity, he held theoretically that the true and beautiful in the works of art of any particular country were rather the combined product of many minds and intellects than of one, unless, indeed, all the qualities necessary were by some happy chance united in one man of a rare and comprehensive genius. Such was the tendency of that rich variety of valuable maxims with which the multitudinous notes and sketches left by Durer were undoubtedly filled, in addition to those which he published during his life-time in his "Science of Measurements," and in his "Treatise on proportions," of which the three concluding books were not given to the light until after his death. Many other works on collateral subjects had been planned by him, but only one was actually printed, its subject being "The Theory of the fortification of towns and castles." Of another small work two manuscript copies exist, entitled "The Thoughts of Albert Durer on the Bearing of Arms," being a treatise on the science of fencing and wrestling. Thus did this active-minded and hard-working man prove the richness and versatility of a genius which is notwithstanding almost unknown to the general reader or even, it may be, to many artists of our own times.

J. G. MACLEOD.

### *Ritualist Reasons against Conversion.*

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THE Editor of the MONTH AND CATHOLIC REVIEW has allowed me space in his columns to make some reply to an article from the pen of Dr. Littledale, which appeared in the November number of the *Contemporary Review*, entitled, "The Ritualists and Roman Catholicism."

So far as the question between the Abbé Martin and Dr. Littledale turns on a discussion of the motives which may weigh with the Ritualists to prevent them from joining the Roman Church, I have little to say to it. It is not always easy to ascertain the motives which impel men to *adopt* a given course of action; but it is much more difficult to discern those which induce them to *abstain* from it. Dr. Littledale must know the inner mind of the party to which he belongs better than the Abbé Martin. Allowing, therefore, for the effect of *esprit de corps*, and the desire to put the best face on things, we may admit that the general view of deterrent motives which he presents corresponds faithfully enough with the actual condition of the Ritualistic mind. There is, however, one powerful motive, the working of which can be better observed from without than from within, because, while it colours the feelings, it scarcely rises to the consciousness, of those who are swayed by it. I mean the motive supplied by the signal and long-continued success of the institution to which their birth attaches them. The course of thought, if distinctly apprehended, would be somewhat as follows: "Rome and her followers predicted all kinds of terrible things as certain to befall England, if she threw off the Papal yoke and took her own course; but what has come of it all? This is the three hundred and twentieth year since the accession of Elizabeth, and here is England, which, according to the Roman Catholic theory, fell into heresy and schism, great, wealthy, populous, and prosperous, while Spain, which held fast to Peter's Chair, has sunk to a low ebb in all these respects, and suffered national humiliation in every form.

Our traders and sea-rovers did more for us than the prayers of the Spanish saints did for Spain; and men of the stamp of Drake and Raleigh seem to build up a nation's greatness better than heroes like St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier. The Great Rebellion, indeed, was a painful episode, and for a time it seemed as if we were being punished for having revolted from Rome. But the storm passed; two centuries more have rolled away; and we appear to be stronger and better off than ever. We have put aside the irksomeness of fasting and abstinence; our priests and bishops marry *ad libitum*; yet while we make the best of this world, the high character of our clergy, and the zeal and charity apparent in a large proportion both of clergy and laity, go far to prove that we make the best of the other also. We are planting new sees in all parts of the world, and the Archbishop of Canterbury summons a hundred bishops to the Pan-Anglican Synod—more than a tenth of the number of bishops who bow under the yoke of Rome. Divisions? Yes; but the progress made by 'Catholic' principles justifies us in expecting that they will in the end triumph, and that the whole English Church, including millions of converted Dissenters, will rest, after many oscillations, in the revived faith and discipline of the primitive Church."

Against this palmary argument of success it is vain to argue. You may tell men that the promises of the Gospel are not temporal, and that it is a question of souls saved or lost, not of imports and exports; they will grant what you say in the abstract; but the temporal greatness of the nation will convince the great majority of men, in spite of themselves, that its religious position is right and sound. Professor Dozy states, among the results of his researches in Spanish history, that after the Mohammedan conquest of Spain great numbers of the native Christians embraced Islam, being persuaded that the signal success of the Moslems proved the truth of their religion. Similar in its nature is the feeling which prompts Englishmen in the mass, including Ritualists, to refuse even to listen to a proposal involving the abandonment of that many-hued non-Roman Christianity *with* which, if not *because of* which, the country has prospered so remarkably. Considering all this, and taking into account the spirit of compromise with which Englishmen are familiarized by their politics, I am disposed to say that Dr. Littledale gives himself needless trouble to explain why Ritualists do not follow out their religious premisses to



what appears—to every one but Ritualists—their obvious practical conclusion. If the national prosperity should receive a shock, the confidence of the Ritualists in the strength of their ground may receive a shock also, but not till then. It was observed that in the spring of 1871, when the French people had to elect a National Assembly in a time of disaster, the north of France being in the hands of the enemy, they sent to Bordeaux a great majority of men who were sincere and practical Catholics; whereas, at the elections that have been held since, it is notorious that most of those returned are, to say the least, no friends to the Catholic Church. The analogy of this case seems to render it probable, that should misfortunes at all comparable to those of France in 1871 ever befall our country, the deep stir of feeling which would be produced would lead great numbers of High Churchmen to seek shelter in a haven of spiritual security whence they can never be dislodged except through their own fault. Their spiritual perplexities as Anglicans they can bear while they are uncomplicated; but if to these were added perplexities caused by the calamities of the State, the load would be too great for serious men, already in part Catholic-minded, to bear.

So far as the motives inducing Ritualists to stay where they are affect themselves only, I have no more to say. But Dr. Littledale does not merely take up his parable on the good and pleasant things of the Anglican land which the convert leaves behind him; he also draws as gloomy a picture as he can of the shore to which he goes, and of the persons with whom, as a convert, he will be associated. These portions of his article may be divided under three heads, in the first of which he speaks of the insignificant numbers and influence of the Roman Catholics of England; in the second, of the supposed inferior quality of the converts of the last thirty years; and in the third, of the presumed failure of the Roman Church in Catholic countries to satisfy the higher needs of the human mind. On each of these points I propose to make some reply.

I. That the Catholics of England are a feeble and—politically—insignificant minority, is of course true. We cannot return a single member to Parliament for an English county or borough. Our Church organization has been greatly extended and improved since the restoration of the hierarchy in 1850, but all the improvement, and more, is requisite in order to enable us simply to hold our own, and prevent the leakage,

either to Dissent or the official religion, which the pressure of the hostile Protestant masses is ever tending to cause among the children of poor Irish parents settled in England. We take up the returns of births and deaths, and we see that in each successive week, through the excess of the former, the population of "Greater London" is swelled by some two thousand souls. The same thing is going on more or less all over the country. What are these thousands, ever pressing in upon the stage of life, who twenty years hence will have to be reckoned with, and will be influencing their country for weal or woe? The answer is, as to nineteen-twentieths of them—Protestants or nothing at all. And those who are nothing at all grow up to be just as unfriendly to the Church as Protestants are. If Burleigh and Parker and James the First could behold the face of England as it now is, they would admit that the work of extirpation which they began had not stopped short since for want of able hands to continue it. England is a non-Catholic nation; whatever is implied by that, whatever is prognosticated by that, may be attributed to England, and predicted of England.

A few lines in the December number of the MONTH exactly appraise the present position of English Catholics. The writer says: "At present we are still a very small body—a score or two of men of title and property of the higher rank, some two or three hundred country gentlemen, fifteen or sixteen hundred priests, a moderate sprinkling of men of substance in the mercantile and manufacturing towns, a very small middle class, and a very large mass of poor, a great proportion of whom are immigrants from Ireland, or the children of such immigrants." This is the simple truth. But for the ideas which they represent, and the memories which they perpetuate, the English Catholics would have less weight in England than the last new Methodist Connexion.

Dr. Littledale will see, therefore, that I am far from joining issue with him, when he talks, with that sort of complacency with which Calvin would have numbered up the adherents of the Pope in Geneva, of the helplessness of the Roman Catholic body in England. But does it follow, because we have no political and little social leverage, that we must throw up our hands in despair? By no means. If for no other purpose, we are set in this country for a sign; we are witnesses before men and angels that the religion of our forefathers is not dead; that

it never deserved to, and cannot die; and that to usurp the name, without rendering the obedience, of Catholics, is a preposterous delusion. Were it not for the Roman Catholics of England, the very idea of the unity of the Church would be lost to the nation; the belief that she is "by schisms rent asunder," as the Ritualist hymn says, would prevail everywhere undisputed; and there would be no one to declare and assert that she is—

One in herself, *not rent by schism*, but sound,  
Entire, one solid shining diamond;  
Not sparkles shattered into sects like you:  
One is the Church, and must be, to be true.<sup>1</sup>

Again, were it not for the Roman Catholics of England, the level of belief among Protestants would be much lower than it is; to an unascertainable but very real extent, aberrations are repressed among them by the presence of a body holding the full and complete Christian creed.

II. Dr. Littledale abounds with anecdotes and estimates, of which the aim is to show the inferior moral and intellectual quality of those who have submitted to Rome within the last thirty years. He tells a wonderful story of a convert, "an educated professional man," who celebrated his conversion by getting drunk; another of seceding members of a sisterhood who robbed the sisters that remained staunch; he knows of men, once decent Anglican clergymen, who have taken to "low comedy" and still meaner shifts for a livelihood; and with regard to the great majority of converts, he is certain that they only retain peace of mind by "giving up thinking." But in the first place, what a strange notion to suppose that any cases of this kind, supposing that they could be added to indefinitely, would constitute an *argument*, supplying a Ritualist who was doubtful as to his position with a valid reason why he should remain where he was. Either the faith of Rome is true, or it is not. If it is true, no unworthiness in those who within a given period and under given circumstances admit its claims, can lessen the obligation of those who know that truth, to embrace and obey it. If it is not true, though all the converts to it were—apparently—spotless in character and unapproachable in intelligence, that should be no argument to a Ritualist to embrace it. What I mean is, not that it is of no consequence what sort of converts admit the claims of truth, but that such considera-

<sup>1</sup> Dryden.

tions, if used as an argument, are as likely to mislead the Ritualist as to lead him aright; that is, they have no argumentative force whatever. And this may be brought home by the following obvious reflection. Let us suppose that after much prayer and meditation, the strength of the Roman position and the weakness of their own should become as clear to Dr. Littledale, Mr. Butler of Wantage, Mr. Bennett of Frome, Mr. Mackonochie, and other distinguished Ritualists, as it became to Dr. Newman before he seceded. Dr. Littledale cannot decently say that the thing is *impossible*; for since it was what actually happened to Dr. Newman, whom he would hesitate to rank *below* those distinguished persons either morally or intellectually, it might conceivably happen also to them. If it did, they would come over; and if they came over, a group of brilliant persons, eminent for virtue and intelligence, would be added to the converts, and "take away their reproach among men." How easily—with a little more courage, a little more prayer, a little more faith—might those very persons who are now scandalized by the inferior quality of the converts, remove or blunt the force of the objection!

But in Dr. Littledale's view not only have the converts of the last thirty years been a very poor set to commence with, but they have undergone, after their conversion, "in a large majority of instances, sudden, serious, and permanent intellectual and moral deterioration." This is, indeed, a dismal picture. Poor convert! "Into what pit thou seest. From what height fallen!" He was a poor creature to begin with, and after undergoing the "sudden, serious, and permanent" change for the worse involved in conversion, the depth of depravity in which he is sunk is terrible to think of. With regard to the "moral" deterioration I shall not attempt any laboured reply, because I have not the means. Of course I do not believe it; it seems to me to stand to reason that it is untrue. But it does not occur to me that there is any ready way of disproving such an assertion, if an opponent chooses to make it. It is, indeed, the sort of statement that Dr. Littledale or any Ritualist might be expected to hazard; for the mere fact of the convert's resisting the arguments which constrain them to stay where they are, disposes them to think meanly of him: and it would be a marvel indeed if they were to put a candid or charitable construction on his after actions. It is impossible to see *why* conversion should have so damaging an effect; why intense

sympathy with men of strong and beautiful souls, like Bede and St. Cuthbert, or with others who preferred to die rather than give up any point of Catholic faith, such as Sir Thomas More, should have a distinctly *worse* effect on the character than sympathy with Cranmer and Latimer, or admiration of Parker and Queen Elizabeth. Yet such sympathy and admiration as these last the Ritualist must feel to a very great extent, in spite of all disclaimers, or why should they prop up the system which these men founded? why allow their action to debar them from communion with the Catholic Church abroad? The convert, having repudiated these persons and all their works, goes to St. Roch when at Paris, or Ste. Gudule when at Brussels, communicates at God's altar with the Christians of the land, and finds himself entirely at one with them. The Ritualist cannot do anything of the kind, and this solely because he will not admit that the persons named, with others, had no right to sever the ties which bound English Christians to the See of Peter, and that this their unlawful work ought to be cancelled. He must therefore secretly entertain a high opinion of these persons, for if he did not he would make these admissions. Such an opinion must be more or less demoralizing in proportion to the insight possessed into the real character and proceedings of the "Reformers." The morale of an evangelical who honestly believes that Cranmer, Parker, &c., were among the salt of the earth, is not impaired by the further opinion that the religious revolution which they wrought, the severance from the See of Peter which they brought about, were desirable changes, and ought by all means to be maintained. But it is not easy to relieve the Ritualists of all suspicion of moral obliquity, when they openly declare—as many of them do—that they think as ill of the Reformers as we Catholics think, yet at the same time strive to the utmost to prevent their work from being undone, and assail with obloquy and ridicule those who, by becoming converts, repudiate in the most practical way they can their usurped authority.

But it seems that Dr. Littledale has found conversion, in his experience, to be attended by great "intellectual deterioration" also; the converts, he says, "give up thinking." Apparently he does not see very far into the matter. Because the converts, after submission to the Church, accept as settled a variety of points which, to the Ritualist, appear disputable, therefore they have "given up thinking." Dr. Littledale does

not see that it is not mere "thinking"—the mere exercise of the mental faculties *per se*—which is of service to man, but thinking justly and fruitfully, that is, on sound principles and in conformity to the laws of inference. If the properties of numbers were denied, unlimited "thinking" would be possible, and even necessary, as to the conclusions embodied in the multiplication table, but as those properties are admitted, all men assume that "twice two make four," &c., and do not waste their time by endeavouring to show that, under certain conditions, and from a special point of view, twice two make five. But because the properties of numbers are fixed, that is no reason why they should not form a basis for fruitful thinking—thinking which leads to new truth; and, of course, in matter of fact they do form such a basis. So it is with the Catholic doctrine. The universe of truth lies stretched before the mind of the Catholic inquirer just as before that of his Anglican brother; but the former, being possessed of a set of first principles, which, being true, are immutably fixed, is placed in an attitude and a position not less, but infinitely more favourable for the discernment and conquest of new truth than is the case with him to whom these first principles are doubtful. This sounds like mere assertion, but a little more explanation will show that what is asserted is at least in harmony with certain generally recognized facts. It is notorious that the body of Catholic doctrine—I mean the doctrine accepted by all those who are in communion with Rome—has been from the first in a state of continual advance and steady onward growth—not, of course, that the doctrine has in any way been *changed*, but that in the continual clash and hurtling between it and opposing or independent forms of thought, a group of new propositions has had to be framed for the guardianship and explication of the central *depositum*. And this movement has been continually *onwards*. No one can truly say that the Catholic Church has ever adopted a creed and then abandoned it, that her voice has ever had a wavering sound, that she has ever receded from ground once firmly and deliberately taken. Not one proposition in all the doctrinal decrees of all the General Councils, from the beginning of the Church to the present day, does Rome fail to hold with the same tenacity of conviction now, and to enforce on her children with the same earnestness, as on the day when it was first defined. In this way stability has been combined with progress; thought has had free play and has been fruitful, not *although*,



but *because* it has proceeded on fixed lines. Möhler's *Symbolik* is a colossal and enduring achievement of human thought, because it takes the whole Catholic faith for granted, and, with a philosophical acumen never surpassed, analyzes and appreciates the various systems, hostile to that faith, which the sixteenth century produced. On the other hand, although Protestantism, including Ritualism as one of its latest phases, has given rise to an enormous amount of thinking, that thinking has not, at least in the religious sphere, been fruitful; it has not resulted in the establishment of new truth. It has simply, after contradicting with immense clamour and bluster certain Catholic truths, in support of which contradiction it broke away from Catholic unity, found itself brought back by the sheer force of logic, on the arena of free discussion, to the acceptance of propositions scarcely distinguishable from the doctrines which it originally assailed. Where Protestantism has not shown this tendency to return towards Catholicism, as among the Evangelical party and the Scotch Presbyterians, there it tends more and more to become intellectually contemptible, in spite of its freedom of thinking. But this return towards Catholicism does not, as we said before, imply the discovery of new truth; it amounts merely to the *disproof* of some false proposition or propositions, impugning a Catholic doctrine, which Protestantism began by asserting. Thus, in our own country, no doctrine was more furiously assailed at the time of the Reformation than that which asserts the Eucharist to be a true sacrifice. So much in earnest were the Reformers in their denial of this doctrine, that they caused every altar in every church in the land to be destroyed, and in the authorized Homilies which they put forth for popular instruction declared that their own forefathers and the whole Church had been for a thousand years plunged in "abominable idolatry," simply because they believed that in celebrating the Eucharist they were offering a true and unspotted sacrifice to God. Moreover, they carefully eliminated from the mutilated English service in their Prayer-book, which they substituted for the glorious liturgy bequeathed to them from primitive times, every phrase and every word which could favour the belief which their heretical temper revolted against, namely, that there was an "oblation of the Saving Victim" (to use the language of the Venerable Bede) in the Eucharist. Much was said about the moral sacrifice, of worshippers devoting *themselves*, "their souls

and bodies," to their Creator; but they suppressed all mention of the "tremendous sacrifice" in which their fathers had believed for nine hundred years, because they had persuaded themselves that the Catholic doctrine on the subject was false and idolatrous. Three centuries have passed, and what do we see now? All the half-way houses between truth and error which the various schools and sects of Protestantism put up—the gross consubstantiation of Luther, the subjective presence of Calvin, the impious and monstrous tenet of "impanation," the bare commemorative rite of Zuingli, and the unsettled theory of Anglicanism, publishing in its Catechism a doctrine irreconcilable with that in its Articles,—all these have either already become, or are fast becoming discredited, and the old Catholic doctrine is regaining more and more of its former ascendancy over the human mind. Dr. Littledale will probably admit, and gladly admit, that the Eucharistic doctrine of Trent, which his Church in the sixteenth century rejected with abhorrence, represents his actual opinions far more clearly than the 28th and 31st of the Anglican Articles. Perhaps not a few of the leading men of the extreme High Church party would say the same. Mr. Keble practically made this very admission when, towards the close of his life, he sanctioned the alteration of "*Not* in the hands," in the hymn for Gunpowder Treason day, to "*As* in the hands." What, again, do all these genuflections and prostrations, this censuring and candle-burning mean, except that the old Catholic doctrine, which heresy and persecution did their best to extirpate, is coming back again, and commanding the intellectual assent of those who, on other points, for instance, on the authority of Peter's chair, are as obstinate in error as Cranmer himself? Now Dr. Littledale himself bears eager testimony that the only school in the Church of England which is thoroughly alive and progressive is the extreme High Church school. It appears, then, that the best men among the Anglicans, "themselves being judges," have only succeeded after three hundred years in coming back very near to the old Catholic standpoint on this most weighty doctrine. All this time the Catholic doctrine, while remaining the same as it was in the sixteenth century, has received continually new elucidation and explication at the hands of thinkers like Blossius, Vasquez, Gerbet, Wiseman, and a host of others, so that it has surrounded itself with a great body of new and beautiful truths. Thought on the Eucharist has been fruitful among the Catholics, sterile among the Protestants.

Another illustration of the nullity of religious thinking which does not respect the judgment of the Catholic Church, may be found in the history of the doctrine of justification. Everyone knows how Luther made this the *articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ*, and how Calvin formulated unsound doctrines about it, which found their natural development in antinominism. In the eyes of the Puritans, if Rome had been faultless in everything else, her dreadful doctrine of "works" would have made it impossible for a good Christian to have anything to do with her. Time has passed, and how changed is the whole aspect of the question! The doctrine of the Thirty-nine Articles, that man is "justified by faith only," contradicting the Bible, as it does, explicitly and in terms,<sup>2</sup> cannot any longer be accepted by the High Churchmen except in a non-natural sense. In that strange book which the late Bishop Forbes wrote on the Thirty-nine Articles, he explained this Anglican tenet so as to make it mean nearly the reverse of what the words in their natural use signify. With the decrees of Trent on justification it is otherwise. Ushered in by preparatory statements full of calm wisdom, supporting itself on Scripture at every step, analyzing carefully the errors which it combats, this decree has given to Christendom a doctrine on justification so solid, so exhaustive, so entirely consonant to the reason and conscience of man, that no serious or prudent divine among the Protestants any longer ventures openly to controvert it. All the opposing doctrines had fallen more or less into discredit, even before the searching analysis of Möehler, exhibiting their philosophical and moral inadequacy, had given them the *coup de grace*.

Other instances of the return of Protestantism, through various stages and temporary make-shifts of false doctrines, towards the full Catholic truth, may be traced in the opinions on confession, absolution, Purgatory, &c., now commonly held among Anglicans. The whole movement of which these opinions are symptoms involves, I grant, an immense exercise of thinking; but, as in the other cases examined, it is thinking which discovers no new truth, and the result of which, if it ends well, is only to replace on their pedestals the respective Catholic dogmata that had been impugned. This reaction towards forsaken truth began under Laud, who, as Dr. Mozley says in his Lectures, "saved" for the Church of England "all the

<sup>2</sup> St. James ii. 24.

Catholicism which the reign of Genevan influence had left in her." No new truth was discovered, but a portion of the old truth was "saved."

No; that "intellectual deterioration" which Dr. Littledale is concerned to find among the converts, if it be a fact, did not grow out of their conversion, but came on in spite of it. He may be assured that if his own declared abhorrence of the English Reformers should ever bear its natural and proper fruit, he need not "give up thinking," nor need his vivacious intellect rust from disuse. His lively volubility, his good stories, his Irish fun, can all be made available for the truth as much as now against it. He will find the study of the inner harmonies which bind the doctrine of the stainless Conception of our Lady (at which he stumbles) to the rest of Christianity, more bracing to his mind by far than harbouring obsolete cavils against it. And if he asks for work to do, what enterprizes will attract his imagination, what vast fields unfold themselves to his gaze! To take two departments only—literature and history—the work that lies before Catholics is simply boundless. Almost all the histories of Christian states that have been written in English are distorted by the influence of the Protestant tradition, and sooner or later will have to be re-written. For the general history of the Church, young Catholics, if they do not read French or German, can only be referred to Gibbon, Milman, or Robertson, and it is needless to point out what sort of treatment the Church receives at the hands of all three. The good which Catholic thought might conceivably effect in relation to literature may be measured by the extent of the moral havoc which the present anarchy produces. The chief cause of the frightful waste of powers and opportunities which we see all around us is found in the admiration for what is false and hollow in literature. But literary judgments which the intellect has framed while divorced from those true relations to God and the world, the sum of which is Catholicism, are provisional merely; the Catholic criticism of the coming ages has to revise them. These great intellectual enterprizes have already made much progress in France and Germany, and participation in them is open to all English Catholics who have the necessary qualifications. From what has been said it is clear that when Dr. Littledale charges the converts with "giving up thinking," either he has in his mind some unhappy individual cases from which no general inference can be drawn, or he is using words

which do not express what he means to say. Probably what he means is, that converts give up doubting on points of faith, while Ritualists continue to doubt about them, which is quite true; but the latter state of mind, as I have endeavoured to show, is *less* favourable to the establishment and enlargement of religious truth than the former.

It is singular that the abnegation of thinking which Dr. Littledale desires to fasten on the converts has begun to form a real characteristic of the laity of his own Church, if the testimony of a manly and outspoken representative of his class may be accepted. My old friend Thomas Hughes has lately published a book entitled *The Old Church*. "The Old Church!" such a misnomer may be expected from an Anglican clergyman arguing for victory, but it is grievous to think what masses of misconception must overlie the mind of the layman who can sincerely use the words with reference to the Church Establishment. But let that pass. One opens the book, and after a time one comes to understand how it is possible for an honest and active mind to think of the institution of Cranmer and Parker as the "Old Church." It is by simply turning the mind away from many difficult religious questions, giving free play to hereditary prejudice and passion, without using reason, in deciding others, and lulling the conscience to sleep if it rebels against these proceedings by the consideration that the existing Anglican system has been "beaten out by successive generations," and has "brought the nation safely at least and not without honour, so far;" in short, that it is a practical success. "There are a number of matters," says Mr. Hughes,<sup>3</sup> "which have been commonly insisted upon in England as part of Christianity, as to many of which the kind of Englishmen" (he is speaking of the average educated English layman) "I am speaking of have come to have no belief at all, one way or the other." Among these subjects are "the exact quality of the inspiration of Scripture, the origin of evil, the method of the Atonement, the nature and effect of sacraments, justification, conversion, and other much-debated matters." There are other points, not less abstruse than some of these, upon which also one does not at first see why the average Englishman should have "any belief at all, one way or the other," namely, "apostolical succession, and all the priestly and mediatorial claims which are founded on it." Whether the Apostles existed,

<sup>3</sup> P. 84.

whether they had a distinct commission, what that commission was, whether it was closed and ceased at the death of the last Apostle, or devolved upon their successors, and, if it devolved upon their successors, in what sense and with what limitations it devolved—all these questions, the solution of which is implied in any theory of apostolical succession that we may adopt, are not without complications, and serious complications too. But the average English layman does not, it seems, profess to have "no opinions" on points such as these, but, on the contrary, has "made up his mind thoroughly," and "believes them to be men's fables, mischievous and misleading to those who teach and those who learn—to priests and people alike." Nothing is said as to the duty of the average layman to *study* the difficult questions which bear on the Christian priesthood before "making up his mind thoroughly;" nor is it alleged that he does study them; rather it is implied that a kind of healthy English instinct is on all such matters his unerring guide; in other words, that he listens simply to the voice of prejudice, and will not use his reason.

Now, with regard to the state of mind here portrayed, I appeal to Dr. Littledale himself whether it does not come nearer to "giving up thinking" on religious matters than any corresponding avowal from the Catholic side which he can produce. To my friend, the writer of the book, who sat on the same benches with me under the same teacher, to whom he looked up with the loyal love of a pupil, I with that of a son, I should like to put one question. Can he truly say that he believes that teacher would have endorsed this system of having "no opinions" on a number of questions vitally affecting the Christian life? Archdeacon Hare finely said of him, that he "followed truth always, in unswerving allegiance to the God of truth, in the spirit of the sublime prayer, 'Εν δὲ φάσι καὶ ὁλίσσων.'" He was never content to be without opinions on any subject affecting human conduct, and clearly within the range of the human faculties; on the contrary, he searched for the truth on all subjects until he found it, or thought that he found it. It was jestingly said of him that he woke up every day under the impression that everything was an open question. The sarcasm covered a truth, namely, that mental inertness and passivity were abhorrent to him. I think he would have preferred that both my friend and I should have *some* opinion on each of the moot points enumerated above, though it might



differ greatly from his own, rather than that we should have no opinion at all.

Not only are the converts, according to their "candid friend," mediocre to begin with, and sure to deteriorate as they proceed; they are not wanted, and but grudgingly employed in the Church which they join. Dr. Littledale alleges, in the *deterrent* portion of his argument, that when the Roman Church has got a certain class of converts, married clergymen, she does not know what to do with them; that no work can be found for them except that which is of a less dignified and less useful kind than that to which they have been accustomed; that hence discontent is wont to arise, and that this discontent often leads such persons to return to Anglicanism. That difficulty is sometimes found in providing a fitting niche for converts of this class is certainly not to be denied, nor that this difficulty is apt in restless minds to engender discontent. In one unhappy and well-known instance, the convert wrote, if my memory serves me, more than one pamphlet or paper, complaining of this very grievance, that of being *laid aside* from clerical and almost from scholastic work, which Dr. Littledale is here harping on. This discontent not being repressed, but continuing to rankle in his mind, the convert ultimately fell away, and is now a benefited minister of the Establishment. But there are other cases, though they may be less known to Dr. Littledale, of married clergymen, who, while feeling keenly the pinch and the smart of the disqualifications under which they seem to labour after entering the Church, yet allow reason and conscience to do their perfect work, and manfully chastise any rebellious or weak repining which should prevent the chief utterance of their hearts from being, *Quam dilecta tabernacula tua, Domine virtutum!* Nor is there the slightest real reason for apprehension. The Master Whom they serve has work for these married converts after the change as He had before. That they should not be upheld, consoled, put to use, if their own faith and patience merit it, is simply impossible. If it were otherwise, the Bible would be a tissue of falsehoods, man would not be in a state of probation, God would not be God. I remember hearing, about thirty years ago, that the late Mr. Seager, a married clergyman, who had then recently gone over, was in the deepest distress; that he was so poor and forlorn that he did not know what to do or where to turn. I lost sight of him for many years. Some weeks ago I read the notice of his death, and it was

evident from the way in which he was spoken of, that for a long time before his death he had won his way to a position of general esteem, and when he died his name was nowhere mentioned but with honour. Many other similar cases have come to my knowledge. I could also name religious communities which had a hard uphill struggle for a long time after they were founded, the dead set of English society being against them, and the poverty of Catholics relatively to the claims upon them creating many difficulties, yet which have gradually risen in a remarkable way—not indeed to wealth, but to a position of solidity and recognized usefulness. If Dr. Littledale ever hears again of converts who have “got no work to do,” and are discontented, let him feel quite certain that it is their own fault. The grievance is no more real than that of which he makes a parade elsewhere, representing it as a real obstacle to the conversion of Ritualists, viz., that in the Roman Church the faithful are deprived of half the Eucharist! One would have thought that since the appearance of Milner’s writings no one would have revived so frivolous an objection as this. This is not the place to deal with such a subject; but Dr. Littledale must know that every one whose conscience compels him to submit to the Roman Church has no doubt whatever that the Anglican sacrament, apart from the spiritual fruit derivable by those who receive it with pious dispositions, is simply bread and wine, whereas in the Catholic Eucharist, under either species, the full gift designed by Christ is conveyed:

*Manet tamen Christus totus  
Sub utraque specie.*

How idle then to speak of that as a real obstacle, which is a mere bugbear existing in the imagination of persons imperfectly informed, and disappears from the moment that they come to understand and love the Catholic doctrine. Hardly less superficial and infinitesimal does the grievance which married converts experience from the difficulty of finding employment appear to them, when compared with the immensity of the good which they receive from becoming Catholics.

While speaking of the inferior quality of the recent converts, Dr. Littledale confines his criticism to those of the last thirty years, of course in order to exclude Dr. Newman and those who went with him. It is a favourite assertion of the Ritualists that had Dr. Newman waited a little longer, and found himself in the

midst of the swelling tide of the "Catholic revival," which is now lifting and carrying forward the Church of England, his doubts and misgivings must have been quieted, and he would have remained contented where he was. Some temerity is required to assert this of the man who, many years after his conversion, wrote that "the thought of the liturgy of the Church of England made him shiver, and that of its Articles made him shudder." Are the liturgy and Articles of the Church of England less binding on the clergy now than they were thirty years ago? At least, if this comfortable theory were true, one might have expected that within the last few years, since Rome defined the doctrine of Infallibility, which Dr. Littledale declares to be "a shameless and indefensible figment," Dr. Newman, perceiving how all the time the "Catholic Revival" was in full swing, would have kept silence, and thus tacitly condemned the proceedings of Rome. But what happened? When Mr. Gladstone, in order to set himself right with the "people of England," whom his drastic treatment of the Irish Church had a little scandalized, attacked the Vatican Council, from a point of view which, if not Ritualist, was high Anglican, Dr. Newman replied in a pamphlet so learned, so masterly, so eloquent, that if he had written nothing else, it would form an imperishable monument of his genius, and in the judgment of on-lookers discomfited his versatile assailant. Such at least was the verdict of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the editor of which, according to Dr. Littledale, has declared that the Ritualists have made the Church of England "interesting;" but perhaps he spoke ironically. Those surely must be wilfully blind who, in the face of all this, affect to say that Dr. Newman would have looked at Anglicanism with their eyes if he had waited. The next fallacy is to represent Dr. Newman as the great *homme incompris* where he is; Roman Catholics are incapable of appreciating him; he enjoys "a far higher degree of love and reverence amongst us Anglicans than he receives from his present co-religionists." Certainly the Ritualists choose a singular way of showing their "love and reverence," when they take up Dr. Newman's reasoning, and admit that it is all very true, but decline to follow where he would lead them. There is a very weighty text in Holy Writ: "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" Dr. Newman would probably be disposed to request such admirers to pay him fewer compliments, and take more of his counsel. This

singular state of mind, of loving and venerating a man who, if the most momentous step of his life was not dictated by an imperious moral necessity, as cogent for his followers as for himself, was the victim of a pernicious delusion, and therefore would deserve rather to be shunned than revered, is an achievement of the Ritualist intellect pure and simple. All thinking men but the Ritualists have never doubted, since the Tractarian movement came to a close in 1845, that, moving on the lines, and accepting the first principles, common to Dr. Newman and the Ritualists, no thoroughly clear and honest mind could fail to come to Dr. Newman's conclusion, viz., that the Church of England was in schism, and that reconciliation to Rome was a duty. Intellectually, the cause was decided; Tractarian principles—what the Ritualists call "Catholic" principles—lead logically to Rome. We all know able and gifted minds which, having followed Newman up to this point, recoiled from the plunge. Logic, indeed, suggested a certain course, and conscience whispered that logic should be followed out—

'Tis said with ease, but, oh, how hardly tried  
By haughty souls, to human honour tied!

But this recoil involved on the part of those persons the abandonment of "Catholic" principles, the logical gratification of which, as it seemed to them, could only be gained by the surrender of common sense. It was reserved for the Ritualists to retain, or profess to retain, Catholic principles, while stopping short of what the irrefragable logic of Dr. Newman had shown to be their legitimate satisfaction. They point to the many leaders who have remained behind, to the younger enthusiasts who rush to officer their new battalions. Do not the many lesser lights compensate for the loss of the one great luminary? Does not their stability prove him to have been precipitate and fickle? So, when St. Augustine submitted to the Catholic Church, one cannot doubt that the Manichees, then and for generations afterwards, affirmed their Faustus, their Adimantus, their Secundinus, and the rest, to constitute a moral and intellectual consensus, which ought for any reasonable Manichee to outweigh the authority of the renegade Augustine. Yet centuries passed away, and the great doctor of grace was recognized as a teacher throughout the extent of Christendom, while Faustus and his coadjutors, along with their system, were, if not forgotten, not remembered to their honour. It is superfluous to point the

parallel, by looking forward to the time when Ritualism, like Manicheism, will be one of the faded errors of the past.

III. It is time now to deal with that singular notion of Dr. Littledale's, that conversion is facilitated by ignorance of the religious and mental condition of Catholic countries abroad, and that members of the Anglican Church, if they clearly understood the state of things in those countries, would be appalled and repelled by the spectacle which they present. The prevalence of infidelity among the Latin nations he declares to be very far greater than in England, and that being granted, he seems to think the question is settled. If infidelity is more rife in France than in England, he lays the blame of the difference on the religion of France, which is that of Rome, and naturally concludes that a religion which encourages the spread of unbelief more than that of its neighbour nation cannot be superior to this last, and ought not therefore to exercise any attraction over Anglicans sufficient to seduce them from their local allegiance. I shall meet his argument by three different contentions. First, that he greatly exaggerates the virulence and extent of unbelief in Catholic countries. Secondly, that even if the facts were as he states them, the blame should not rest with the Roman Church, which has ever striven her utmost to make men believe, but is chargeable to the weakness and corruption of human nature, and in particular to special evils, such as despotism, national vanity, and the like, which are the secondary manifestations of that weakness and corruption. Thirdly, that Dr. Littledale has kept out of sight, perhaps because he did not feel the importance of them, a large class of considerations, tending to show that Catholic countries, however seriously overspread with infidelity, present nevertheless certain aspects of majesty, heroism, and beauty, all *directly referable to the faith of Rome*, which may well arrest the attention of those who deplore the absence of such aspects from English life.

1. On the first point I shall not say much, because it is a comparison of which the elements are vast, while only partial statistics are attainable. Nothing, therefore, would be easier than for two persons to wrangle for years over it, each producing a multitude of damaging facts, but neither succeeding in making good his case. Dr. Littledale says: "Not to go further than France, it is speaking within bounds to say that the Abbé will find three disbelievers in Christianity amongst his own fellow-countrymen for every one he could discover in England."

How does he know? how can he possibly tell? If Dr. Littledale were a layman, I could put him in the way of "discovering" an amount of unbelief amongst Oxford men and educated English laymen generally that would perhaps astonish him. He thinks that because English fathers of families go to church, and, for social reasons, have their children christened, and are much too polite to talk scepticism before a clergyman, therefore they all "believe." He could not deceive himself more grossly. English lay society is honey-combed with unbelief from end to end; such at least is my sincere impression, judging from the facts at my disposal. Some years ago, an undergraduate who had himself just taken his first class, told me that he knew, either personally or through friends, all the men whose names had appeared in the first class in the final classical school at Oxford during the previous three years, and that, with the exception of two or three, all these young men were sceptics in religion. But this is a fact which no clergyman, unless he belonged to the Broad school, would have the least chance of discovering. With regard to unbelief in Catholic countries, and particularly in France, as by the nature of the case no statistics are obtainable, I do not see what better can be done than to consult in a fair spirit the general impressions on the matter which prevail in English society. Dr. Littledale's estimate of three French unbelievers to one English is a clergyman's estimate; few laymen, I think, would rate the disproportion nearly so high, because they better know the extent of unbelief among the English laity. At the same time, it can hardly be doubted that the class of educated men in France who stand avowedly apart from religion is considerably larger than the corresponding class in England. But this is partly accounted for by the difference between the Churches, the English Church practically requiring from laymen nothing more than a little church-going, while Rome counts no one a member of the Church who does not comply with the Lateran injunction of at least annual confession and Communion. The terms of membership being more stringent, it might therefore naturally be expected that a larger proportion of educated men should be in open estrangement from religion in France than in England. However, a general impression prevails, and I believe a correct one, that large numbers, if not the majority, of Frenchmen who are alienated from the Church during life are reconciled to her at the approach of death.



2. Even, however, if the facts respecting unbelief in the Latin countries were as Dr. Littledale states them, the conclusion drawn by him—that the Roman Church, which cannot “check the generation of doubt among its own children,” is no safe guide—would be illogical. “Suppose,” he says, “some particular region were extolled by physicians as a health-resort of exceptional virtue, and the many cures effected by even a brief sojourn there were trumpeted everywhere; what would be the effect on public opinion of a discovery that the indigenous population was stunted, unhealthy, and constantly thinned by emigration in search of health, and by the very diseases for which their home was alleged as a specific?” The parallel is without force, because in the case imagined the “indigenous population” are exposed to the full influence of the climate of the supposed health-resort, and yet are not benefited; whereas the nominal members of the Roman Church are by their own act excluded from the health-giving influences which she diffuses. Suppose that the natives of San Moritz in the Engadin, instead of going about their business in the pure and bracing air of their valley, were to spend most of their time in heated, ill-drained tap-rooms, and to diet themselves in a way the very reverse of that which the experienced medical men of the place recommended. If in that case they grew up stunted and unhealthy, no one would be surprised; but the fault would not lie with the climate, which would have made them strong and healthy if they had trusted to it, but with their own misguidance of themselves. So the immense number (if so be) of persons not benefited by Christianity in the Latin countries does not prove that the Roman Church could not give them all these benefits if they resorted to it, but only that they do *not* resort to it. As to those who *do* obey the Church, it is notorious that whether young or old, poor or rich—however diverse in character or unequal in gifts—they do benefit by the climate, and find it curative to the utmost extent that has ever been alleged. Why then, it will be asked, do such large numbers hold aloof? The first answer is simple; it is that man is fallen, and that man is free. He is fallen; therefore he is continually tempted by pride or passion to seek short cuts to happiness, quitting the difficult way of the Cross; he is free; therefore he can, if he will, succumb to these temptations and act as they suggest. The second answer turns on the peculiar circumstances of the

Latin countries, which are still struggling with the anti-Christian ideas and practices originating with, or brought to light by, the great French Revolution. This is a wide subject—too wide for discussion here. Nor do I forget, if I name the Revolution as the great secondary cause of the alienation of Frenchmen and Italians from the Church, that ecclesiastical abuses and scandals had some share in producing the state of national feeling which preceded and facilitated the Revolution. The state of this world will never be very satisfactory, because the moral materials with which the noblest men accomplish the greatest enterprizes, have always proved—will always prove—more or less unsound. Drayton, speaking of the censorious tone noticeable in the author of *Piers Plowman*, says :

He saw their faults, which loosely lived then ;  
Others again our weaknesses shall see :  
For this is sure, he bideth not with men,  
That shall know all to be what they should be.

The golden age will never be realized upon earth ; but because the "Civitas Dei," which would bring it to us if we would let her, continually fails to do so, that does not justify us in saying that she is not the "Civitas Dei," nor in refusing to hear and obey her voice. Where she has been obeyed, human life has approached as near to ideal conditions as is compatible with human infirmity ; where she is obeyed, the same thing happens now.

3. Thus far I have been endeavouring to weaken the effect of the negative arguments produced by Dr. Littledale, and to show that the unbelief existing in Catholic countries is not so dark and dense as he has painted it, and that, even if it were, that has very little to do with the claim of Rome to our obedience. When I think of the positive side of the question, and compare in imagination the beautiful and noble forms which every-day life still wears in countries that have not broken with Rome, with the very different aspects which it exhibits in England and other Protestant countries, I am astonished that Dr. Littledale, by attacking the Catholic Church abroad, should have challenged this comparison. The *summum bonum* has three sides—the Beautiful, the Virtuous, and the True ; and the Church of Christ, if she exists, not for the glory of God only, but also to ensure to man the possession of the *summum bonum*, must bring in beauty, virtue, and truth into human life. To speak first of the Beautiful ; is it not plain

that in spite of revolutions, wars, excesses, and miseries, that externally beautiful aspect of life, which England also presented before the Reformation, remains in the continental countries which have adhered to Rome, but has vanished here? Does Dr. Littledale suppose that an average Englishman, with his eyes about him, perceives no difference between Reading and Rheims, or between Leicester and Laon? Does he perceive no difference himself? Is not a perambulation of the streets of Reading a depressing experience, while that of the streets of Rheims is an unspeakable delight? The beauty of French towns, almost without exception, is an accepted fact; it is a matter of common conversation; young ladies will grow enthusiastic on the theme, and the eyes of old men will kindle as they repress in memory what they saw "last summer in France." Now if any one asks himself the reason of this amazing difference, I do not see what other answer can be given than this—that England, breaking off her communion with Rome in the sixteenth century, and giving herself up to Puritanism, discarded the Beautiful from the number of those ideas, the realization of which constitutes the highest good of man. "Oh, but," the Ritualists will say, "we repudiate Puritanism; see what beautiful churches we build—how Christian art is reviving under our hands!" To my mind the Ritualist's repudiation of Puritanism, and his notion that the movement to which he belongs will restore beauty to English life, are alike vain and illusory. Puritanism was at least strong in its day, and had a very noble side; it reared great numbers of brave and God-fearing men and women, nourished in them the sense of duty, and sustained them under the greatest trials; it was the chief factor in that *intellectual perseverance* which has made of our small island a country of foremost importance in the estimate of all nations. And even now, whatever of strength and virtue remains to English Protestantism is probably more largely puritanic than of any other school. As for the revival of Art, those best qualified to judge do not appear to regard the indications hopefully. Of the greater part of those church-restorations, extending over the past thirty years, of which we have heard so much, the best art-critics have come to speak not with indifference only, but with positive disapproval. Mr. Ruskin has done all that genius could do, during the last five and thirty years, to revive art in England; but the reader of *Fors Clavigera* knows that he does not consider himself to

have succeeded. Perhaps it may be said that beauty in Art—since Christ altered the conditions of man's moral life—can only be a permanent denizen among populations which value these two things—austerity in matters of conduct, clearness of thought in matters of speculation. In a nation that worships comfort before every other good, there will indeed always be found a certain number of artists ministering to the cultivated enjoyment of the rich, but the perception of the beautiful will gradually vanish from the popular mind. Puritanism of course, by destroying beautiful works of art, in superstitious fear of superstition, and by slighting the genius which produced them, was largely responsible in this country for the gradual waning of the sense and love of the Beautiful. But Puritanism is no longer active or aggressive; and its old attribute of vandalism is one which its modern representatives have become almost ashamed of. Still Art does not revive, in the sense of permeating the popular heart with the love of beauty. There must be some deeper cause for this, considering the zeal with which the revival is hoped for and laboured for by hundreds of gifted persons; and perhaps no single cause is so potent as that already named, the absence of austerity. Austerity gives the hard, clear-cut life, the fully persuaded mind, readiness to suffer, prompt obedience, and (through that promptitude), capacity for ruling. Without austerity there can be no sanctity; and without sanctity, which is the beauty of the soul, the eyes of the multitude will not be opened to the exterior beauty. It was not artists, nor kings, nor rich men, who built and adorned our cathedrals; these indeed all laboured; but the aspiring heart of the saint, thirsting for the greater glory of God, was what set in motion, directed, and coordinated their labours. Austerity is still honoured in countries which adhere to Rome, though obsolete in Protestant England; and this—such at least is my own conviction—goes far to account for that remarkable difference in respect of Art and the Beautiful which exists between those countries and our own.

If a people is to enjoy the *summum bonum*, Virtue and Truth must become its possession, no less than Beauty. In the Christian view, (which of course I am assuming the truth of all along, my contention being with Ritualists), Virtue and Truth come by Jesus Christ. I am led therefore to inquire whether the means employed for making Christ known and served are more or less effectual for the purpose in the Latin

countries than in England. And my argument is as follows. If God became incarnate, and, when He ascended from the earth, left the true religion behind Him, it seems reasonable to suppose (since a religion not authentically published cannot be widely known, and one not carried out in action cannot be deeply influential), that He must have provided for two things in regard to it—adequate promulgation, and conformable action. Now what I maintain is this—that in both these respects England has fallen behind the Catholic nations of the Continent; and as the chief religious difference between them is that the former has broken, while the latter have preserved, communion with Rome, it follows that, if my contention is true, the Divine purpose is more nearly fulfilled in countries where Rome is obeyed, than in those where she is repudiated. With regard to promulgation, let us take two important towns, one in France, the other in England, and see how the case stands. Christianity, I should maintain, is adequately promulgated—for instance—in Rheims. From the magnificent cathedral, from the vast Churches of St. Remi and St. André, and from all the other churches of the city, one unbroken witness is borne by earth to Heaven that the faith of Christ is received and believed by the citizens of Rheims, and that they are so united together in the bond of what St. Cuthbert calls “the Catholic peace,” as to exclude the jarring tones of heresy. Let us contrast with this the state of things at Leicester, a city of about equal population. Leicester is dotted all over with a number of Protestant temples and chapels, very ugly buildings for the most part, representing a great variety of sects, and, consequently, of opinions about Christ. The old churches of the city, and those recently built, are in the hands of Anglicans of different schools, and the views of Christianity taken in the churches are not much less diverse than those taken in the chapels. Such being the state of things, I should maintain that Christianity is adequately promulgated at Rheims, but not at Leicester. A stranger from another planet, visiting Leicester, and going round to the ministers of the different churches and chapels to ascertain what was the religion of the city, would vainly endeavour to form a clear conception of what this Christianity was which they all professed. At Rheims, similar inquiries would leave him without any doubt on his mind; wherever he went, the essential principles of Christianity would have been similarly explained to him.

So much for the first essential of adequate promulgation—weight and unanimity of witness. Another feature of it is—public veneration of men and woman who have followed Jesus Christ with extraordinary fidelity, and shown in their lives how beautiful a thing His religion is. This *cultus* of the saints, which the Anglicans confine to the twelve Apostles, and two or three other names, the Roman Church extends to all in every age who by their heroic virtues have merited the crown of sanctity. To honour St. Teresa or St. Cuthbert, is to honour Him from Whom they received the germ and the unfailing aliment of their virtues; and to pay this honour publicly, and with all one's might, is to help to give adequate promulgation to the religion of Jesus Christ. Anglicans in general, who commend the Reformers for having abolished the veneration of the saints, will of course say that this is an unlawful kind of promulgation, and worse than none. But I am arguing with Ritualists, who observe "black letter days," and would like to restore to the old English saints some of the honour paid to them in pre-Reformation days. It is the Ritualists whom I am addressing, when I insist on the joyful festivals, the processions, the recording pictures and statues, with which Roman Catholic nations honour the saints, as forming a special feature of that due promulgation of Christianity in the world, which all Christians ought equally to desire.

Although it will involve a slight digression, I cannot avoid describing what I saw a few months ago at Jarrow, the place where our English Bede lived and died. Dr. Littledale may then partly understand why many Englishmen, observing how Anglicans treat the saints, and contrasting their negligence with the love and care which surround their memories in Catholic countries, come to think that in spite of such unbelief, Christianity, at any rate in certain marked respects, is more effectually and practically recognized there than here. Jarrow represents the grant of lands on the south bank of the Tyne, near where the little winding Don joins the great river, made by King Egfrid towards the end of the seventh century to Benedict Biscop, a Northumbrian noble, that he might build there a monastery in honour of St. Paul, the monks of which should ever live in fraternal union and amity with those of the monastery already founded at the mouth of the Wear, in honour of St. Peter. The two foundations were in fact regarded as one monastery. Bede says of himself: "Born on the lands



belonging to the monastery, I was given when I was seven years old by the care of my kinsfolk to the Most Reverend Abbot Benedict to be brought up, and afterwards to Ceolfrid; and passing my whole lifetime thenceforward in the same monastery, I devoted myself to meditating on the Scriptures; and while observing the discipline of the rule, and the daily duty of chanting in the church, I have ever found delight in either learning, or teaching, or writing." Jarrow is now a mean squalid industrial town of some twenty-two thousand inhabitants, the majority of whom are dependent for employment on the iron ship-building works of Mr. Palmer. More people in it belong to the various dissenting bodies than to the Church of England. The old Church of St. Paul is still called "Bede's Church" by the townspeople, and I had no difficulty in finding my way to it. It stands close to the Tyne. As I approached, an indescribable stench filled my nostrils, proceeding apparently from the little river Don, which bounds the old monastic grounds on the south-east. The water of the river was of many colours, green, white, chocolate, and purple; for some feet above its surface the banks were encrusted—it was low water at the time—with some white substance, from which the noisome smell seemed chiefly to be emitted. In this misused river salmon, I was told, were caught not so many years ago. An old postern door in the ruined wall of the monastery, opposite the Don, doubtless gave egress in old times to the inmates, when they went to fish or to walk along its banks. Near the south-west corner of the church I noticed the ruins of a modern house. On inquiry, I found that this had been the rectory, but that the rector, having found life intolerable on account of the stench, had caused the house to be pulled down, and had removed into a higher part of the parish. Why the ruins were left there I could not ascertain. A few yards to the south of these ruins was a great mound of rubbish, which had been brought out and shot there when the custodian's house was altered some years ago, and never since removed. The fruit-trees which formerly grew and bore fruit on the south wall of the ruined monastery are now blackened skeletons, killed by the stench. The ivy still struggles to live; when the copper-works in the vicinity are in full work, it has its leaves turned brown; but the said works have been "laid in" for some time, and so have some of the chemical and iron works; so that the ivy is unusually green.

Not a tree is to be seen in any direction ; the poisonous vapours with which the air is constantly charged must make their continuance in life impossible. The interior of the church is passably well kept ; and although no picture or statue of the man of God is to be seen (there being a danger, according to bishops' charges, lest Anglican worshippers should be seduced by these things to "idolatry,") what is called "Bede's chair" has a place of honour assigned to it. I asked about water ; my guide showed me the site of the fine old well of the monastery, now blocked up. So far as I could learn, not a trace or memorial of the holy man is to be seen anywhere in Jarrow. The grass in the church-yard grows long and rank ; and what with the stench, the ruins and rubbish heaps, the tall chimneys all around, and the bare treeless aspect of the region, the whole scene struck me as unspeakably mournful, desolate, and forlorn.

It will be said : "What of all this ? If, in the process of utilizing the Don, and filling the air on its banks with noxious fumes, more labourers are employed and larger profits made, then good is done, and sentimental considerations about the Venerable Bede must give way." Of course, this is a view capable of being held, and I do not intend here to dispute it ; I only note the facts, and the moral conditions which give rise to them. The defilement of the Don means money ; the poisoning of the air means money ; and when money can be made, the ordinary Englishman holds it for a kind of immorality not to make it. I am reminded of an answer which I lately heard given in a court of justice. The prosecutor for a small disputed debt was asked by the judge why he had accepted a sum of ten shillings, which the debtor had paid him as all that was justly due. "Your worship," replied the man, "I didn't think it would be right not to accept the ten shillings." The ingenuous reply was received with a general laugh. But this in fact is the feeling of the ordinary Englishman. He "does not think it would be right" not to take, or to make, any money that can be honestly taken or made. For money means material comfort, not for him only who brings enterprize and capital, but for the labourers also whom he employs, and beyond material comfort the ordinary Englishman does not look ; it is his end—his sufficient motive—the final cause of his life. It is true that mental enjoyment and "confortation" of a much higher order would arise both for him and them, if the memory of Bede as

a great servant of God were so loved in Jarrow, that to mar the Don and its banks would seem a kind of sacrilege; if the environs of his monastery were piously guarded and kept in order and beauty; if the whole population joyously kept his festival on earth, and trustfully sought his intercession in Heaven. But this could only be if the people were Catholics, not Anglicans. I will not decide whether it is more for a nation's interest to treat the saints as the Anglicans treat St. Bede at Jarrow, or as the Roman Catholic French treat St. Martin at Tours. But I maintain without fear of contradiction, that with reference to the recognition and publication of Christianity, the latter mode of procedure is incomparably more effective than the former.

I come now to the second point—conformity of conduct to the religion which the Divine Founder left on earth. It is impossible to conceive that such conformity, to the full extent of which human nature is capable, was not contemplated, at least in the case of *some* Christians, by the Author of Christianity. More or less, all who keep the faith and obey the commandments of God and of the Church, exhibit in their lives this conformity. But in its full measure it is reserved for those who follow the counsels, not the precepts only, of the Gospel; who really and practically “count all things else but loss,” compared with advancing in the knowledge and imitation of the Son of God, Who became Man to save us. The desire of this conformity led St. Jerome into the desert, and drew St. Ignatius to his cave at Manresa. This inspired St. Teresa to restore the Carmelite Order, in its early rigour of fasting and inclosure; this made St. Cuthbert live a hermit's life for nine years on the islet of Farne—a procedure on the Saint's part which Canon Bright mildly reprobates!<sup>1</sup> The principle of this conformity is, that in proportion as a man or woman realizes what the Incarnation means, in that proportion the joys and aims which fill the lives of most of us become distasteful or insupportable, and are replaced by the desire to live for God alone. Now the Catholic Church has ever recognized this principle; she approves of vows involving a complete detachment from this world, in order to attain to a more complete conformity to Christ. Not only so, but she ventures to require of all her clergy that most difficult and heroic renunciation which the rule of celibacy imposes. The strain is

<sup>1</sup> *Early English Church History*, p. 270.

terrible; human nature is weak; scandals do and must come; yet as her Divine Founder has laid her under the necessity of aiming at the best and the highest, she has no choice but to demand the sacrifice. No thoughtful person of mature age but feels in the inmost core of his being how sacred and beautiful is the bond of Christian marriage; nor would he dream of disputing the truth of those eloquent and touching pictures which have been often drawn, showing what peace, love, purity, and refinement may reign in a married clergyman's home. Nevertheless, the testimony of St. Paul and the Fathers does but ratify the instinctive judgment passed by all the nobler races of mankind, in affirming that, although marriage is good and honourable, a single life patiently borne for the sake of greater conformity to God is the higher state. This single life, with all its hardness and painfulness, is embraced by the French priesthood; the easier married life is chosen by the English clergy. For those, the heroic daring, the sublime endurance; for these, trials indeed and crosses, but lightened by that wedded companionship which is the chief sweetener of the cup of human existence. It is in vain that Dr. Littledale sneers at the social inferiority of the French priesthood, and tells ill-natured stories about the small per centage of them that lose their vocation or discredit their Order. After all, the great majority keep their vocation and do credit to their Order. Doubtless something is lost in gentleness and attractiveness of character, in the case of many priests, which closer association with the other sex would have supplied. Absorbed in the work of saving souls, amidst the countless difficulties which the circumstances of our times create, the trustees of the eternal Gospel have not much time to sacrifice to the graces. The *presbytère* may not be so good a subject for an idyll as the parsonage; it is beset by thorns, not bowered among roses; but these thorns are from the crown of Christ.

Such are some of the reasons on which I found an opinion very decidedly held, that, so far from the aspects of life in Catholic countries abroad being calculated to deter from conversion, they enforce Rome's case on a generous nature, and impress it on an observant mind, with a power which is not often found in books and sermons. It follows also from what has been said, that when Dr. Littledale (who is so far a true John Bull that he seems to think everything, even Papists, better in England than abroad) writes that "the

Roman Church shows at its very best in England," I find it absolutely impossible to agree with him.

There is much disputable matter in the fourteen paragraphs with which Dr. Littledale concludes his paper; but as they are, ostensibly at least, intended rather for defence than attack, I shall not at present deal with them. Some statements which they contain have been already incidentally handled in the course of my argument. I think I have not said anything at which Dr. Littledale can justly take offence, and I desire to part with him in good will. Had he confined himself to attacking the foibles and infirmities of converts, I should have held my peace; but in exposing these he has aimed many a side blow at the Roman Church, that is, at the Divine City with which rests the hope of humanity; and being persuaded that he lies under the most serious misapprehension as to her true character, I thought that even such vindication as a very feeble pen could render might be of some trifling service in upholding the best and holiest of all causes.

THOMAS ARNOLD.

### *Gleanings among Old Records.*

#### III.—ANNE OF DENMARK, QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN.

AMONG the Queens of England, few occupy a less prominent position than that usually assigned to Anne of Denmark, the wife of James the First of Great Britain. She is not celebrated for the display of any memorable act of heroic virtue, nor is her name stained by the commission of any grave crime. Scandal has not meddled with her reputation. Remarkable neither for beauty, nor wit, nor wisdom, she attracted little attention and less admiration from the poets and the painters who frequented her husband's Court; nor in our day would she be selected as the heroine of a stirring romance or a touching ballad. Yet when we penetrate beneath the surface of history, as history is written, we shall find that her life was not so devoid of interest as it has been represented. Two old letters which have come to light from among the unexplored treasures of the great National Library in Paris,<sup>1</sup> have preserved an episode in her biography which is all but forgotten and therefore is worth recording.

The subject is introduced by a celebrated Jesuit named James Gretser, a writer of great learning and vast industry, whose collected works fill nineteen large folio volumes.<sup>2</sup> In the year 1612 he was in correspondence with John Stuart, Prior of the Monastery of the Benedictines at Ratisbon. The two friends were mutually interested in discussing the theories, theological and political, recently broached by that royal pedant, King James,<sup>3</sup> and his retainers, Andrewes, Casaubon, De Dominis, Sarpi, and others. Having finished the discussion, Gretser, while chatting upon literary subjects of mutual interest, bethinks himself that he will inclose a letter which he is sure will give pleasure to his correspondent, a letter written by a Scottish Jesuit named Abercromby. A copy of the letter thus inclosed by Gretser is likewise preserved in Paris; and it has for its subject-matter certain incidents connected with the early history of Anne of Denmark. Although not forwarded by Gretser to Stuart until 1612, it had been written as long ago as 1608,

<sup>1</sup> Fonds Lat. MS. 6051, foll. 49, 50, formerly Colb. 3236.

<sup>2</sup> See De Backer, i. 345, Alegambe, 368. He died in the year 1625 at Ingolstadt.

<sup>3</sup> The title of this work is, "Basilicon Doron, sive Commentarius exotericus in Ser. Magnæ Britannæ regis Jacobi præfationem monitoriam, et pro juramento fidelitatis." Ingolst., 1610, 4to. It occurs also in the seventh volume of Gretser's collected works.



therefore while the Queen was yet alive and resident in London.<sup>4</sup> From it are derived the following details, which we now proceed to narrate, after we shall have introduced Queen Anne to our readers.

The early history of the Princess Anne of Denmark may be told in a few lines. She was the daughter of King Frederic the Second, who succeeded by popular election to the government of the united realms of Denmark and Sweden when the mob declared for Lutheranism, and in the exercise of their newly-acquired liberty expelled at once the older royal family and the primitive Christian faith. Frederic strengthened his position by marrying Sophia, a daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg; and by the influence gained by this powerful connexion he succeeded in abolishing from among his subjects every trace of their former creed. Anne, the second child of this marriage, was educated in the extremest form of Lutheranism, and was taught from her childhood to look with dislike and contempt on every other form of worship. It happened, however, that while she was still very young<sup>5</sup> she was permitted to reside with a certain princess, whose name is not given in the authority we are following, but who is described as being a Catholic, and the grand daughter of the late Emperor Charles the Fifth.<sup>6</sup> Here she became acquainted for the first time with the existence of that religion which her father had expelled from Scandinavia. Her knowledge probably was indistinct and inaccurate, but such as it was it made an impression upon her mind, and there it lay dormant until it was revived after many years by the troubles of her position.

Time passed, and the girl grew into womanhood, and was sought in marriage by James the Sixth, King of Scotland. The union was desirable to both realms, and the preliminaries were settled without much difficulty. It might have perhaps been thought that the question of religion would have occasioned a formidable obstacle. James professed himself to be a Calvinist, and Anne was a sincere and earnest Lutheran. But Calvin and Luther did not love each other. The objection, if it was raised, was soon settled. A clause was inserted in the Articles of Marriage providing that the young Queen should not be molested in the exercise of that faith in which she had been educated; and it was arranged that she should be accompanied into Scotland by a preacher<sup>7</sup> who would keep her firm in the doctrines of her native Lutheranism.

But neither the Queen nor her preacher had anticipated the full weight of the troubles which were in store for them in the home of their adoption. The bitter spirit of Calvinism, as professed and practised in Scotland, soon made itself felt, and the followers of Knox gave her to

<sup>4</sup> Anne of Denmark was buried on May 13, 1619.

<sup>5</sup> "In sua tenerrima ætate," says our letter.

<sup>6</sup> Possibly one of the fifteen children of Mary, daughter of Charles the Fifth, and the Emperor Maximilian the Second. See *Art de Verif. les dates*, p. 453; Piefel, ii. 203.

<sup>7</sup> It appears from the "Papers relative to the marriage of James the Sixth," printed by the Bannatyne Club, p. 37 (Edinb., 1828, 4to.), that the name of this preacher was Johanne Lering.

understand that they were no respecters of persons. Why should they make an exception in favour of this professor of an alien creed? James had been made to submit to their law, so should Anne. To enforce obedience upon the sovereign had become a national tradition among them. Knox had insulted Mary Stuart; nothing then was more natural than that his disciples should insult Mary Stuart's son and his wife. To be a Lutheran was about as bad as to be a Papist, and to be a Papist was quite as bad as to be an idolater. It was in vain to talk of contracts, or treaties, or agreements; for what agreement could there be between light and darkness, betwixt Christ and Belial? These were the questions which were forced upon Anne, and she was compelled to face the men who proposed them.

James might have protected his wife in her difficulty, but he did not. Mean, selfish, and cowardly, if he interfered at all in these discussions, it was to counsel her to yield and make the best of her position. She was an element of weakness to him, and if he did not tell her so others did. The preachers reminded him that he kept a Canaanitish woman in his household, and cherished her in his bosom. The struggle went on year after year, for both parties were zealous. Young as she was, the Queen was a woman of spirit; she had a strong will and a firm resolution,<sup>8</sup> but she was engaged in an unequal struggle. She was assailed by the preachers, by the nobility, by the common people, by her own household. Day by day her position became more difficult. Her Danish chaplain grew lukewarm and wavered; then he deserted her, and finally he joined the ranks of the enemy. For a time she stood alone; and then doubt and darkness must have taken possession of her soul.

For a time—but not for long. In the hour of her need her mind fell back upon the half-forgotten memories of her childhood, and she recalled what she knew of the teaching and the practices of the Catholic Church. She had heard something of its unerring truth, the firm foothold which it gives its followers, its gentleness, its peace, and its tenderness—all that can sway the intellect, and convince the understanding, and influence the affections. What a contrast to the stormy agitation and the strife of tongues by which she had been surrounded during the ten years which she had spent since she set foot in Presbyterian Scotland! But it was necessary to pause and deliberate; she did not know her own mind, nor what to believe, or how to act, nor even did she know to whom to apply for counsel or direction. But better things were in store for her; and in the end it came about that those very persons who had endeavoured to teach her a new form of error should now become the guides appointed to lead her into the way of truth.

Compelled to look into her own heart, and to test the depth and

<sup>8</sup> The French Ambassador, Beaumont, in writing to his master on August 13, 1603, gives his impression of Anne's character, the result of a conversation of two hours which he had just then spent with her. He found her spirit "*tres vif et courageux.*" See B. M. MSS., *George IV.*, n. 124, f. 18.

the breadth of her own religious convictions, Queen Anne found that to her soul Calvinism and Lutheranism were now twin absurdities. She had succeeded in proving a negative; or rather, the rival preachers had done this for her. In showing the falsity of Lutheranism, the Scottish Calvinists had demonstrated the falsity of their own religion. It had become clear to her that if one of these creeds was false, by parity of reasoning the other could not be true. Both occupied the same ground, both were equally remote from the early Church, both taught heresy, both stood rooted in schism. She had lost the faith of her father and mother, such as it was; her chaplain, to whom she had been told to look for guidance, assured her that she had hitherto believed a fable, and she could never again return to it. As for Calvinism, she scorned and hated it. It was easy to see the results which it produced upon the minds of its followers. She could not but notice that while her husband reviled it in private, he bowed before it in public. She saw, too, that the men who professed it were at once proud and mean, insolent and servile; they had wounded her dignity as a Queen, and had triumphed over her helplessness as a woman. Something above her reason told her that the only path which lay open before her was that which would conduct her into the Catholic Church, and she accepted the grace thus offered. The hour for doubt and deliberation had passed, and the moment for action had arrived. Help came, as it always does, at the fitting moment. Some few faithful souls still remained steadfast to the truth, even in the Court of James the Sixth. One of these, "a certain earl," saw her danger and came to her rescue; he promised that he would help her, and he kept his word.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> I subjoin a translation of the whole of this letter.

"The Reverend Robert Abercromby, a Scotchman, to John Stuart, Prior of the Monastery of Ratisbon.

"About the year 1600 [Queen Anne] began to think about changing her religion from Lutheranism to Catholicism, for the following reasons.

"When she came into Scotland she had brought with her a Danish minister, who was a Lutheran, who was her preacher, and attended to her religious services after the Lutheran fashion; for an arrangement had been made at the marriage that she should have the free exercise of the religion in which she had been born and educated. In process of time this same minister cast off his Lutheranism and became a Calvinist. Noticing this, the Queen declined his services any longer, and was very anxious as to what course she should take for the future, for she was most decidedly opposed to Calvinism. It recurred to her how, being in Germany while she was very young, and resident for her education in the house of a certain great princess who was a Catholic, she had seen a priest who daily celebrated Mass; the memory of whom, and the love of the princess (who, if I be not mistaken, was the granddaughter of Charles the Fifth), suggested to her that she should embrace that religion. She consulted some friends of hers, who were Catholics, about this matter, especially a Catholic earl, as to what should be done, and he assured her that the Catholic religion was the only true religion, and that all the rest were sects and heresies; and he recommended me by name to her as her spiritual father. After a considerable delay, I was summoned to wait upon the Queen, where, having been introduced into the palace, I remained for three days in a certain secret chamber. Every morning for one hour she came to me there for the purpose of being instructed, her ladies remaining

The pitiable condition into which religion had fallen in Scotland had for some time occupied the attention of the great Founder of the Society

all that time in the outer chamber, while she herself went into it as if she had some letters to write. Whenever she came out she always carried some paper in her hand. On the third day she heard Mass and received from me the Most Holy Sacrament, and then I took my departure from her.

"My stay in Scotland did not exceed two years complete after this Communion, during which time, if my memory does not cheat me, she nine times received the Most Holy Sacrament, and this so early in the morning that all the rest of the household was asleep, with the exception of a few women who communicated along with her. After Communion she always gave herself up to holy conversation; sometimes she expressed her desire that her husband should be a Catholic, at other times about the education of her son under the direction of the Sovereign Pontiff. She spoke also about the happiness of the life of a nun, among whom she said she was sure that she would end her days. She had a great scruple because a part of her dower arose from a monastery, and she promised that whenever there should be a change of religion she would restore that monastery either to its lawful owners, or at least would change it into a College of Jesuits. She would not set out for England until I had been summoned and had provided her with the Most Holy Viaticum, promising further that I would come to her in England if she should summon me.

"As a consequence of this frequent use of the sacraments, her husband noticed a great improvement in her, and suspecting that it arose from the influence of some Popish priest—noticing also that she held her own minister in contempt—one night, when they were in bed (she herself told me the story), he spoke to her in some such terms as these: 'I cannot but see a great change in you; you are much more grave, collected and pious. I suspect, therefore, that you have some dealings with a Catholic priest.' She admitted that it was so, and she named me, an old cripple. His only answer was this: 'Well, wife, if you cannot live without this sort of thing, do your best to keep things as quiet as possible, for if you don't our crown is in danger.' After this conference between them, the King always behaved to me with greater gentleness and kindness.

"The Queen moreover spoke with such of the leading courtiers as had shown themselves most hostile to the priests, advising them to do me no harm, unless they wished to incur her anger; and this they promised.

"A laughable incident happened, which gave the Queen some amusement. An action-at-law was in progress between one of the chief noblemen, who was a heretic, and a certain minister. The Queen took the part of the latter, and spoke in his favour. Upon this the nobleman said, 'Your Majesty, by the wounds of Christ, I will tell upon you, and I will accuse you before Father Robert.'

"One of the leading ladies of the Court has written to me from Greenwich about the Queen's state of mind at this present time. As to her religion, she is just as she was when I left her; there is this difference, however, that she can no longer enjoy that free practice of her religion which she had while in Scotland. I will here record two acts of hers, which show her heroic courage.

"The first of the two occurred shortly after the arrival of the King and Queen in England, at the time of their coronation. When they reached the church it had been decided that before they could be crowned they must receive Communion in the heretical fashion. This the King did forthwith, but the Queen refused, stating distinctly that she would not communicate, and rather than receive their Communion would go without the coronation. The King and the counsellors were urgent with her, but all in vain.

"The next instance is the following. Upon one occasion she visited the Spanish Ambassador; apparently it was a mere visit of compliment, but she heard Mass and received the Most Adorable Sacrament. When the King heard this she scolded her bitterly, and told her that she would lose the crown and the kingdom.

of Jesus, and under his direction, and the direction of the succeeding Generals, a long array of missionaries had been sent thither.<sup>10</sup> Two of the companions of St. Ignatius spent some time in it as early as the Pontificate of Pope Paul the Third;<sup>11</sup> and they were followed by an unbroken series of labourers in that harvest-field. Of these it may be enough to mention James Tyrie,<sup>12</sup> the antagonist of Knox: Edmund Hay,<sup>13</sup> sent by the Pope to direct and encourage Mary Stuart when she returned into Scotland from France; James Gordon,<sup>14</sup> of Huntley, Apostolic Nuncio in Ireland, who travelled on foot over England and Scotland, Denmark and Germany, that he might win back souls from heresy; and Robert Abercromby, who had the happiness to help his own Sovereign into the fold of the Church, which was rejected, maligned and persecuted by her unworthy husband.

Father Abercromby was of Scottish origin and born of a good family. While yet very young he joined the Society of Jesus, to the service of which he devoted a long and laborious life. After spending twenty-three years as Master of Novices in the College of Braunsberg, he was sent home by his Superiors into his native country, where he was eminently successful in gaining converts to the Catholic faith. At the time of his arrival the tortuous policy which James was pursuing made him connive at the presence of the Jesuit Father, to whom he gave a position in his Court which, to a certain degree, secured him from danger and enabled him to associate upon terms of easy intercourse with the Scottish courtiers. The missionary was appointed to the office of "keeper of his Majesty's hawks," a situation which in these feudal days implied nothing ignoble or undignified. The nameless Catholic earl, already referred to, had thus no difficulty of introducing the Jesuit into the Queen's apartments, and the work of her conversion thus was begun in earnest and carried on to its successful completion.

The conduct of Queen Anne had already excited much suspicion among her co-religionists; she had dismissed her Danish chaplain and refused to listen to the arguments of the Calvinists and the persuasions of her husband. Her motions were watched with the eye of jealousy. And if she had become an object of suspicion, much more so was

"What shall I say about their daughter? I knew her very intimately when she was about eight or ten years old. She was brought up in the house of a Catholic lady, who is a countess, and is a child of most excellent disposition.

"Braunsberg, in the month of September, 1608.

"ROBERT ABERCROMBY, Priest of the Society of Jesus.

"To the Very Reverend Father and lord in Christ, John Stuart, of the Order of St. Benedict, Prior of the Monastery of the Scots at Ratisbon, his most honoured Father and friend."

<sup>10</sup> Sacchini, pars. v. lib. xiii. § 8, p. 134.

<sup>11</sup> The great Alfonsus Salmeron and Paschasius Broet. See Orlandini, *Hist. Soc.* A.D. 1542, § 58; Sacchini, pars v. lib. xiii. § 98, v. 47, p. 236.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>13</sup> Orlandini, A.D. 1562, § 110.

<sup>14</sup> Orlandini, A.D. 1561, § 105.

Father Abercromby. With him, to appear in his priestly character within the limits of the Court was almost certain discovery and death. Yet in such a cause he was ready to brave all dangers; and however formidable might be the difficulties which stood in his way he overcame them. The Queen arranged the plan. He was introduced into a remote room within the palace, and there he remained undiscovered for three days. Every morning she came to him for instruction and spent a full hour with him in private. Her ladies-in-waiting, who attended her, continued during this time in the ante-chamber. They imagined, or pretended to imagine, that she was occupied in writing letters and must not be disturbed, and to confirm this impression she was always seen to be carrying some paper in her hand when she rejoined them. On the third morning she received the most Adorable Eucharist, and then Father Abercromby's work was ended, and he left her.

If the Queen had persuaded herself that such a step as this, so bold, so decided, and attended with consequences so momentous and so hostile to the prejudices of the entire Scottish nation, could escape notice, she was much mistaken. The report of her conversion to Papacy soon reached the King's ears, and one night, after they had retired to rest (she herself repeated the story to Father Abercromby) he told her what he had heard and asked if it were true. She frankly admitted that it was true, and gave him the name of the priest by whom she had been received into the Church. Doubtless James felt that he had been caught in his own snare. But the courage with which she had followed the voice of her conscience and the brave simplicity with which she avowed that she had done so, secured the respect and admiration of her husband. He contented himself with telling her that if Catholicism had become a necessity of her life, he begged that she would be discreet and keep it as secret as possible: "otherwise," said he, "our crown will be in danger," words which well depict the character of the speaker.

The Queen's conversion occurred in the 1600, or 1601, and in 1603 James having succeeded to the vacant throne of England, Father Abercromby ceased to have the direction of his royal convert. As long, however, as Anne remained under his care her life was consistent with her profession. During these two years she received the Adorable Eucharist nine times, on each occasion being accompanied by a few Catholic ladies, who communicated along with her. Her conversation at these times was edifying. She expressed her earnest desire that her husband would become a Catholic, and that the Holy Father should have the direction of her son's education. She spoke about the happiness of the life of a nun, and said she was convinced that she would end her days within a convent. She felt a scruple because she had possession, as part of her dower, of the rents of a monastery; and she promised that if a change should take place in the religion of Scotland, she would restore that sacred edifice to its rightful owners, or would convert it into a College for Jesuits. She would not set out



upon her journey to London until Father Robert had been summoned to provide her beforehand with the Most Holy Viaticum; and she made him promise that he would come to visit her in England if she should summon him.

Upon two occasions, both mentioned by Father Abercromby, which occurred after her arrival in England, she proved that she continued steadfast in her adopted creed. They are worth recording, for they clearly indicate at once the firmness of her character and the difficulty of her position.

Although James had succeeded to the throne of England without having had to encounter any openly-declared opposition, it was notorious, and no one knew it better than himself, that his position among his new subjects was by no means secure.<sup>15</sup> Four claimants for the crown were in the field, who, if not formidable singly, could easily overthrow him if they should happen to unite their forces. So far, however, he had gained one great advantage, he had secured actual possession of the throne; the next step was to fortify his title through the sacred rite of coronation. Until the people had solemnly declared that they accepted him as their lawful Sovereign, they had given him no pledge, and there was no actual contract between them.<sup>16</sup> James was anxious to occupy this vantage ground, and he was warmly supported by the English Episcopate, who felt that he was making common cause with themselves.

Arrangements for the coronation were made with the least possible delay. The ceremonial, which had been in use from the days of King Edward the Confessor, provided that, during the Mass, the Sovereign upon whom the crown is being conferred shall receive the Holy Eucharist.<sup>17</sup> As, however, the celebration of the Mass had now become an offence punishable with death, it was proposed that the Protestant Communion service should be substituted for the primitive ritual. Upon this point the King was consulted, and he had no scruples; but not so the Queen. She refused to have any communion *in sacris* with heretics, and would have no lot or part with them in this spurious ceremonial. Her husband stormed, his courtiers entreated, the bishops

<sup>15</sup> See "A conference about the next succession to the crown of England (1593)," part ii. ch. v. which treats "of five principal houses or lineages that do, or may, pretend to the crown of England; which are the houses of Scotland, Suffolk, Clarence, Brittany and Portugal.

<sup>16</sup> "It is very certain," says Tyrrell, *Hist. Engl.* vol. i. bk. vi. p. 8, "that neither in this King's time (King Edgar) nor long after the Conquest was it ever known that the King elect took the title of King till after his coronation."

<sup>17</sup> Certain expressions which occur in the Coronation Service, as drawn up for the use of King James and Queen Anne in 1603, might perhaps be quoted as disproving the statements given above. But it will appear on examination that the form, as it thus stands, states what was to be done, not what had been done; what James and the Archbishop wished it might be, not what Anne decided that it should be. The Abbot of Westminster is introduced as taking part in the ceremony. See Nichols's *Progress of King James the First*, vol. i. p. 233, London, 1828, 4to.

remonstrated, but all in vain. In the course of this discussion she must of necessity have stated the grounds of her objection, and they could not but be most unpalatable to the English bench of bishops and the clergy at large. They were told that she, being a Catholic, held that they had no valid orders, and consequently could not consecrate the Adorable Eucharist. They appealed to her fears by telling her that without the rite of Coronation she would not be acknowledged as the Queen of England, and that without Communion there was no Coronation. "Let it be so," she said: "better to be no Queen than to yield to such an act of sacrilegious profanity." "And thus," says Miss Strickland,<sup>18</sup> "at her coronation Queen Anne gave great scandal to her new subjects by refusing to receive the sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England, which refusal caused her Majesty to be grievously suspected of an affection to Popery."

The other instance to which Father Abercromby refers, as illustrating the steadfastness of Anne's faith, refers to her having received Holy Communion in the chapel of the Spanish Ambassador, Count Gondomar. It is attended by no peculiar circumstances and requires no special remark.

It may be asked whether this statement of the conversion of the Queen depends solely upon the assertion of Father Abercromby, or whether it can be supported by the independent evidence of contemporaneous writers. A few illustrations—by no means all that might be adduced—may now be quoted in reply to this inquiry.

George Con, who was sent into England by the Holy See, and who resided for some time in the Court of Queen Henrietta Maria, wrote a book upon the history of religion in Scotland, which he published at Rome in the year 1628. In it he gives an account of King James' marriage, and of the conversion of his Queen from the religion in which she had been educated, to the Catholic religion. "She was a woman," he says, "of a sharp wit, and being somewhat distrustful of Lutheranism and hating the worship practised in Scotland, she inquired into the doctrines of the Catholic faith, a form of religion totally unknown in Denmark. The Countess of Huntley and some other Catholic ladies of rank helped her in her inquiries, and she was absolved from her heresy and admitted into the mysteries of the true faith by Robert Abercromby, of the Society of Jesus. As long as she remained in Scotland this Father was her director. When the ministers knew that she was received into the Church they insulted her in a way which would have been unbearable even by a private individual. The King tried to excuse her in public by saying that she was crazy; but in private he told her that she might follow any religion she liked, provided only she was cautious about it."<sup>19</sup>

<sup>18</sup> Vol. iv. p. 77.

<sup>19</sup> G. Conæus, *De Duplici statu religionis apud Scotos*, pp. 147, 148, Romæ, 1628, 4to; see also p. 169; and also a work by the same author, entitled *Prematie, sive Calumnix Hirlondorum vindicata*, p. 20, Bonon., 1621, 8vo.

On August 13th, 1603, the French Ambassador, Beaumont, had a long conversation with Queen Anne. She complained to him of the danger of her position arising from the distracted state of the country, and was aware, she said, of the necessity of giving some relief to the Catholics. "Hereupon," he continues, writing to his master, the King of France, "she told me that she wished to show the Catholics some favour, since she was of their religion in her heart, and that she had very frequently spoken to the King about his conversion, but that she had always found him firm in his opposition. Yet she would always persevere, she said, in such a good work."<sup>20</sup>

Here, at this point, I end what I have to say upon the conversion of Anne of Denmark. That she was a Catholic is, I think, beyond dispute. The fact rests upon her own assurance, upon the written evidence of the priest by whom she was admitted into the Church, and upon the statement of contemporary writers. At her coronation she took a step which must have made it most effectually known to the nobility, clergy, and laity of Great Britain. If the inquiry were pushed further into the reign of her husband, additional proofs would be forthcoming. But what has been here brought to light has shown us the real state of the case, and gives us another among many illustrations as to the manner in which history has been moulded into its present form. That a Queen of England, generally presumed to have been a Protestant Queen, and certainly the wife of a Protestant King, should really have been a Catholic, was an unpleasant conclusion at which to arrive, and the effort has been made to get rid of it. Not by any attempt to prove its falsity, not by any strong assertion to the contrary, but by quietly permitting it to fall out of memory and become forgotten. By such a process as this among others, the great Protestant tradition has been begun and continued from the days of the Reformation to our own. And the truth comes to light at last from the mouldering leaves of some ancient manuscript discovered by accident in a foreign library.

JOSEPH STEVENSON.

<sup>20</sup> B.M. MS. *Geo. IV.* n. 124, fol. 18.

*Anemone.*

CHAPTER XIX.

A LITTLE PITCHER.

IT was a feature in Blanche's condition, at the time of which we are writing, that she was restless in forming her plans and eager to see them executed. This must be remembered, if it should appear strange to any one that she should have made up her mind, as was hinted before, to make arrangements for the future welfare of those dear to her, into which they could not themselves as yet be entering. One evening, about this time, she was sitting in her favourite spot in the garden at Foxat, looking westwards over the large range of country which has already been spoken of, and watching the ruddy orb of the sun as it sank over the distant and indented line of Dartmoor. Anemone was sitting by her side, and both had for some time been silent.

"It is gone," said Blanche; "one of the last of our sunsets that I shall see."

"Don't talk in that way, Blanche," said Anemone. "You are to have a good time; your strength is quite enough, and you will have the happy work of bringing up your children as John would wish. Geoffrey will be your support, and we shall see you, not as radiant as before, dearest, and as joyous in your happiness, but still leading a calm and blessed life in the way of your duties. You could not have sweeter children. You must not talk as you do of leaving them, and us all. We are bound always to hope and to trust, and there is no reason now for us to think of losing you."

"No, Nem," she said, "it will not be so. They are very sweet children; but I shall not see them grow up. But one great comfort to me, certainly, as you say, is in Geoffrey, and I can leave my children to his care, as John has arranged it, with the greatest trust. He is as dear to me as the dearest of

brothers. But they will want a mother, too, and I want you to be their mother. Promise me, Anemone!"

"Dearest, I will not have you talk as if they were to want a mother. It is wrong, Blanche, and I won't listen to it. And then they have your mother, too, if your health fails, or anything else. I am not fit for such a task, even if it came to me. I am but a child myself. But if you were to go away, of course I should love them still more for your sake."

"Anemone, I dream of John, and he seems to beckon me to him. The little ones love you almost as a mother already, and they love Geoffrey almost as a father. You two are made for one another, and why cannot that be, by-and-bye?"

Anemone started as if she had been stung. She had got to like Geoffrey very much, to look forward to his companionship and conversation, to desire to feel and think like him, to be ready to lean upon him—but this was a different idea altogether. Blanche's words for the time, at all events, ruffled her pure maidenly serenity, and her proposal seemed to knock at a door which had never yet been opened, and which she had never thought of opening. Blanche took her silence for a sort of consent, and went on urging her plea.

"He is so good, so clever, so brilliant, and I believe he is fond of you already. It will all come on, in good time, unless you set yourself against it. At all events, promise me not to turn away from him, Anemone."

Anemone was again silent. A thousand objections occurred to her, on the score of difference of age, and other small matters. When Blanche assured her that Geoffrey cared for her, it did not give her any great pleasure. It made her more sure of herself, she thought, that her first wish was that he might never come to care too much. Many people are half-conquered, on such occasions, by the assurance that some one seeks their love as the one thing in the world worth living for. Anemone felt as if she did not wish for any one's love in that way.

"Promise me, Anemone," said Blanche again, as she leant forward from her seat, and drew the other to her arms.

"What can I promise you, darling? I have never thought of such a thing, and I do not think that Geoffrey has. I will promise nothing at all. I have always thought these things were settled for us by Providence."

"But if Providence brings him across your path, as He does, and throws you together, and lets him love you and

seek you, and if you can admire and love him, is not that enough?"

"No," said Anemone, "not quite. There is something more. Blanche, you make me say to you what I have never said to any one else. There is something more—whether one is meant for that kind of life, or not. But don't go on like this. We are all very happy together as we are, and I shall be afraid of every word that I say, if I think that we are anything but a set of affectionate cousins."

Blanche was obliged to be content with this. At all events, Anemone had not said no. She had no objection to Geoffrey, if she was to have any one. And it was quite clear to Blanche that some one she certainly must have.

Nothing would satisfy this strange matchmaker but to see whether she could make Geoffrey take in the idea which she had tried to force on Anemone. So she got him the next day into a little room which she used as a boudoir, and while her two children were busy on the floor before the window erecting a very magnificent edifice of wooden bricks, she began to talk to him about their future, as she had so often talked before, only bringing in Anemone's name as the one who was to be their mother in her place. "You in the place of John, and she in mine," she said.

Geoffrey whispered to her with the utmost tenderness, begging her not to break his heart by speaking as if she were not to live to bring up her children. Perhaps it was well that the children were present, or he might have been led on to speak as if what had once been possible to them might be revived. "He would be in John's place, certainly," he said, "to her and her little ones, whatever was in store for them, and Anemone was as a sister to her, and would always be so."

"No; but, Geoffrey, it must be more than that. I want Anemone to have a right to be in my place when I am gone. Is she not sweet, Geoffrey?"

Geoffrey was quicker of apprehension as to her meaning than Anemone had been. But he repudiated with vehemence the idea which she had gently put aside. "Blanche," he said, "never speak to me again in that way. I cannot bear it. I once might have thought of such things, but it was not Anemone, and now that is over for ever. I am your brother, Blanche, and have charge of your children, and that is enough for me."

"You would do her so much good, and she is one of a



thousand. There is no one like Anemone, and she is very fond of you already, Geoffrey. You must promise me to win her."

The presence of the children prevented him from making any more violent protests than he had already made. Indeed, little Marian looked up at this moment, with a stare in her large eyes which showed that her attention was aroused. Blanche understood him well when he rose up sharply and said she must not say these things any more. Blanche said to herself that he would never hear of it, though Anemone might. But Geoffrey was much more affected by her words than Anemone. Had he begun to feel something in himself which he resented, as a slight beginning of traitorousness in the allegiance which he had vowed to his cousin? It is certain that he was more upset by the proposal than the lady to whom it referred, and that when they next met, there was far more awkwardness in his manner than in hers.

Anemone had wanted to ask him something more about the subject of the conversation which Marian had interrupted when they had been talking together on the subject of confession. "You seemed to me to say," she said, "that we might judge that certain things ought to be, in a system like that of the Church, which is meant to satisfy all the needs and cravings of our nature in the matter of religion. But is not that rather hazardous? Are we to be the judges of what is the best way of satisfying our wants?"

"It is hazardous," said Geoffrey, "at least it would be dangerous to act, or even to reason, on such grounds without more. But it is an argument as far as it goes, that we seem to have a natural want of some kind of aid in so important a matter, especially if that want is very generally felt, and shows itself in many and various ways. People argue in this way about Revelation itself—that man in his present condition requires it. Of course, if there were nothing that claimed to be such a Revelation as we require, the argument would not be applied. It is applied in defence of a Revelation which rests on its own proofs, and then it is an argument, the force of which lies in the principle that God is good, that He must know our needs, and that He is likely to supply them. Then, they say, here is the supply for them which He has actually furnished. I do not suppose that any Roman Catholic would argue in defence of the practice of Confession on the ground that we

wanted it, unless it already existed, and had been in existence from the beginning."

"Then," said Anemone, "it comes after all to be a matter of fact."

"Yes," said Geoffrey, "but the argument of which we spoke the other day is good to answer objections against such a practice as hurtful, tyrannical, and the like. Such arguments I never could sympathize with."

"But how are we to know whether, as a matter of fact, such a thing has been in existence?"

"The Romanists would say that it is enough for them that it is in existence, and that it is sanctioned by the Church, which grounds it upon Scripture and the words of our Lord Himself. Of course they have historical arguments too, but that is the real ground."

"Then, after all," she said, "it runs up into the question of the Church?"

"Yes, my dear Anemone," he said, smiling; "you will find that all religious questions of any importance run up into that. That is the question of questions—there is no other. But here comes Marian with Dr. Gay, and we must hear what he says about Blanche."

Dr. Gay was one of those excellent men of whom this country possesses scores—men capable of filling any place in their profession if they had the opening, but who have settled down contentedly in corners of our several counties, and become the ill-paid servants, as to all medical matters, of small neighbourhoods. He had all the business he could have where he was, and he most fully deserved the confidence and friendship which were given him by all classes.

He told them that Blanche might now be confined almost any day, and that he did not fear for her physical strength. "I wish she was not so flighty and excitable," he added. "It is that which I dread more than anything else." Then he asked Geoffrey to walk a little way down towards the gate with him, and the two gentlemen went off in consultation.

"Cousin Nem!" said Marian, sidling up with a wise look in her eyes, "are you very fond of Cousin Geoffrey? I heard mamma tell him that you are."

"You foolish child, we are all fond of one another; but why do you listen to what other people say?"

"What is it to be wonned, Cousin Nem?" continued the

inexorable child. "Mamma asked him to promise to win you. Is it something nice?"

Anemone took the child up, and stopped her mouth with a kiss. "Marian," she said, blushing in spite of herself, "you must never tell tales of what other people say. Your mamma would be angry with you." Then she left the room.

"I suppose to be wonned is not nice," said Marian, after a moment of profound thought. "Cousin Geoffrey didn't seem to like it when mamma said it."

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## CHAPTER XX.

### ALICE'S PROSPECTS.

MRS. SIMPSON, the wife of the Bishop of Southmercia, was not by any means a lady of the type of the immortal Mrs. Proudie. She was very clever and clear sighted, however, quick in forming her opinions, and energetic in urging them on her lord and spouse. She kept herself in the background on public occasions, and seldom expressed herself decidedly to any one but him. In this way she exercised a very real influence, even upon the government of his large diocese, while in domestic matters her supremacy was hardly questioned by any close observer. As for "religious opinions," it was difficult to say to what school she belonged. Religion to her was something professional, and she went through a great many charity meetings and church services and sermons and tea parties, and the like, with unflinching but also unenthusiastic regularity. She was most at home at Mercia Stoke, a well-built country house some miles from the cathedral town, which the Bishop had bought and rechristened for himself. There was very little episcopal about it, and, when Mrs. Simpson was there, she was very like the wife of any of the country gentlemen round in her habits and conversation.

This lady had an influence on the course of the events which we are relating, in so far as she prevented her husband from consulting his friend the Dean and his examining chaplain, one of the canons, as to the expediency of withdrawing the offer which he had made to Mr. Westmore. The Bishop was somewhat aghast at the notice of an Archdeacon and Canon whose wife was a Catholic. The cases of conversion of clergymen's wives were not very common. Of all people in the world, it

may be thought, clergymen's wives are bound by the unwritten law of the Establishment not to leave that venerable institution. The secession of a clergyman's wife seemed to show that there was no safety anywhere. What self-assertion could be more inexcusable, what rebellion more gross, what ingratitude blacker! The Anglican clergyman's wife is by far the most successful creation of the Establishment. Those who are old enough to remember the appearance of Lord Macaulay's History can easily recall the thrill of horror and indignation which ran through the parsonages of England, when that famous writer published his description of the very low opinion in which ladies of this class were held for at least a century and a half after the Reformation. The clergy have risen immensely in social position in the last hundred years, and their wives are now deservedly held in universal respect. In a great number of cases they are by far of more practical importance in their parish and neighbourhood than their husbands. All this they owe to the Establishment, which may boast that if it has discarded religious orders, it has at least produced the female parson. She has nothing romantic, nothing highly poetical, nothing supernatural about her as such, though in individual cases she may rise to the highest level. She does an immense amount of good, and prevents an immense amount of harm, and the England of the present day would hardly be itself without her. She is a sort of personification of Anglicanism, and is specially bound to be loyal to her type.

Some few cases were known to the Bishop in which conversions of this class had occurred, much to the perplexity of clerical husbands. One or two of these gentlemen had taken the sensible line—not to say the Christian line—of remembering that man and wife were man and wife, and after a time, they had found themselves far more respected and trusted by their neighbours than before, for treating their partners for life kindly, and allowing them the free exercise of their religion. But others had been very tyrannical and cruel, had turned their wives out of house and home, forbidden them all intercourse with their children, and covered their disregard for all natural duties by an exuberance of zeal against the Church to which the ladies had submitted. Grave discussions had been held by conclaves of clergymen as to the proper treatment of convert wives, and in these conferences the most severe measures had been justified as imperative, and the harshest language had

usually been held by the men who had themselves taught their wives the principles of Catholicism. All this made the idea of a trouble of this sort at Osminster very distasteful to the Bishop, and he was inclined to support his own inclination to break off the negotiation with Mr. Westmore, by reference to counsellors who were sure to tell him what he wanted to be told. He was a little afraid that Mr. Westmore would not do himself or his patron much credit with the public by his behaviour in such circumstances.

Mrs. Simpson had known the first Mrs. Westmore, whose life had not been passed on a bed of roses. Perhaps it was a woman's feeling that made her utter one of her sharp strong sentences on this occasion. "That poor little woman has enough to suffer as it is, and will have enough more. Don't let her husband be always telling her that she ruined his prospects of usefulness."

So the Bishop wrote a shilly-shally letter to Flaxhead, saying that Mr. Westmore must of course act on his own judgment, but that he did not himself see any reason in what had been communicated to him for withdrawing the offer which he had made, or abandoning the hopes which prompted it, that "our Church" would be greatly served by his friend if he accepted it. His wife had also reminded him that, if he had to make another appointment, he could hardly pass over a certain Evangelical clergyman of eminence among his own party, to whom she had a particular dislike. "All that set of men are dull and stupid, my dear, and we shall have nonsense of all sorts talked in the Cathedral. Besides, his wife is not a lady."

The Bishop's letter gave great satisfaction at Flaxhead, though counsels were still divided as to the course which Mr. Westmore should pursue. Mr. Woodbrook urged him very strongly to accept the Archdeaconry at once, and to trust to the effect of his new position to help him to bring Alice round. "She's like a child in your hands, Westmore," he said. "Surely a man like you can do as you like with her. Give her all you can to do as Mrs. Archdeacon and she'll drop her fancies." And then, as before, he had anecdotes enough ready about ladies who had been caught by the coaxing influences of prosperity, the full occupation of their time with the business of a "position," or, as he took care to add, an occasional touch of wholesome severity on the part of their husbands.

"What do you mean by severity?" said Mr. Westmore.

"Well, you see," said his friend, "I suppose we are all agreed that persons who join the Romish schism in our country, especially clergymen and clergymen's wives and daughters, are to be treated like children who have misbehaved themselves. Now 'he that spareth the rod spoileth the child.' Your wife, my dear friend, is very much in the position of a daughter to you, and you have quite a right—indeed, a duty—to make her feel her misconduct. How anybody can be so foolish! it is beyond my comprehension. Here it is quite proved that St. Peter was no more than another Apostle"—and then Mr. Woodbrook went off on his favourite hobby of the "Petrine claims," with which the readers of this tale need not be troubled.

There was very little direct answer to Mr. Westmore's question in what he had said. But the two clergymen understood one another. Mr. Westmore had a vein of harshness in his character which, under particular circumstances, might quite issue in cruelty. Now he saw that, whatever he did in the way of coercion, he would not fail to have an applauding admirer in Mr. Woodbrook. There were stories in circulation of wives turned out of their homes and daughters forced to become housemaids for having become Catholics. It was quite clear that some of the Anglican clergy would approve of such measures. Mr. Woodbrook, however, went on a little, to show that he did not recommend measures that met the public eye too much. "You are master in your own house, you know, Westmore. No visitor can get in, no letter can go out, without your consent, and you can make what arrangements you like as to your children. If your wife should be so foolish as to prefer other guides to you, you have the remedy in your own hands, it seems to me. No violence, no publicity. Treat her like a naughty child—a naughty child."

Lady Susan's approval of her friend's direct acceptance of the Archdeaconry was not so readily given. She was sincerely interested in his promotion, for she saw he liked it, and she desired to see him win all that he cared to have. But she thought also that his wife ought to be considered and to have some voice in the matter. Why could he not wait till he had gone home and talked it all over with Alice? She must be very proud of his advancement, and perhaps by taking her into his confidence and giving her due weight in his counsels he might lead her to do the same. Perhaps he might. Perhaps the advice which Lady Susan gave would have been for Alice



the most dangerous for her husband to follow, though it was not given for any calculation of that kind. But then he did not follow it. His ambition was roused, and he had not calmness of purpose or judgment enough to wait a few days. He had sometimes joked at the name of "venerable," and had said to himself that it would be very unpleasant to go about always as a Don. But now these things looked quite delicious to him—he could hardly get them out of his head. "The Venerable the Archdeacon of Osvale!"—better even than the "Vicar of Osminster." So without more ado he sat down and wrote an overflowing letter to the Bishop, thanking him for his great kindness, and gratefully accepting his appointment.

This was the morning on which he ought to have received Father White's letter. We have already seen how it was that, by the good offices of Aunt Joanna, that letter was delayed beyond the proper time. Fortune, or, rather, a good and fatherly Providence, protected Alice the next day also. It was certain to be one of the last days which her husband was to spend at Flaxhead, and the Woodbrooks were to leave soon after. So the lady of the house had determined that that day must be spent in a grand expedition to a rather distant lion of the county, a hill commanding an unusually fine range of country, on which, moreover, there was a camp which the Danes were supposed to have formed in Alfred's time. The whole neighbourhood was full of memories of the great English King, and Mr. Woodbrook was almost as full of the questions as to when this or that battle was fought as he was of the Petrine claims. So it was determined that they should rise and breakfast earlier than usual, and leave for their expedition half an hour before the post came in. Thus, before her husband came back that evening from the long day of driving and walking and pleasuring which Lady Susan had provided for him, Alice had been safely received into the fold of the Catholic Church.

The next day also all seemed to go well with her. The Mass at the chapel was a good hour before the breakfast time at Blackley House, and she got up early, slipped out at the garden gate, and made her first Communion. The Bishop said the Mass, and immediately after gave her the Sacrament of Confirmation. It was all wonderfully swift, and at the same time wonderfully quiet and peaceful. She had no time for thanking him, or for more than an earnest blessing from him, which he gave her with a tenderness which brought tears from

her eyes. "Fear nothing, God is with you," he said. She was at home again while Aunt Joanna was reading the family prayers in the breakfast-room, and Alice was able to go up to her room and put off her bonnet and shawl before they were over. Then she came down as if nothing had happened, and no questions were asked, as at that time she was frequently unable to be down for breakfast. She could hardly contain her joy, and there was no angry letter from Flaxhead to disturb the few hours of peace which were granted her. In the middle of the day she felt the exertion she had made, and before the night fell she was seriously ill.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

### WAKING UP.

THE next month of the life of Alice Westmore was a time, a great part of which was, happily for her, spent either in unconsciousness or in extreme bodily weakness, so that its incidents left but little impression upon her memory. When her husband arrived at his home on the evening of the day after that of which we spoke in the last chapter, her child had just been born, a fine little girl, but Alice herself was in a state of considerable danger. The utmost quiet was enjoined by the doctor as an absolute necessity, and no one was allowed in the room in which she lay but the nurses. Aunt Joanna, to do her justice, was great in a sick-room, and she took the command of all the arrangements with much benefit, in a material point of view, to the patient herself. It was thought better that the child should not be nursed by her mother, though this was a thing of which Alice had made a great point before. For a few days she hung almost between life and death, and then the scale slowly turned in favour of life. But her consciousness during a fortnight more was not at all constant, and her weakness was excessive.

It is probable that nothing but the dangerous illness of his wife saved Mr. Westmore from a great explosion of passion and violence on his return home. The letter of Father White, which he did not receive till it was too late to answer it after his return from the expedition already spoken of, made him excessively angry, and he was further irritated by the silence of Alice. The morning after he received a hurried note from Aunt Joanna, telling him that she feared there was some mischief brewing,

and that Alice and Emily had both been to the Catholic chapel and to the priest's house. She implored him to return home at once. So he started in the course of a few hours after breakfast that morning, and reached home at night.

Before leaving, Mr. Westmore told his friends that he feared that he should find that his wife had become a Catholic, in spite both of his prohibition and his entreaties. Mr. Woodbrook encouraged him in his bitterness, and spoke in a solemn, pompous way, about the duty of a husband to correct such an offence with a stern hand. Mr. Woodbrook was by nature benevolent and upright, but he was a considerable controversialist, and in his writings he did not spare insinuations and charges which went far beyond the bounds of courtesy. He had heard more than he had known about conversions, and had a fixed idea that they could be stopped by strong measures, or by skilful measures, and that people who had "gone over" should be made to come back again.

On the other hand, Alice had a real friend in Lady Susan. She was very sorry to lose Mr. Westmore's society, and she was at the same time glad to have seen enough of him to perceive that he might not have been altogether an easy person to live with. She did not care much whether people were Anglicans or Catholics, so long as they were pleasant, but she thought Alice had a right to her own opinions, and she pleaded her cause, to a certain extent, with an earnestness which quite surprised her clerical friends. "Above all things, she is your wife," she said. "'Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them,' you know." It rather amused her to be quoting St. Paul to Mr. Westmore, to remind him of his duties. The whole party drove down to Maunton to see Mr. Westmore off. Lady Susan parted from him very affectionately, in private, before they started. "Remember," she said, "Charles, if I can help you or yours in anything at all that grows out of this matter, it will be a true pleasure. You may wish to be quiet away from home, and Flaxhead is always at your service. Or you may like Emily or Charles to be away, and they will be very welcome. Perhaps Charlie might like to come here when we have the shooting party in a few weeks. Or," she said, "Alice herself might like to be quiet. There's a Catholic chapel at Maunton, and I would send her in on Sundays."

Mr. Westmore had not yet mastered the idea that his wife might wish to go to a place of worship on Sundays different

from his own. Still less had he come to understand that he might allow her to do this. Lady Susan travelled altogether too fast for him, and he was a little put out. But he thanked her most cordially, and promised to let her know how things were at Osminster, and to use her house like that of a "very dear and confidential friend."

During the journey, angry thoughts got the upper-hand with him. He would turn Alice out of doors, and Emily too, if she proved to be guilty. He would have a public row with Father White, and would preach the next Sunday against the deceits and tricks of the Romanist priesthood. Nay, he would discard his own vestments, and perhaps he would send away Mr. Bellicent. That young man must have been pouring poison into Emily's ears, or she never would have accompanied Alice. He had telegraphed to be met at the station by his carriage, and his servant told him that his mistress was very ill indeed. Why hadn't Emily come, or Charlie! But his anger was forced to cool itself awhile, for the doctor met him at the door, and enjoined the most absolute quiet, if Alice's life was not to be risked.

Mr. Westmore ordered some food to be brought him into his study, where he shut himself up, seeing no one but Aunt Joanna. Poor man! his wrath was not even yet calmed down, and as he sat brooding in the increasing twilight, and far into the night, perhaps he did not even think of praying that his wife might survive—perhaps he even let himself think that it would be well for all if she were to die. There was a dressing-room, leading out of the study, in which a bed was sometimes placed, and here he determined to sleep for the present. Anxious as was the state of things upstairs, he did not put off writing a furious and insulting letter to Father White, which ended by telling him that all intercourse between them must be at an end, that he should not speak to him if he met him in the street, and that the servants should have orders never to admit him to the house.

His wrath fell next upon Emily. He would hardly listen to any excuses, and, indeed, Emily had not much to say for herself. She had accompanied Alice at the request of the latter, who wished to have a witness present who could prove that what had been done had been done by her own free will. She was sorry that her father was angry, but she had thought he would like his wife to have some one of her own with her, rather

than not. Emily was abused as more than half a Papist herself, as being in league with the priest, and the name of Mr. Bellicent was hurled at her as having helped to "debauch her mind." The good girl was indignant, and, for the first time in her life, almost disrespectful to her father. Her temper was very seldom ruffled, but she had a strong sense of right, and was courageous when she was provoked. She told her father that his curate had never said a word to her on the subject. This was true enough, as he had sought Emily's society and confidence with a different object. Whether he might ultimately have succeeded in winning her as a wife, need not be asked. But Mr. Westmore was reasonable in nothing, and so he gave him notice that his engagement with him was to be at an end henceforth, and that he should not ask him to preach or to officiate any more during the few weeks which he might remain in Osminster.

In the same furious way he ordered all the vestments, hitherto occasionally used in the Minster, to be laid aside. This was a measure which gave offence to some few of his people, but they were the people on whom he could most surely depend. Mr. Barker did not oppose it, and Mr. Hornsea had never liked the lengths to which the Rector's Ritualism had gone. Meanwhile, the Head Master and the Broad Church ushers at the High School rubbed their hands in glee. Strange to say, the fact of Alice's reception into the Church was first made certain to the public by the measures taken by her husband. Father White and his servant had held their tongue, as well as the few Catholics who had assisted at the Bishop's Mass at which she had made her first Communion. Emily had not been able to give a very clear answer to her aunt's interrogatories, and Alice herself had said nothing. But within two days of Mr. Westmore's return the news got into the county papers, and from them it was copied by the London press. Every morning now brought Mr. Westmore a number of letters of condolence from all parts, the effect of which was to confirm him in his view that he had been shamefully used, and that the world now looked to him for an example, how a "pervert" wife was to be treated by an Anglican dignitary—for the news about the Arch-deaconry became public about the same time.

Poor Alice! she was happily unconscious of all that was going on around her. She was kindly treated as to all that related to her bodily wants, nursed, and watched, and fed. One of the few things which she remembered was the first cry of her

new-born child, but as she got a little stronger, and asked to see it, the nurse shook her head and said nothing, and Aunt Joanna frowned. After a time she began to crave to see her husband, but he never came to her room, and no answer was made to her inquiries. In the same way Emily was kept apart from her. Every day of slowly returning health and strength was a fresh revelation of some of the true features of her situation. No letters were brought her. Her favourite books were taken away. Her maid, who had come with her from her father's house, where she had been in service since she was taken from the village school, was dismissed, and another substituted. She was not allowed to see her elder child. He had been sent into the country with his nurse. When the time at last came for her to be allowed to take a short taste of the fresh air, she was put into the garden chair and wheeled about, with Aunt Joanna on one side and the new maid on the other. Every one was out of the way. She asked for Emily, but Emily did not come. Her husband was invisible. She heard his step on the stairs, and his voice in the hall, but to her he neither spoke a word nor sent a message. She mustered up strength to write him a note, but the servant told her that her master had forbidden her to give it to him. More than all, when she returned from her second or third ride in the garden chair, the maid said she was not to go back to her old room, and led her upstairs to a higher storey, where two rooms which had once been used as nurseries were prepared for her. They had a little private passage leading to them, which was closed by a door, which the servant locked.

"Yes, ma'am, master says you are to live here with me, until you come to your senses."

Then she pointed to a letter, in Mr. Westmore's handwriting, which lay on the table, and left Alice to herself.



## Catholic Review.

### I.—NOTES ON THE PRESS.

#### I.—M. LOYSON AND THE ANGLICAN EPISCOPATE.

THE authorities of the Anglican Establishment have an unhappy knack of causing trouble to the many respectable persons under their jurisdiction who strain every nerve to persuade themselves that they are within the pale of the Catholic Church of which their Creeds speak. The respectable persons of whom we speak read the *Christian Year*, and practise, either openly or secretly, a good many things of a Catholic tendency which are not enjoined in the Prayer Book, or which, if enjoined, have fallen into general neglect. The *Christian Year* enables them to throw a halo of poetical beauty over one of the most commonplace matter of fact productions of worldliness that has ever been seen—for such is the Anglican Establishment. The tolerance which Englishmen generally allow and enjoy as to personal religion, enables them to frame their own lives and devotional practices after the Catholic model, as far as they know it. But then, from time to time, those unfortunate "Bishops" of theirs will go and do and say such outrageous things! They fraternize so openly with Protestantism in its most violent developments! They cannot meet and issue a circular about anything without falling foul of the Pope and attacking the Catholic Church. If they ever make up their minds to agree about anything, it is pretty sure either to be something very trivial and unpractical, or something hostile to Rome. They have plenty to do at home, in all conscience, but they cannot keep their fingers off Catholicism. All this is very hard on the quiet souls who want to believe that they are Catholics themselves, quite as much as "Continental Christians" are, to "speak but lightly of their sister's fall," to help on, in their measure, the cause of peace, and to refrain, publicly and privately, from anything that may aggravate "our unhappy divisions."

Every one who has read the *Apologia* of Dr. Newman knows how very strong and important was the influence produced on his mind by the schismatical act of the Archbishop of Canterbury of that time in sending an "Anglican Bishop" to Jerusalem, with the barely concealed object of fraternizing with the Prussian Evangelicals, and giving them the opportunity, for which the King of Prussia was so anxious, of connecting themselves with an Episcopal body such as the Anglican

Establishment. To us who can look back on the matter from a Catholic point of view, it does not appear that the Archbishop of Canterbury acted in contradiction to the innate spirit of Anglicanism in this coquetting with heresy and schism. But this was one of those acts of authority which show the *animus* and the character of an institution, and by so doing, shatter many an imagination and dream. Certainly, the feeling which so strongly affected Dr. Newman was not unshared by others of his party, nor was his the only mind which was helped on strongly towards Catholicism by that act of the Anglican authorities. We wonder how it would be now if any action of the same kind were taken by Dr. Tait and his compeers. The Anglicans of the present day, among whom, as to the present matter, we may fairly include the Ritualists, profess to inherit the maxims and principles of the High Church party of that time, and we must suppose, therefore, that if they were as staunch in their maintenance of those principles as the old Tractarians, we should find them quite as vigorous in their denunciations of such a line of policy. But we must confess to having great misgivings as to this, and that it appears to us that the old High Church principles are no longer maintained by the party which calls itself High Church. Let us state shortly the facts of one of the many instances of what appears to us this abandonment of principle on the part of those of whom we speak.

Every one knows enough about M. Hyacinthe Loyson to make it quite unnecessary for us to enter on the disagreeable task of explaining who he is or what he has done. We gather from the statements on which we are about to comment that M. Loyson is at present endeavouring to organize a body of "Old Catholics" in France, a body which will of course be in rebellion against the Holy See and the French bishops. These "Old Catholics" must all be natural subjects to one or other of these last named prelates, and their congregation, if it is ever formed, will be simply a sect of seceders from the Catholic Church on account of their refusal to accept the Vatican Council. We must leave to those who have followed with attention the somewhat tortuous career of M. Loyson since he abandoned Catholicism, to explain why it is that, if he wishes to attach the body which he is organizing to some larger or older body than itself, he does not try his hand with the "Old Catholics" in Germany, and with the schismatical "residuum" of the Jansenists in Holland. Possibly he had found out, even so long ago as last August, that the German "Old Catholics" were falling to pieces, and were likely, moreover, to lose the only support that ever held them up, that of Prince Bismarck. Possibly the Jansenists in Holland were a little particular about a "married clergy," especially when its chief member was to be a friar who had broken his vows. Possibly there were doctrinal differences which may have kept M. Loyson apart from the two bodies which seemed naturally marked out for him as allies, and he may have been kept away from the Greek and Russian Churches by difficulties of the same sort. At all events,

not without some worldly wisdom, M. Loyson has made his application to the Anglican authorities, who are little likely to be stiff about ecclesiastical proprieties, and who have, moreover, a rich and well-established community at their back. Who knows! Marc Antonio de Dominis and other foreigners of far less note who have cast aside Catholic obedience, have been ere this welcomed in England and even appointed to benefices and canonries. So perhaps, if the French Old Catholics were to collapse, or to find M. Loyson an unsuitable leader for themselves, that gentleman might hereafter find it convenient to have shaken hands with Dr. Tait and other prelates of the Anglican Establishment.

What does M. Loyson want? His letter which is dated "London, August 4, 1878," would appear to have crept into publicity for the first time in a New York paper in December. We shall see presently that there is good reason for thinking that American "Anglicanism"—if we may use such a word—is not foreign to the organization of the whole business. The letter is addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, President of the Commission constituted by the Bishops of the Anglican Communion to consider the relations between the Old Catholics and others who have separated themselves from the Roman Communion. This Commission appears to have been one of the fruits of the late "Pan-Anglican Synod," the members of which were no doubt desirous of opening their arms as widely as possible to refugees from Catholic obedience. "The moment seems to me to have arrived," says M. Loyson, "for uniting under one and the same banner, and, above all, in one and the same sanctuary, those of my fellow-countrymen who desire to reunite themselves to the principles of the ancient Catholic Church, so long and so gloriously preserved in the Gallican Church." We need hardly pause to tell M. Loyson that if he wishes to do this, he has nothing whatever to do but to go and submit himself to the first French bishop he comes across, who will, no doubt, on all due conditions, "reunite" him to the Catholic Church, at once ancient and modern, of which the Gallican Church, at once ancient and modern, forms a part. This, however, will not suit M. Loyson. No French bishop will have anything to say to him—on his own terms. "Unhappily, evil days have made our Episcopate such that we count in its ranks many adversaries, and we have not a single shepherd of our souls." A bad sign, certainly—why does it not make M. Loyson a little suspicious of the correctness of his own views? As it is, however, "restorative action must come from above," that is from the hierarchy, and so he must look elsewhere. Where should he look, but to England? "It is this which causes me to turn towards you who have been placed, by the Providence of God, in the oldest see of an Episcopate which not only embraces in its powerful circle the vast area of the Anglo-Saxon world, but which also dates back in an uninterrupted and unbroken succession to the Apostles." M. Loyson forgets to add that if this were true, it would only be "by the favour of the Apostolic See" that this succession had

been obtained. He then states how much his heart had been moved by the declaration of large tolerance on the part of the Anglican bishops. They don't care for much, they say, in the case of people who want to get away from Rome. "We do not demand a rigid uniformity; we deprecate needless divisions; but to those who are drawn to us in the endeavour to free themselves *from the yoke of error and superstition*<sup>1</sup> we are ready to offer all help, and such privileges as may be acceptable to them, and are consistent with the maintenance of our own principles as enunciated in our formularies." M. Loyson thanks the Anglican bishops for these words, and goes on to lay down a theory of Church government and unity which will certainly hardly stand the test of Catholic criticisms, without something to complete it which we need not name. "If each bishop has received individually the charge of a particular Church, all Christian bishops have received collectively *in solidum*, as St. Cyprian of Carthage so well expresses it, the care of the Universal Church." Hence it is quite clear that the English bishops may interfere in French dioceses, and, that being the case, M. Loyson offers himself and his friends as the occasion of such interference. He is ready to adopt the basis which the Anglican bishops have laid down—a basis not certainly free from considerable ambiguity, except as to the one point that it has nothing to do with the Catholic Church—"one Divine Head, one Catholic and Apostolic Church, holding the faith revealed in Holy Writ, defined in the Creeds, and maintained by the primitive Church, one and the same Canon of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, as containing all things necessary to salvation." M. Loyson desires to re-establish the ancient Gallican liturgies—not without some qualification, however—"adapted to our present necessities, following the principles which are *common to us both*, and which are set forth in your *Letter*." The petition for money is slipped in *obiter*—"above and beyond the material aid which is necessary to us for the worthy celebration of public worship, that which we most earnestly desire is the official recognition of the Catholic work of the priests and laity who are endeavouring to restore, upon a basis at once larger and more ancient than that of the Council of Trent, the Gallican Church, which has been officially suppressed by the Vatican Council." (Indeed!) They also ask to be recognized by the Anglican Communion as a Christian Mission in France, and to be placed under the provisional government of one or more Anglican bishops, until they can form themselves into "a complete and autonomous Church."

It appears that Dr. Eden, the "Bishop of Moray, Ross, and Caithness," who is what is called "Primus" of the "Scottish Episcopal Church"—*i.e.*, the Anglican "Mission" in Scotland, was very appropriately selected as the mouthpiece of the Anglican Episcopate in answer to M. Loyson. We say, very appropriately, because being even more of an intruder, if that be possible, in Scotland, than an ordinary Anglican "Bishop" may be supposed to be in England, he may be

<sup>1</sup> The italics are ours.

considered to have quite a natural taste and fitness for the promotion of schism. The language of Dr. Eden leaves no doubt at all as to the character which the step which the Anglican Episcopate propose to take, or have already taken, in joining hands with M. Loyson, bears in the eyes of the members of that Episcopate. Dr. Eden thus explains the proposal made to them. He gathers that—

—the object which you and those who are acting with you are seeking to accomplish is not the formation of some new Protestant sect, but the initiation of the reform, both in doctrine and discipline, of your own old Church of France, on the same primitive and Catholic principles as those on which the Church of England reformed itself in the sixteenth century, to reassert its national independence, and to recover for it those liberties and that freedom which have been crushed out by a foreign and unauthorized usurpation. That to prevent such reform from degenerating into ecclesiastical revolution you desire to be directed and governed by an authoritative Episcopal oversight, strong enough to keep out of the movement all un-Catholic and rationalistic elements; and that, failing to obtain such oversight and guidance from any one of your national Bishops, you turn to the Anglican Episcopate, asking from it the recognition of your mission in France, and that your priests and laymen may be placed provisionally under one or several of its bishops, until you may be able to constitute yourselves a complete and autonomous Church.

Then, most unnecessarily, Dr. Eden goes on to apologize for the breach of all ecclesiastical law which the Anglican Episcopate are about to commit. It seems really to be on his conscience that he may be thought to be promoting schism—as if anything else could possibly be expected from him. A Turk might as well apologize for observing the Koran by persecuting Christians, as a Scotch Episcopalian for giving the right hand of fellowship to foreign schismatics. Here, however, is Dr. Eden's explanation:

In ordinary times, and under ordinary circumstances, the Anglican Episcopate could have returned but one answer to such a request. They would have been constrained to decline acceding to it as being in violation of the canonical rule and order of the Catholic Church, that no bishop or priest of any other Church should exercise his functions in the diocese of another bishop without the consent of the bishop thereof. But the times are not ordinary times. . . .

The fact came before the Lambeth Conference that solemn protests had been raised in many Churches and Christian communities throughout the world against the usurpations of the See of Rome, and against the novel doctrines promulgated by its authority, and that appeals had been made by them also for the intervention of the Anglican Episcopate in difficulties similar to your own. Application from members of Churches thus circumstanced to bishops not under the same bondage was felt by the conference to be justifiable, while a consideration of the position of these Christian communities, rendered hopeless by the recent decree of the Vatican Council, in any effort to reform themselves unless aided from without, seems to make the line of duty to be pursued by such bishops towards their struggling brethren only the more clear and definite.

We subjoin Dr. Eden's exposition of theory, which may well take its place in these pages as an illustration of the various views which we had to mention in a late article on the "Tractarian and Ritualist views of the Episcopate."



The general principle which the Lambeth Conference affirmed, with special reference to the Churches of the Anglican communion, applies with equal force to the Catholic Church everywhere—viz., the legitimate action of the National Churches, and the authority of bishops in their own diocese. But this principle assumes the rightful liberty and independence of National Churches and their bishops, a principle which is, however, entirely traversed by the present constitution of the Church of Rome. The application of those principles of Church order which are essential for discipline in ordinary times is, however, subject to modification or suspension when the necessities of the Church demand the application of a principle of yet higher obligation. Hence we find, from the teaching and practice of some of the most eminent Fathers and Bishops of the primitive Church, that whenever the faith was endangered by heresy or persecution, and heretical bishops would ordain none but heretical clergy, they did not hesitate to act in virtue of the commission which the Episcopate has received from Christ for the preservation of the faith and government of His Church. They asked for no dispensation from the Bishop of Rome, or from any other bishop, but as members of the one Episcopate to which Christ had intrusted the preservation of the faith, and as Catholic bishops of the universal Church, they felt themselves bound individually to exercise their episcopal power in any part of the world where the necessities of the Church required it and the faith was endangered.

It would seem thus that the Anglican Episcopate is hopelessly pledged to M. Loyson, and that its interference with French Catholicism is a deliberate step, justified by theory and supposed right. There are, we should add, one or two loopholes by which the Anglicans may hope to escape. In the first place, nothing is said about "the material aid" which was so modestly suggested by M. Loyson. In the second place, that gentleman is given to understand that he must go very considerable lengths in the direction of the denial of Catholic doctrine before he can be admitted to the patronage of Dr. Eden. "But," says the latter—

—*Lex orandi, lex credendi*. And if, in compliance with your request, we are to administer Episcopal functions according to your ritual, we can do so only in the event of that ritual, in its language and ceremonies, containing nothing inconsistent with the word of God, with the principles enunciated in our formularies, with the prerogatives of the One Divine Head of the Church, or of the One Mediator between God and men, the Man Jesus Christ. Your proposed revision of your ritual on the basis of the primitive Gallican Liturgy, adapted to your present necessities, would seem to furnish the best assurance that your reformed liturgy will embody the principles which, you say, are common to us both, and thus remove any difficulty on this head. I await your further communication on this subject.

Now we cannot help remarking that, for a number of Anglican bishops to run eagerly at the bait which is here held out to them by M. Loyson, they must have a very strong appetite indeed for schismatical action. There is no pretence for thinking that the "Old Catholics" whom M. Loyson represents are either a numerous, or in other ways so very respectable and so important a body, as to make it a matter of necessity for the Anglican Episcopate to jump at their offer. As to this point, we happen to have a most competent, and, at the same time, a most reluctant witness, in the gentleman who furnishes the readers of the *Guardian* newspaper with their weekly information as to



the state of things in France—a series of correspondence always worth reading, generally very trustworthy, and altogether above the average of such communications to the English press, if it were not that, now and then, it is disfigured by an almost unusual tone of prejudice against Catholicism. This gentleman is evidently thoroughly well acquainted with the whole movement which is represented by M. Loyson, and we wish very much that we had space at our command sufficient to allow of the insertion of great part of his letter.<sup>1</sup> The writer in question tells us that the movement began some years ago, but that the majority of its followers were not French Catholics at all to begin with, but simply—

—Rival sectaries, who are actuated chiefly by jealousy of the Church, and politicians and rationalists, whose object is much more to pull down and destroy than to reform. . . . I saw at the time a good deal of the above parties, and was inclined to feel sanguine that something might be done if they could be induced to act cordially together. But I am compelled to say that it soon became apparent that this was impossible. . . . The chief impediment certainly arose from the fact that no two men out of those who proposed to inaugurate the movement could be brought to agree either as to the precise objects in view, or the way in which they were to be worked out.

Then came the German war, and "Père Hyacinthe" was advised to betake himself to Geneva. Every one knows that he made a great mess of his adventure—

The position proved to be scarcely tenable, or would have demanded, at least, a very exceptional amount of tact, personal qualities, and administrative ability, as well as of eloquence and zeal, to make it so.

These exceptional qualities, it is clear, the correspondent of the *Guardian* does not see in M. Loyson. Then as to the present movement. The gentleman whom we are quoting tells us that the letters to which this article refers, between M. Loyson and the "Primus," as he is called, of Scotland, have at length been got into a French translation—

In preparing which I had been asked to assist, and gladly did so, with the aid of an experienced friend. The task was not easy, for only those who know in how totally different a channel the French mind runs, on such subjects, from the English, can appreciate how great the difficulty is of presenting the views and even forms of expression respecting them which are familiar to the latter in a shape which shall be intelligent, and above all attractive, to the former.

After speaking of the new position in which these letters placed M. Loyson in the eyes of the French public, "as a missionary specially recognized by, and taken under the guidance, authority, and Episcopal control of the Church of England, in the persons of her chief pastors in Synod assembled," the writer adds that he "is not surprised to hear it designated by leading French Protestants as the most momentous step taken by the Church of England since, perhaps, its own Reformation." "No doubt," he adds, "there is something preeminently Catholic (!) and attractive in the attitude thus assumed, and in the right and jurisdiction vindicated by our Episcopate to care for and maintain the

<sup>1</sup> See *Guardian*, January 8.

purity of the faith throughout all Christendom, wherever endangered or "initiated."

All this is very well under one aspect, that aspect exhibiting the Anglican Episcopate in its true colours, as a thoroughly Protestant, schismatical, and aggressive body. But then there comes the other side of the question, which we earnestly commend to the notice of the High Church School, who for so many years past have been ready with at least vigorous protests on so many subjects as to which they supposed the "Catholic" character of their Establishment to have been endangered. Let it be remembered that the writer whom we are quoting is no Catholic, but the trusted correspondent of the *Guardian*, and a personal friend—so we gather—of M. Loyson. He goes on to speak of the absolute non-existence of any "reforming" feeling among French Catholics—

That there is such a feeling and such a party in France, both amongst the clergy, and especially the inferior clergy, and the laity, is often asserted. I do not attempt to deny its existence; the question, as I have often before had occasion to remark, is one of the most difficult to decide which this country presents. But I do deny that we have any, even the least, patent proof of its existence. Not a single French theologian of eminence, nor even a Professor, as in Germany, has come forward openly to sanction, encourage, or help to inaugurate such a movement amongst French Catholics as our Church has now undertaken to sanction, help, and encourage, or to ask our aid in so doing. And yet the letter of the Primus admits that such an appeal, or call, from one Church to another is necessary to justify an interference with internal jurisdiction and discipline, which would otherwise be a direct breach of canonical and Catholic rule, and which can only be justified by special and exceptional circumstances. But where is this call or appeal to be found in the present instance, except in the letter of the Père Hyacinthe to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and in the person of a distinguished, certainly, but still isolated individuality?

Again, as to the correspondence on which we are commenting, in its French form, he says—

The correspondence of which you have published the chief portions, and which has now appeared here in French, and with some additional letters of the Père Hyacinthe and Bishop Herzog, purports to proceed from the "Société de la Réforme Catholique." May I ask what that "society" is, and what it consists of, and who are its members? none of which facts have been made public. The publication of the correspondence itself proceeds from Grassart, the well-known ultra-Protestant library and dépôt of both French and English Protestant propagandism, and which has nothing whatever to do with the Catholic world and feeling of France except to attack and depreciate them. No movement proceeding from, or even connected with, such a quarter, can pretend to be in any sense a movement in favour of internal reform originating within the bounds of the French Church itself. Is it possible that not a single Catholic editor or publisher in all Paris could be prevailed upon, or tempted, or would venture, to issue such an announcement? And if so, then what becomes of the assertion that there is a large body of Catholics eagerly waiting for such a manifestation, and ready to join in and aid it? Again, as to the proposed Catholic, or Old Catholic chapel, now announced to be about to be opened at No. 7, Rue Rochouart, and to be served by the Père Hyacinthe, and such other priests as may be prepared to join him (just as some before joined him at Geneva, and others the Abbé Deramey in the Jura), and where a Gallican Liturgy in French is to be used, I am, I confess, both surprised and disappointed to learn, on

inquiring where the necessary funds had been obtained for such an undertaking, that they had been furnished, not by any French Catholic, or association of Catholics, or by any internal or spontaneous movement of any body of French churchmen, lay or ecclesiastical, but by "an American gentleman." So that it appears that out of the forty millions of French Roman Catholics, nominal or professing, amongst whom the Père Hyacinthe proposes to open his Mission, not even an individual could be found, or association of individuals, willing to come forward openly with money and names in his support. The fact is startling, and much to be lamented; but it is no use blinking it, nor shutting our eyes to the inevitable inference to be drawn from it.

Further on, after speaking of the considerations which he has been urging as suggesting that there are "good grounds for the Church of England to reflect well before entering officially into, and compromising herself with, such an experiment as that now about to be made," he adds, very significantly indeed, "There are also other grounds of objection, but they are of too private and personal a nature to be stated publicly, and I have ventured to give expression to them in another quarter."

And now, let us ask, what do the High Anglicans think of all this? Where is the fluent pen of Dr. Pusey, who could not write a letter about the Revised Irish Prayer-book without a hard epithet in every sentence? Has Archdeacon Denison got tired of "protesting," and what are the "English Church Union" about, while their prelates are thus taking "the most momentous step" in the direction of open and avowed schism that has been taken since their own Reformation? What do Canon Carter, and Canon Liddon, and Canon Bright, say to all this? Is it really true that as the High Church party has long been without any real practical Catholic life, any actual intercourse with the rest of what they suppose to be "disunited Christendom," so now, after a great many ineffectual struggles, and protests, and attempts to persuade themselves that they could hold a theory as real to which history and present facts of their position give the lie, they have at last settled down into a state in which even remonstrances and protests are no longer to be expected from them—a state of hopeless, conscious, acknowledged, and deliberate schism?

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## 2.—THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. THE ALCOHOL QUESTION.

A most important discussion on the use and abuse of alcohol has been carried on for three months in the pages of the *Contemporary Review*. The main conclusions arrived at are worthy of commemoration, for in England the best mode of suppressing drunkenness is undoubtedly a burning question, and before effective measures can be adopted in practice there must be some agreement about the principles of action. The debate in the *Contemporary* is indeed only indirectly concerned with the greater social problem of preventing folly and crime; but by enabling many minds to compare the carefully formed opinions of high medical authorities, it contributes in no small degree to light up a

difficult subject and to smooth the way for legislators and philanthropists.

Beyond an incidental remark here and there in the course of the controversy, the disputants do not touch what may be called the ascetic side of the subject. They do not stay to consider the moral effect of the good example of temperance or total abstinence, or the merit and profit of any self-sacrifice which Christian charity may demand or encourage for the better correction of a national sin ; but they examine the matter in its purely personal bearing, and endeavour to establish the relations of cause and effect as they are found in the use which men make of alcohol and the consequences which ensue therefrom as touching themselves, not as influencing their neighbours. That part of the subject which the writers, whose thoughts we reproduce, have omitted or deferred, has for that very reason no place in our "Notes on the Press ;" but we shall try to lay before our readers the chief results which seem to flow from a comparison of the various opinions expressed in the course of the debate by men who are pre-eminently entitled by study and experience to speak and be listened to.

A very hasty perusal might make it appear, that the debate has done more harm than good, and will retard rather than help forward the efforts of practical benevolence by parading before the world the unlucky truth that "doctors disagree." If one great authority speaks of alcohol almost as if it were so much poison, and another seems to think that total abstinence is not much less injurious to health than hard drinking, it would seem that the question remains pretty much where it was. By one learned writer we are told that alcohol is a stimulant, by another that this is a most mischievous error, and at the bottom of half the drunkenness in the country, by a third and a fourth that it is supremely unimportant whether we call it a stimulant or a sedative, seeing that it is in fact both or neither, according to variety in bodily condition or in scientific nomenclature. Again, it is asserted very positively by one, and emphatically denied by another, that alcohol is properly speaking "food ;" while by another the truth is declared to be that as yet too little is known about the manner in which alcohol produces its effects to permit wise men to say whether it is food or not ; and by yet another it is suggested that the first step towards an agreement upon this particular point would be to determine accurately what is meant by "food." A little closer attention will convince us that the irreconcilable differences of opinion are not many or important, and that there is either substantial unanimity or overwhelming preponderance of consent, if not upon the technicalities of the subject, at least upon its most important issues.

In the first place, all without exception admit the grievously injurious effect of any considerable excess in the use of alcoholic drinks, and a most dreadful picture of the utter ruin to which the drunkard consigns his body and, by concomitance, his mind, is drawn for us by a determined opponent of total abstinence.

When the sot has descended through his chosen course of imbecility, or dropsy, to the dead-house, Morbid Anatomy is ready to receive him—knows him well. At the *post mortem* she would say, "Liver hard and nodulated. Brain dense and small, its covering thick." And if you would listen to her unattractive but interesting tale, she would trace throughout the sot's body a series of changes which leave unaltered no part of him worth speaking of.<sup>1</sup>

In the next place, all are agreed that even where alcohol is confessedly injurious, the amount of injury done cannot be calculated directly by the quantity taken, but depends upon temperament, age, employment, time of day, full or empty stomach, and many similar conditions. Excess is certainly hurtful, but, unless we accept total abstinence, not only as in practice the lesser of two evils, but as in itself and theoretically more conducive to health than temperance, we cannot draw any hard and fast line to divide the right from the wrong use, the restorative from the poison. Sir William Gull, who is the most pronounced in his dislike of alcohol, is decidedly of opinion that even the moderate use of it is not to be recommended except in exceptional cases. He would allow it readily to the old or the feeble, but scarcely without some special reason to the young and strong.

In advising a young man of sound health as to whether he ought to give up alcohol, I should consider his calling. I am not sure that I should not advise an out-of-door man, doing a good deal of work—a carter, for instance—to take some beer as a good form of food, containing sugar and vegetable extract and very little alcohol, but a very small piece of beefsteak would make up the materials. And if the man had a good strong digestion he could do without his beer.<sup>2</sup>

Yet even Sir William Gull thinks that it would be too much to say in general of the labouring classes that "everybody could go without beer." It is so difficult to keep the social and medical questions quite distinct, that we should like to know whether Sir William is not all the time thinking about the moral rather than the physical effect of a little beer upon his able-bodied carter. Because there is less danger to the young man's soul in beefsteak than in beer, therefore it is to be preferred. Let it be said once more, for fear that any one should judge harshly of the distinguished physicians who speak less unfavourably of beer and wine, that they are considering the question only in its dietetic aspect. One and all, they would assuredly contend that the man, who, when he begins to drink beer or spirits, is likely to go on, would do much better not to begin.

Medically, it would seem that opinions run strongly in favour of the moderate use of alcohol in one shape or another, not in exceptional cases, but as a part of the ordinary sustenance of those who have finished the growing stage of life. Children by all, and young people by most, of our medical advisers, are considered to be decidedly better without alcoholic drinks, and where wine is given to boys and girls as medicine, it is earnestly recommended (for the moral question and the

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Moxon, *Contemporary Review*, December, 1878, p. 44.

<sup>2</sup> Sir William Gull, *Ibid.* pp. 132, 133.



spiritual solicitude will thrust themselves forward in spite of our repudiation) that the less attractive kinds should be selected.<sup>3</sup> As to what constitutes a moderate quantity of alcohol, perhaps the only accurate test is personal experience,<sup>4</sup> but, if the parties in this debate can be accepted as representatives of English medical thought, it seems to be almost as universally agreed that a little is in one way or another useful, as it is that a great deal is ruinous, to health.

Sir James Paget, whose paper stands first in the series, assures us that there is no need at the present time to write against the evil of intemperance, which no sensible man dreams of disputing. The whole question proposed for consideration is simply the comparative wholesomeness of moderate use and total abstinence. He says that so far absolutely no case has been made out against the moderate drinkers, that the presumption is altogether in their favour, and that in the present state of our experimental knowledge we ought not to suppose that we possess any greater certainty than a well founded presumption. The statistics derived from medical practice are entirely inadequate as yet to form the basis of any authoritative judgment.

The least that could be used with any chance of getting at the truth would be a careful comparison of five hundred total abstainers who have never been intemperate, and were not born of intemperate parents, with five hundred habitually moderate persons similarly born and bred, pursuing similar callings, and living under generally similar conditions; and this comparison should have regard not only to average length of life and to health at different periods of life, but to the quantity of muscular work and of good mental work done by each group.<sup>5</sup>

It would seem from this that the matter cannot be settled out of hand upon a few observations taken within some very limited range. With this accords well the earnest protest of Dr. Brudenell Carter against the rapid generalizations of pseudo-science. He complains that, although one hypothesis after another falls, each new one is nevertheless accepted with undiminished faith. A few years ago we were required to believe that "all the solid framework of our bodies was in a state of continual destruction and renewal," but it is now nearly certain that these ideas were in great part false.<sup>6</sup>

In the absence of demonstration, the presumption, according to Sir James Paget, is in favour of moderation rather than teetotalism, if we judge by the larger declarations of the history of mankind. The alcohol drinking nations, taken comprehensively, are superior in mind and body to the abstaining nations, and as this result has been achieved in spite of all the acknowledged damage done by the intemperance of successive generations, it might be fairly argued that the superiority would be even more marked than it is, if the alcohol drinking races had practised more self-control in their potations. From a speculation so vast and vague, where very many disturbing causes, climate, products of the soil,

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Kidd, *Contemporary Review*, January, 1879, p. 354.

<sup>4</sup> Dr. Radcliffe, *Ibid.* p. 350.

<sup>5</sup> *Contemporary Review*, November, p. 684.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* January, 1879, p. 362.



political convulsions in the past, manners and customs in the present, affect the comparison, no proof can be drawn, as Sir James Paget cheerfully admits, but he only seeks to show thereby that the burthen of the proof rests with those who, though appearances are against them, assert that the moderate use of alcoholic beverages is generally injurious. He also insists that to argue from the poisonous effects of larger doses to the mischievous effects of smaller is to contradict medical experience: "the facts are the other way."

From the second essay, which is mainly devoted to an explanation of the manner in which alcohol acts as a stimulant, we may borrow the very sensible advice to restrict the use of it as much as may be to meal time, and to draw a broad distinction between the requirements of youth and later life.

In Ashantee the younger soldiers, who no doubt stretched themselves on the ground and rested after their march until the camp fires were lighted and their evening meal prepared, did not seem to care much for the ration of rum then served out to them, the rest being of itself sufficient to prepare them for their food. The elder men, over forty years of age, were not only glad of their own rations, but would take in addition those of their younger comrades who did not care for the spirit themselves.<sup>7</sup>

In Dr. Bernays' rambling paper there are many valuable suggestions. It is scarcely enough to tell a poor man to drink water unless we provide him with water which it is possible to drink. It appears that the water supplied to the poor in London is not much, or nice, or good. Again, the beer provided is of every conceivable variety of strength, so that it is difficult to foresee the consequences of drinking a given quantity. But these are economic questions and apart from the main discussion.

We have already spoken of Sir William Gull's opinion. He does not give it in his own words, but endorses as correct a *précis* drawn up by his friend, Dr. Bucknill. He strongly dissuades from the common use of alcohol even in moderate measure. All will heartily agree with him that there is a very great deal of excessive drinking which yet falls short of drunkenness. "One of the commonest things in society is that people are injured by drink, without being drunkards." "A person who carries a great deal of drink and does not get drunk may be even more damaged than a man who does get drunk."<sup>8</sup> How to deal with confirmed drunkards he hardly ventures to form an opinion. The craving, which they have lost the power of resisting, comes on capriciously. A man is more likely to be sober just after a drunken bout than six months later; so there is no special reason for putting him under restraint while his offence is fresh, and it is not easy to incarcerate him till he has offended.

Dr. Murchison, who, in the main, agrees with Sir William Gull, and has nothing better to say of "a glass or two of wine," or "Dr. Bernays'

<sup>7</sup> Dr. T. Lauder Brunton, *Contemporary Review*, November, 1878.

<sup>8</sup> *Contemporary Review*, December, 1878, p. 133.

favourite 'branded cherries,' when they are taken by a man who, being in good health, does not need them as remedies, than that if "taken occasionally they may do him no harm," sums up in a few words the views which he has expressed upon the utility of alcohol :

1. A man who is in good health does not require it, and is probably better without it. Its occasional use will do him no harm ; its habitual use, even in moderation, may and often does induce disease gradually.

2. There are a large number of persons in modern society to whom alcohol, even in moderate quantity, is a positive poison.

3. In all conditions of the system characterized by weakness of the circulation the daily use of a small quantity of alcohol is likely to be beneficial, at all events for a time.

Thus Dr. Murchison considers that in practice everything depends upon individual constitution. Perhaps, comparatively few persons of middle age in our modern artificial life come up to that standard of healthiness,<sup>9</sup> which, according to the classification just quoted, neither needs alcohol as a medicine nor receives injury from its occasional use. Dr. Murchison speaks of alcohol in general, and illustrates his meaning by reference to wine and spirits without any mention of beer. The ultimate test should be whether Sir William Gull's young and healthy carter (apart from all moral considerations of the danger of acquiring a bad habit) is better or worse mentally and corporally for a little beer.

Dr. Moxon contributes a long and thoughtful, almost too thoughtful, essay: "Alcohol and Individuality, or why did he become a Drunkard."<sup>11</sup> Like Dr. Murchison, he makes everything depend upon individual differences, but unlike him, he thinks that total abstinence is for some, not exceptional but ordinary, men as great a mistake as excessive drinking is for others. He would classify human beings in reference to the alcoholic question, not by the healthiness of their constitution, but by the peculiarity of their temperament. Disclaiming all pretence of psychological analysis, he draws his line of demarcation, if we interpret his meaning rightly, between the men and women who are endowed with a strong consciousness of their own individuality and the men and women who readily fall into their place as units in the great sum of humanity. They may enjoy equal health, and be equally virtuous, but they are differently constituted for our present purpose. Let the former resist the seductions of alcohol, let the latter accept its benevolent help. Defining "common sense" as the "sense imposed on the individual by his fellows," Dr. Moxon lays down his these: "Alcohol weakens common sense in its opposition to individuality. That is its blessing and its curse. Its blessing to the many it blesses, and its curse to the many it curses."<sup>12</sup> He speaks strongly of the curse of drunkenness, as we have already said, but he is also severe upon the opposite extreme. Teetotalizing A, the good man," he says, "to save

<sup>9</sup> *Contemporary Review*, December, 1878, p. 139.

<sup>10</sup> Compare Dr. Kidd, *Contemporary Review*, January, 1879, p. 354.

<sup>11</sup> *Contemporary Review*, December, 1878, p. 140.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.* p. 155.

B, the sot, is throwing good after bad,"<sup>13</sup> and he believes that the men who most readily undertake to abstain are generally the very men to whom it is a grievous injury in matter of bodily health. He gives a case of a poor cooper, who had injured his ankle. "He was pale, undernourished, and tremulous. We judged it absolutely necessary that he should at once have wine or brandy to carry him on through his illness. But he refused to touch anything containing alcohol: he had signed the pledge. Wine was sent disguised as medicine. He found it out, and then would take no medicine. He died in a few days. . . . It induced me to invent the term intemperate abstinence."<sup>14</sup> The last words in this remarkable paper show again, if that were needed, that to disapprove, medically, of total abstinence is not the same thing as sympathizing with hard drinking. "The family-destroying sot is the most pernicious criminal in the land."

Dr. Wilks maintains that "the stimulating effects of alcohol may be regarded as *nil* compared with those which may be styled its sedative or paralyzing ones,"<sup>15</sup> and he thinks that if the popular fallacy on this point were set right, much would have been done to counteract the habit of having recourse to its strengthening influence on all occasions. He says that it is "a prevailing conviction in the minds of English people that alcohol in some form or other is a necessity of life," and he thinks that this is the great mistake which first calls for rectification. Thus, starting from a different position, he arrives at the same conclusion as Sir William Gull, for he says that "if alcohol be not a stimulant, and a direct giver of strength, it need in nowise be taken by the strong and healthy."<sup>16</sup>

Dr. Risdon Bennett says that the difference of opinion with regard to the action of alcohol regards rather the manner in which it acts than the effect which it produces, and that it is useless to deny either its stimulating or its soothing effects: both are realities, and very marked realities. "When a man is maddened by brandy, and with a flushed face, fiery eye, and throbbing pulse, loses all control over his actions, and murders his wife and children, or blows his own brains out, are we not to admit such evidence as proof of the stimulant action of alcohol?" To the useful "distinctions" proposed by his predecessors in the argument, Dr. Risdon Bennett adds yet one more. It makes a great difference, he thinks, whether alcohol is used during or after the daily task. He approves of it as a part of the restorative meal when work is over, but has not much faith in its power of aiding actual work. Not only is the effect of alcohol different for different persons according to constitution, temperament, and state of health, but it is different for the same man at different hours and in different seasons, according to the alternations of work and play.

Many a barrister or doctor in his summer holiday feels that he does not need his customary glass of sherry or port, does not care for it, and does not

<sup>13</sup> *Contemporary Review*, p. 144.

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.* p. 143.

<sup>15</sup> *Ibid.* p. 158.

<sup>16</sup> *Ibid.* p. 161.

take it; but he no sooner returns to his duties than he becomes conscious that he is happier, more comfortable, and ready for his work by resuming his accustomed habit. I do not believe that such an one is, *ceteris paribus*, a worse but a better life for an assurance office than a pledged abstainer.<sup>17</sup>

Dr. Radcliffe, allowing "for the sake of argument," that water-drinking is all very well under favourable circumstances, maintains that those favourable circumstances are not within the reach of the poor. He is not speaking, as Dr. Bernays did, of deficiencies, whether of quantity or quality, in the water supply, but of the food which must be present if alcohol be absent. He adds from his own experience in hospital and private practice, and we would fain hope that the experience of others may confirm the statement, that "drunkenness or even a tendency to drunkenness is the exception, and not the rule, the comparatively rare exception even." He makes the distinction which was required for completeness in Dr. Murchison's classification of cases, and finds much the same difference between one form and another of alcoholic drinks as that with which we are already familiar between one class and another of alcohol drinkers. Small beer, light wines, cider, perry, meet with his approval, but he sighs for the day when brandied wines will have fled the country, and holds up "dry sherry" to especial reprobation on account of the "silent spirit" therein contained, which is "the worst and rawest kind of whisky."<sup>18</sup>

Dr. Kidd believes that "a large part of the ordinary workers in towns" are subject to some kind of debility, and that for these alcohol in small doses is indispensable, while the few who enjoy perfect health should not take it habitually, but reserve it for medicine. He ascribes his own good health amid hard work for the last twenty-five years to his resolution at the age of thirty to take every day at dinner three glasses of good Bordeaux or hock. He was naturally delicate, and had been till that time an almost total abstainer. The same *regimen* which first gave him health continues to preserve it. He insists very strongly upon a judicious measurement, judged according to the experienced effects in each individual case. In small doses alcohol is medicine, in large doses it is poison. On no account ought it to be used beyond the first stage, the symptoms of which are given as "the quickened state of the nervous system, the livelier mental expression, the gentle warmth of the extremities."

The second stage manifests itself in "the falling temperature, the slight failure of muscular direction and power, restlessness and excitability," and what is set down as of all things most to be shunned is "even the slightest degree of mental confusion or unconsciousness."<sup>19</sup> Dr. Garrod mentions some other symptoms, "flushing of the face, heat of surface, marked quickness of pulse, or subsequent thirst."<sup>20</sup> Dr. Kidd regards the physician as charged in conscience to exert himself to prevent drunkenness.

<sup>17</sup> *Contemporary Review*, January, 1879, p. 343.

<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.* p. 351.

<sup>19</sup> *Ibid.* p. 355.

<sup>20</sup> *Ibid.* p. 368.

Dr. Brudenell Carter fully admits "that there are many who can support vigorous life without alcohol," but that also there are some, although he does not wish to determine how many, "to whom it is a necessity if they are to exert the full measure of their powers." He tells us that his own experience agrees with that of a friend of his "well known for the high quality of his intellectual work," who in mixing his brandy and water finds that a third of a wine-glass of brandy is better for him than half a glass, but "cannot do without the third."

Finally, Dr. Garrod puts his contention into four theses which contain nearly all that has been urged by the advocates of temperance as opposed to teetotalism. He is the first who grapples with the difficulty of determining what moderation means, and he gives it as his own opinion, founded upon long and careful observation, "that the quantity of alcohol taken in the twenty-four hours should seldom exceed that contained in half a bottle of claret of good quality; and it will be found that in the case of French bottles, this is very little more than half an imperial pint, or eleven fluid ounces." He tells us that this quantity of claret would contain slightly less than one ounce of pure alcohol, and he applies the rule as follows, reminding us that he is speaking of the maximum quantity which can be ordinarily approved. In brandy, whiskey, and rum, as a rule, there is one ounce of pure alcohol in two ounces and a quarter of the liquid: in gin usually less. In port wine, sherry, Madeira, Marsala, the regular proportion is one in five or six; in Champagne and Burgundy one in ten; in Bordeaux and in Burton ale, one in twelve; in pale ale and stout, one in sixteen; in porter one in twenty-five. Of course these are only approximations.

That whatever may be thought about the legal criminality of drunkenness, the man who drinks hard either is, or before he drank himself into irresponsibility was, both sinful and foolish, few will care to deny. With the public nuisance and the social damage sooner or later Parliament will have to deal. With the personal sinfulness of the miserable wretch preachers and confessors are deeply concerned. With his egregious folly all men in all seasons and places may have their say, in word or writing, and physicians have the earliest claim to mount the rostrum or seize the pen. The folly of the drunkard is extreme because he commits suicide, killing himself slowly and surely, deliberately "dying down" by degrees as the poison works inward, and destroying on his way to a premature tomb the happiness of those who have the misfortune to be dependent upon him. But it by no means follows that because the man who takes much alcohol is very foolish, therefore the man who takes a little is rather foolish. The verdict of our intelligent jury of twelve doctors has pronounced unanimously that a general prohibition of spirits, wine, and malt liquor would be, from a medical point of view, only a partial kindness. Some, the young and healthy, or the excitable and the weak of will, would receive benefit; others, the old and enfeebled, or those who are calm, resolute, industrious, and temptation-proof, but overworked or underfed, would be hurt by the

prescription. On the other hand it is at least equally clear that, though the two bottles of port a day belong to a generation gone by, there is still far more drinking of alcohol in its various shapes than can be justified on hygienic grounds. Each man must be his own physician in this matter. If he cannot trust his discretion to keep within bounds, then for his own sake he must refrain from alcohol altogether. Far better to have a weaker pulse or less power of work than to become a slave. If he has some higher motive of the service of God and the love of his neighbour, and commits himself to tea and coffee and lemonade because the abnormal misery of the poor around him requires in his opinion the strong temporary check of total abstinence, which he cannot preach effectively if his example does not bear out his words, then he deserves the admiration even of those who do not share his convictions. But if he is neither compelled by fears for his own future, nor solicited by the zeal of God's house, to pledge himself to renounce all fermented juices, then he will do wisely to make a few experiments upon himself according to a very sagacious rule laid down by a master mind. Nature more readily persuades us to drink too much than too little. "With due care not to injure himself, the more he deducts from what seems suitable, the sooner he will arrive at the proper quantity."<sup>21</sup>

### 3.—THE CANON OF ST. VINCENT OF LERINS.<sup>1</sup>

It is a very common custom in the present day to quote words without a very clear conception of their meaning, and we are convinced that nine out of ten of those who adopt as their rule of faith the Vincentian Canon, *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, have only a confused and incorrect notion what its true purport is. Mr. Carter's misty explanation of it in answer to the "Perplexed Inquirer" raises a strong suspicion that he is himself as much in the dark as those he professes to enlighten, and that the cloud of obscure words and vague sentences with which he envelopes it is only a cloak for unconscious ignorance. We therefore need offer no apology for stating clearly and definitely the true Catholic meaning of the Canon, and we recommend our statement of it, which is that of all Catholic theologians, not only to the "Perplexed Inquirer" but to Mr. Carter himself.

1. The words in question are applicable only to Articles of faith properly so called. They are not to be extended to that which we *may* or may not believe, but are to be limited to that which we *must* believe as being a part of the sacred deposit left by Christ to the Church, handed down by the Apostles, to which nothing has been or can be added from Apostolic times to the end of the world. They do not refer

<sup>21</sup> *Exercit. Spirit. Reg. ad victum temperandum*, § 8.

<sup>1</sup> This article is a sequel to what appeared in our last number on the Articles and Correspondence relating to the conversion of Mr. Orby Shipley.



to any purely ecclesiastical tradition, or to any fact or statement which does not date back to the Apostles.

2. These objects of faith may be held by Catholics either with an *implicit* or an *explicit* credence. Every article of the deposit of faith is *implicitly* believed by every Catholic in every age, inasmuch as he is ready to believe everything which is proposed to him by the authority of the Church as a part of the Divine Revelation. He may thus implicitly believe doctrines which he does not, by reason of his imperfect knowledge, recognize as forming part of the original deposit. Thus the Thomist school, who for a time denied the truth of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of our Lady, all the while believed it implicitly, because they were perfectly ready to accept it as soon as they came to recognize it as divinely revealed.

On the other hand, only those articles of the faith are the object of *explicit* belief in which the Catholic recognizes the requisite marks of revelation as, *e.g.*, that they have been formally defined, or if not formally defined, that they satisfy certain conditions which are laid down by the Church as proving them to be a part of God's revealed truth. It is only to the latter kind of belief that the Vincentian Canon is applicable. It lays down certain notes of explicit belief, which enable the inquirer to recognize whether he is bound as a Catholic to accept with loyal and unhesitating faith the doctrine proposed. It is these notes which are expressed in the formula, *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*. In other words a Catholic must, as such, believe all doctrines which are everywhere acknowledged by the Church of God as a part of the Divine Revelation, or which have always been held by Christian antiquity as such.

The first remark which has to be made on this Canon is that, taken in its entirety, it is true only in an affirmative, not in a negative or exclusive sense. Everything which is held everywhere, always and by all, is necessarily a dogma of faith, but it does not at all follow that every dogma of faith contains in itself all these characteristics. There are many dogmas which for long years were a subject of doubt in the Church; there were others which were for centuries disputed in this or that portion of it, and the range of faith would be reduced to almost zero if it were to be limited only to such doctrines as fulfilled at once all these conditions. This is the curious but not unnatural mistake that is made by Protestants. In their anxiety to be rid of certain Catholic dogmas they make the Vincentian rule exclusive, not seeing that it would be fatal to many of the principal doctrines which they would include in the faith. The inspiration of large portions of Holy Scripture; the possibility of attaining to a natural knowledge of God from creatures; the validity of Baptism by heretics; the universality of our Lord's redemption; the possibility of repentance even after the most grievous sin; and many other no less important doctrines, could be lawfully denied or doubted if all these three qualifications are at once

to be required, since each of the above dogmas was at some time or other called in question by doctors or theologians of Holy Church.

It therefore follows that the criteria laid down are to be taken separately. Each of them by itself is a sufficient test of revelation. If a dogma is universally accepted by the Church as an article of faith at any given period, that is quite sufficient to establish its character as a dogma and to impose it of necessity on every Catholic. If, on the other hand, a dogma which for a time was called in question turns out to have been held from remote antiquity, and never to have been doubted until the discussion was raised, that too is a sufficient test of its Apostolic character.

Thus we see that the three criteria, *quod semper*, *quod ubique*, *quod ab omnibus*, may be reduced to two, since *universal* belief (*quod ab omnibus*) may refer to an universality of *place* at some given period (*quod ubique*), or to an universality of *time* from early antiquity up to the period when from some reason or other a doubt arose (*quod semper*). This reduction of the three members of the Canon to two is made by Vincent himself, who lays down, in the recapitulation of the *Commonitorium* (n. 41), that the two criteria to which we must have regard are the consent of the whole world and that of all antiquity (*diximus universitatis et antiquitatis consensionem spectari oportere*). Either of the two is enough: they are to be taken *sensu diviso*, not *sensu composito*; as separate criteria, not as simultaneously requisite.

Hence the Vincentian Canon is not strictly speaking a rule of faith. It is rather a statement of the notes of those doctrines an explicit belief of which is required of every Catholic. We are not to believe this or that dogma *because* it is universally held or comes down from ancient times—its universality or antiquity is not the ultimate basis of its authority—but we are to believe it because it is a part of the Divine Revelation, and we know it to be a part of the Divine Revelation because of its universality or antiquity. These are external, not internal, characteristics of revealed dogmas—handy and available means of recognizing them, not, intrinsic and essential constituents without which they would not be dogmas at all.

Perhaps an instance will best illustrate our meaning. Let us suppose a Catholic before the definition of Papal Infallibility desiring to know whether this doctrine belonged to the original deposit of faith. He takes the Vincentian Canon and seeks to apply it. He asks himself, first of all—Is there an universal consent in the Church on this question? Is there a moral unanimity among Catholics throughout the world that all that the Pope lays down as Head of the Universal Church speaking *ex cathedrâ*, is necessarily and infallibly true? He examines the testimony of the Bishops and clergy, and finds that though there are some who regard the proposed definition as inopportune, and likely to alienate non-Catholics and prevent their return to the Church, yet that they one and all, from all parts of the world, speaking in their own names and the names of their flocks, agree as to the truth of the fact.

Or if he is not satisfied on this point, if he finds one or another among those who call themselves Catholics, at least in name, doubting or denying the doctrine, he has a second test presented to him by Vincent. He takes up the matter historically, examines the current belief on the subject from early times until the Gallican Church disputed the Pope's infallibility. He finds proof clear as the day, dating down from the earliest centuries, that the Church ever regarded the Vicar of Christ as exempt from error in his dogmatic degrees; he finds Popes asserting the fact unchallenged, Councils confirming it, Bishops in every age and country acknowledging it, and so he is compelled to confess that it satisfies the criterion of antiquity, and therefore belongs to the original revelation made by our Lord to His Church, and handed down by the Apostles to their successors.

Thus explained, the Canon of St. Vincent is no longer subject to the difficulties which the "Perplexed Inquirer" raised in his letter to the *Times*, and no longer affords to Protestants the miserable subterfuge which they find in it to escape from the authority of the Holy See. Nor is there any other reasonable or possible explanation of it. For if we strip Mr. Carter's letter of all its ambiguities and obscurities, his Rule of faith would simply amount to this—that we are not bound to believe anything unless it is at the same time accepted by all who in the present day choose to call themselves Catholics, and, beside and above this, was always held throughout the whole Church with a moral unanimity as a part of the Divine Revelation. Such a rule is at least a convenient one, for it reduces dogmatic truth to a minimum, not to say to a vanishing point. It is a convenient rule for those who glory in the comprehensive character of Anglicanism, but like all other distinctively Anglican doctrines, is only a disguised form of a sort of undogmatic Christianity.

## II.—REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

1. *Lives of the Cardinals.* By Patrick Justin O'Byrne. January, 1879. Part I.  
London: Roland Ladelle & Co.

The first of the monthly instalments of the *Lives of the Cardinals* makes its appearance without any explanatory preface, for the subject is sufficiently interesting to dispense with extrinsic commendation, and no one can say that the particulars here gathered together are either unimportant or easily found in combination elsewhere. From the fact that of the first three cardinals selected two are lately dead, and one yet living has closed the years of his cardinalate, we may infer that the series is intended to contain historical sketches of illustrious prelates of the generation which is just passing from the scene of its labours. If it be too much to suppose that every number will be as eagerly read as this which contains the lives of Cardinal Pecci, Cardinal Cullen, and Cardinal Franchi, we may yet feel sure that for the most part cardinals, like saints, deserve mention. For want of some such book as this, many princes of the Church, who have gone to their reward within our memory, at the end of a long career of exalted usefulness, are known to us in little more than name. It seems to us already strange to look back to the time so nearly present, when even our Holy Father, Leo the Thirteenth, whose history we now know by heart in all its stages, was almost a perfect stranger, not only to the readers of the *Times*, but to those men and women in England who now pay him the homage of their love and veneration, and keep him ever present in their prayers. Yet from the early years of his priesthood he was marked out for greatness. The vigour with which in 1837 he put down brigandage in the district of Benevento would not have disgraced old Sixtus Quintus himself. His name was a terror to evil doers, but the people loved him for smiting their oppressors. He had been, all through his episcopal life, which began at the early age of thirty-three, so zealous a promoter of education, and so warm an advocate of all that is good in modern civilization, and he was in high places so conspicuous an example of learning and refinement, that the wisdom of the world, having formed a wrong estimate of his character, hailed the advent to power of an "enlightened" Pope, who would shake hands with Prince Bismarck and swear fealty to a King of Italy.

Cardinal Cullen's life marks a whole era of history in Catholic Ireland. A favourite pupil of the great Dr. Doyle, he went to Rome when he was sixteen years old, and gave evidence at once of his great talent and industry. Nine years later, in 1828, he won his doctor's cap in a most brilliant "defension," in presence of Leo the Twelfth and two future Popes, Cardinal Capellari (Gregory the Sixteenth) and Mgr. Pecci. Cardinal Wiseman also was there, and joined in the attack upon the "young Irishman." Dr. Doyle wanted his old pupil for coadjutor bishop

when he had reached the ripe age of thirty-one, and expressed his wishes in characteristic form: "May God direct them in their choice. I wonder will they have the good sense to elect that boy in Rome—he possesses every requisite qualification, even to being a native of the diocese." Paul Cullen was consecrated Primate of all Ireland in 1850, and he was raised to the purple in 1866.

Cardinal Allesandro Franchi, who was born in 1819, was twice sent to the Court of Isabella to oppose the anti-Catholic revolution, and Espartero, thirty years ago, found in him a determined antagonist. In 1873 he was made Cardinal, and in the following year was appointed Prefect General of the Propaganda. During his five months' tenure of office as Chief Minister of Leo the Thirteenth, before his lamented death on the last day of last July, he had at least found time to show the enemies of the Church that they would find no weakness in his defence of the temporal rights of the Holy See.

The numbers are published in folio, and the work as it progresses ought to furnish the substance of many handsome volumes. Each memoir is preceded by an excellent portrait of the Cardinal whom it commemorates.

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2. *The Description of Ireland and the State thereof, as it is at this present, in A.D. 1598*, now for the first time published from a manuscript preserved in Clongowes Wood College, with copious notes and illustrations. By Edmund Hogan, S.J. Dublin: Gill; London: Quaritch.

Father Hogan has given us in this handsome quarto volume a very model of careful editing. The printing is admirable, both for its clearness and its accuracy, and the latter quality in particular can only have been attained by immense care in the case of a book containing such a multitude of proper names and ancient forms of spelling. The editing has evidently been a labour of love, in which religious patriotism and antiquarianism have combined, and the result is an abundant proof, in the words quoted from the Four Masters, "that it was a cause of pity (for the glory of God and the honour of Erin) that the race of the Gael have gone under a cloud."

The original manuscript of the "Description" forming the staple of this volume is not known to exist. The transcript used by the Editor was deposited at Clongowes Wood College by the well-known Father Kenny, S.J., in 1814. It is about a hundred years old, but the original is shown by internal evidence to have been compiled in the winter of 1598. It is a description of Ireland as it was at that time by "a man of English sympathies, and no doubt an Englishman and an English official;" and it is pronounced by its very competent Editor to be superior to the best descriptions of Ireland hitherto published. The annotations it has received at Father Hogan's hands complement it with all available information, and in some sense bring it to the present time, for the Editor has been at the pains always to show us which of

the family names mentioned have representatives now living, so that the book is doubly valuable to Irish gentle families.

To us its chief interest is in the evidence it affords of the manner in which Elizabeth's government carried on their war of conquest, and of the consequent condition of the country at that time. We will place a few extracts before our readers, but in doing so we shall consider ourselves free to draw on the text or notes without further acknowledgment than the page in Father Hogan's book in which the passage occurs. For our purpose we may open the book almost at random.

This was the condition of the County Galway. "This County is in a manner unpeopled by reason of the spoils committed in the last rebellion, partly by the rebel and partly by the soldier, and the great famine that followed thereupon, which hath so wasted this county that scarce the hundredth man or house is to be found now that was several years ago. There is in rebellion some of the Kellys and Burkes and O'Maddens, and in a sort all the county saving the town of Galway and the Earl of Clanrickard and some of his friends."<sup>1</sup>

Of the County of Waterford the writer says, "This county in the late rebellion of Desmond was least infected with treasons, yet much spoiled by the soldiers that lay in garrison there, and at this day some few are in rebellion without any man of name to be at their head."<sup>2</sup>

"And, as to Roscommon, "This county is also all wasted, that scarce in twenty miles shall a house be seen. All are in a sort rebels, saving Hugh O'Connor Roe: *but there is neither English nor Irish left for the rebels or soldiers to spoil or prey upon.*"<sup>3</sup>

Of County Louth: "Of late Tyrone and his adherents hath made the whole county desolate, that it might not yield to the English army, whenever it should invade him, any succour or relief, either of men or victuals for men or horses, or any convenient place for men to garrison in, now again reinhabited."<sup>4</sup>

Of Munster in general<sup>5</sup> Sir Henry Sydney wrote in 1566, "I have known Munster as well inhabited as many counties are in England, yet a man may now ride forty miles and find no house standing nor any manurance<sup>6</sup> of the earth." In 1584 "the towns and villages were ruined, and but one in thirty persons was left alive." In 1600 Sir H. Power wrote, "The rebels are absolute masters of the field, and her Majesty's forces here garrisoned in cities and walled towns are in condition little better than besieged. Furthermore, the cities and walled towns are so besotted and bewitched with priests, Jesuits, and seminaries, that they are ready upon every small occasion to rise in arms against our soldiers, and minister all underhand aid and succour unto the rebels."

We take one more instance. "The County of Dublin is very fruitful, and yieldeth great plenty of all kind of corns; but if the rebels fear prosecution, they burn the corn that the subject may not have

<sup>1</sup> P. 139.

<sup>2</sup> P. 166.

<sup>3</sup> P. 154.

<sup>4</sup> P. 3.

<sup>5</sup> P. 156.

<sup>6</sup> *Manurance*, cultivation; an obsolete word worthy of revival (*Johnson*).



means to relieve the soldiers in the time either of prosecution or cessation; whereupon ensueth extreme misery either to the countryman or soldiers or both, for the soldiers being for the most part disordered and very licentious, will violently draw from the poor herdsman that which should sustain himself and his family, and so doth daily drive him to beg; or if the soldier be restrained, *which seldom falleth out*, he perisheth for want of food, of both which these last years have given infinite examples, and it is to be feared that if the corns be burnt up this winter that there will be little sowing of summer corn this year, and consequently a dearth and plague, which commonly followeth dearth, the next year."<sup>7</sup>

Now for a specimen of how the war was waged. Sir H. Sydney writes, "Against Rory O'More in 1578 I advanced, being of horsemen and footmen a right good force, but he would not abide me nor [could] I overtake him, but he carried away captive to my heart's grief my lieutenant, Sir Harry Harrington, my most dear sister's son. *I made on him as actual and cunning a war as I could.* I beset his cabinish dwelling with good soldiers and excellent good executioners. He had within it twenty-six of his best men, his wife and his marshal's wife, and Cormac O'Connor, an ancient and rank rebel of long maintained in Scotland. All were killed, his wife and all his men; only there escaped himself and his marshal, called Shane M'Rory Reagh, in truth most miraculously, for they crept between the legs of the soldiers into the fastness of the plashes<sup>8</sup> of trees. The soldiers saved the marshal's wife."<sup>9</sup>

Father Hogan notes that, "as Shane O'Neill was subdued by the Scots, Desmond by Ormond, and the Kavanaghs by the Butlers, so were the O'Mores ruined by their neighbours and kinsmen, the M'Gillapatricks." "M'Gillapatrik, Baron of Upper Ossory, my particular sworn brother," says Sidney, "was the faithfulest man for martial action that ever I found of that country. He followed O'More with great skill and cunning, and with much or more courage assailed him and made the best fight with him that ever I heard of between Irishmen. Rory was killed by a household servant of the Baron's, his marshal escaped, and the rebel's body, though dead, was so well attended and carried away as it was the cause of the death of a good many men on both sides; yet carried away it was."

Another specimen of the condition of Ireland we find in the following note. "Murtagh Oge M'Sheehy and his brothers Rory and Edmund, from the cradle inclined to mischief, as all that sept hath been, being oft apprehended and imprisoned, and having broken prisons (Murtagh at Limerick, Rory at Kilkenny), after many favours went into open action. Murtagh was marked by nature; he had a strong arm, a desperate villany, and [was] a skilful targeteer. He was taken in a wood killing of porks, and making provision to entertain the rebels of Leinster. Being brought to Cork and arraigned, evidence

<sup>7</sup> P. 43.<sup>8</sup> To *plash*, to interweave branches (*Johnson*).<sup>9</sup> P. 76.

was given against him that he had preyed, spoiled, and murdered about fourscore English families. Sentence was given that he should have his arms and his thighs broken with a sledge [hammer] and hung in chains. So he was executed without the north gate of Cork A.D. 1597. Rory was killed by an Irish Kerne; and Edmund was killed by an Englishman at the spoil of Kilkolman."<sup>10</sup>

We pass to a sketch of a different description, the terms of which require a word or two of explanation. It occurs in a letter from Sir W. Drury to Walsingham about the O'Reillys. "In June, 1579, when I was staying at Sir Lucas Dillon's house, seven miles from Kells, four German barons came, who were visiting Ireland, and said that after having seen Galway, Limerick, and some of the post towns, they would go to Scotland. While they and I were at service the day after Whitsun Sunday, O'Reilly, with his brother Philip and his Uncle Edmund and thirty horsemen well furnished, came unlooked for, to present me a submission in behalf of himself and his whole country [County Cavan], to have his people framed to English manners, his country made shire ground, and subject to law under her Majesty's writ. I thought it good to honour [him] with the title of knighthood. But how strange the view of these 'savages parsonadges' (most of them wearing glibbes and armed in mail with pesantes and skulls, and riding upon pillions) seemed to our strangers I leave it to your wisdom to think of. And so myself and the train, together with these strangers and O'Reilly with his company, being entertained with the said Sir Lucas, we parted."

We learn from Halliwell that a *glib* was "a large tuft of hair hanging over the face," and he quotes a passage from Stanihurst (1586) that the Irish were very "proud of long crisped bushes of hair, which they call *glibs*, and the same they nourish with all their cunning." The same archæologist gives *pesane* as a "gorget of mail attached to the helmet." Johnson gives a second meaning for *pillion* besides the usual one of "a soft saddle set behind a horseman for a woman to ride on," "a pad, a pannel, a low saddle," with the quotation from Spenser, "I had thought that the manner had been Irish, as also the furniture of his horse, his shank pillion without stirrups."

Of the O'Reillys Father Hogan quotes from Dr. M'Dermot that "it is estimated that there are over 20,000 people named O'Reilly in the County of Cavan;" and speaking himself also evidently of the present time, he says "that there are more priests of that name than of any other Irish name: they number about eighty." It is probable, then, that there is no other name in the world that surpasses it in this respect.

To return to Ireland at the end of the sixteenth century, it is a comfort in such rough and troublous times to find some trace of schools and schooling. Stanihurst calls Kilkenny "the best uplandish town in Ireland, famous for Peter White's school, out of which have sprouted such proper imps, so that the whole weal public of Ireland is

<sup>10</sup> P. 204.

thereby furthered."<sup>11</sup> This, we suppose, is the same as the Reverend Peter White of Waterford, "called 'the happy schoolmaster' on account of his marvellous success in teaching."<sup>12</sup>

Better still is the following, as it is English and Protestant testimony to the excellence of an Irish schoolmaster and to the encouragement he received. "We found in Galway," says the Royal Visitation of 1615, "a public schoolmaster named Lynch, placed there by the citizens, who had a great number of scholars, not only out of that province, but also out of the Pale and other parts, resorting unto him. We had daily proof during our continuance in that city how well his scholars profited under him, by verses and orations which they presented to us. We sent for that schoolmaster before us, and seriously advised him to conform to the religion established, and not prevailing with our advices, we enjoined him to forbear teaching, and I, the Chancellor, did take a recognizance of him and some others of his kinsmen in that city, in the sum of £400 sterling, that from thenceforth he would forbear to teach any more."<sup>13</sup> The sum was simply enormous.

Sir H. Sidney gives us an unexpected instance of scholarship in 1576, in M<sup>r</sup> William Ewghter, who was, he says, "a great man, [for] he hath many goodly havens and is lord of a territory of three times as much land as the Earl of Clanrickard is." His report is, "I found M<sup>r</sup> William very sensible, though wanting the English tongue, yet understanding the Latin."<sup>14</sup>

If we have extracted freely from Father Hogan's volume, it is because we have found it a repertory of information. The Appendix, to which we have not yet alluded, contains some interesting documents, and in particular some original letters written in 1598. In an extract given<sup>15</sup> from a letter written by Father Holiwood to the General of the Society, we have mention made of a list of martyrs that would be invaluable now, but which we fear, from Father Hogan's silence, is not known to exist. Father Holiwood tells Father Aquaviva that not long before Connor O'Devany, the martyred Bishop of Down and Connor, was taken (1612), he gave him a list of the names and the day of death of all the bishops and priests from the time of Primate Creagh, whom he had known to have been put to death in Ireland by the Protestants. Perhaps however it may be in Father Hogan's power to write a detailed life of one of the Irish martyrs of whom we have mention in a note.<sup>16</sup> "Dominick O'Collin, ex-colonel of heavy cavalry in the wars of the League, ex-captain of the Port of Corunna, who became a Jesuit lay-brother in 1598, and was hanged in Cork in the year 1602."

J. M.

<sup>11</sup> P. 66.

<sup>12</sup> P. 164.

<sup>13</sup> P. 132.

<sup>14</sup> P. 140.

<sup>15</sup> P. 285.

<sup>16</sup> P. 294.

3. *Roma Sotterranea.* An Account of the Roman Catacombs, especially of the Cemetery of St. Callixtus, compiled from the works of Commendatore de Rossi, with the consent of the Author. New Edition, revised and greatly enlarged. By the Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, D.D., Canon of Birmingham, and the Rev. W. R. Brownlow, M.A., Canon of Plymouth. Part I. History. Longmans, 1879.

No one acquainted with, or interested in, the subject of the Roman Catacombs will be otherwise than grateful to the authors of this beautiful work, for so far remodelling and enlarging it as to make it almost a new book. The earlier edition was extremely valuable as far as it went, and it has done immense service to Christian archæology, and, indeed, to religion itself, by the interest which it excited and the great mass of information which it popularized. But since that time the great Roman explorer, Commendatore de Rossi, has published the most important volume of his great work, besides a number of essays and monographs in his *Bollettino* and in other periodicals. If these new materials had been embodied in a separate English work, neither that work nor the old work of Canons Northcote and Brownlow would have been complete. We consider, therefore, that great gratitude is due to these laborious writers for having the courage to recast their former work, and to incorporate with it, in its new form, the complete results of De Rossi's most successful explorations and reasonings. The new work is to consist of three volumes, which will cover the same ground as the single volume published some years ago, going, of course, into almost all the various departments of this great subject in far greater detail. The present volume is the first of these three.

To those who already possess the first edition of this work, we shall best describe the additions which Canons Northcote and Brownlow have made, or propose to make, by comparing the contents of the two volumes. The first two books of the present edition correspond more or less to the Introduction and the First Book of the earlier edition. The General Description of the Catacombs is placed as the first chapter of the whole work, and the second book of the new edition, corresponding to the first of the old, has been considerably enriched in its information as to the origin of the Catacombs. The third book, formerly the second, in which the History of the Catacombs is described, has three or four new chapters. The fourth book, which was the third, on the Cemetery of Callixtus, has an additional chapter on the Arenarium of Hippolytus. The fourth book of the earlier edition is left out, as the subject of ancient Christian Art, of which it treats, will occupy the whole of another volume (which is nearly ready), while the Inscriptions of the Catacombs will form a third. The last books of the present volume and of the earlier edition coincide in their subject, the Testimony of the Catacombs. This bare enumeration, however, will give but a poor idea of the increase of information contained in this volume as compared with the former volumes. Some subjects are almost altogether new, and all subjects have been much enriched.

We think that no careful reader of the work will deny its great claims on the attention of all Catholics. When we consider the neglect into which the Catacombs naturally fell when they were disused as places of interment and even as shrines of devotion, and the many other causes which have been so long in operation to obliterate or confuse the silent and unconscious testimony which they bear to the religion of those who made them and who worshipped in them, it would not be surprising if we were told that, after all, their story is too obscure and their records too mutilated to reward the labour which their investigation has cost and may hereafter cost. It turns out, however, that this is not so, and that we are able to trace in them a clear, simple, and consecutive history. Every one knows that we owe this result to the devotion of a succession of most painstaking and sagacious investigators, in the list of whom no name will ever be greater than that of De Rossi. We observe with great satisfaction that the English translators or adapters pass over in well-deserved silence even the name of the ignorant and conceited English writer who has endeavoured lately to cast a slur on the eminent fame of one of the most successful, accurate, and discriminating explorers of ancient monuments that ever lived. One of the writers of the volume before us administered some kind of castigation to the English critic to whom we allude, in the pages of this Review, about a year ago—but there was certainly no need for mentioning him in a serious and permanent work on the Catacombs of Rome.

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4. *Records of the Past*: being English translations of the Assyrian and Egyptian Monuments. Published under the sanction of the Society of Biblical Archaeology. Twelve vols. 8vo. London: S. Bagster.

As the eleventh volume of the *Records of the Past*, containing the last volume of the Assyrian translations, has just been published, we are now able to form an appreciative judgment of the general merit of these monumental translations. It was at the end of the year 1870 that Dr. Samuel Birch, of the British Museum, and Mr. J. Bonomi conceived the idea of forming the Society of Biblical Archaeology, for the investigation of the Archaeology, Chronology, Geography, and History of Ancient and Modern Assyria, Arabia, Egypt, Palestine, and other Biblical Lands, the promotion of the study of the antiquities of those countries, and the preservation of a continuous record of discoveries, now in progress or to be commenced hereafter. The first secretary of this Society, the late W. R. Cooper, suggested the plan of translating the most important Assyrian and Egyptian texts, which exist in the various collections of England and the Continent. He invited the most renowned scholars in these branches to contribute their translations, and nearly all the principal translators have, in fact, offered their services for this purpose; each author is responsible for his own portion of the work, while the general arrangement of the materials



rested with the President of the Society of Biblical Archæology, Dr. Birch. The entire collection of these translations has been received by the public with high approval, and a second edition of the first and second volume was required. This publication was intended both for the public good, to present to ordinary readers new translations of the most important Assyrian and Egyptian inscriptions, and for the service of beginners in Assyrian and hieroglyphic studies, to put into their hands in an easy shape the results in these branches hitherto attained. Therefore no effort at all was made to bring these various translations into one system, and classify them, or to draw conclusions from them for historical opinions, chronology, mythology, or the like. The editor has expressly avoided all these questions, and has simply endeavoured as far as possible to give an exact translation of the inscriptions, and he has added a few explanatory notes only when the whole context required elucidation; for it is impossible to use these texts or translations for further conclusions without being quite sure of the exact meaning of a passage. Our scholars in Assyrian and hieroglyphic studies agree, it is true, sufficiently well in the main as to the principles of explaining these ancient inscriptions; but any one who looks more closely at the interpretations of different authors given till now, may easily perceive that a great deal of work is still to be done. And if even now many scholars still dispute about the exact meaning of a passage in a Greek or Latin author or in the Hebrew Bible, it is not to be expected that the Assyrian or Egyptian language should be fully investigated and explained. Besides, the most part of these archaic texts are preserved only in a very fragmentary state, and of very few the local and temporal circumstances in which they were composed are as yet ascertained. Therefore it is easy to conceive that many details still remain to be cleared up, although the chief facts are pretty well established. It is the peculiar merit of this collection that to the greater part of the translations given it assigns the degree of certainty which they possess. This it does by pointing out the passages doubtfully translated, by adding very likely suggestions in difficult passages, and by giving references to the previous publications concerning the same inscriptions. Of course, the translations given are of different value, depending both on the respective authors and on the kind and nature of the document translated; but in general it may be said that the best known Assyrian and Egyptian scholars have contributed to form this collection, and that the translations duly and fairly represent the actual state of these modern branches of classical philology.

The whole collection is divided into (1) translations from the Assyrian in vols. i. iii. v. vii. ix. xi., to which some translations from Phœnician and Persian are added, and (2) translations from Egyptian Texts in the other volumes, viz., ii. iv. vi. viii. x., and the twelfth, which may be published in the course of this year. It would try the patience of our readers if we were to examine each translation separately, and perhaps we may have later the opportunity of examining some of them; for the



present it may suffice to mention the authors who have contributed to this collection and to point out the general plan.

Translations from the Assyrian were presented by A. H. Sayce, H. Fox Talbot, G. Smith, Sir H. Rawlinson, M. Rodwell, J. Oppert, W. St. Chad Boscawen, Theophilus G. Pinches, J. Ménant, and Halévy. These authors present to the public the main part of the most important historical inscriptions, as those of the earliest Babylonian kings, the annals of Tiglath-Pileser the First (twelfth century, B.C.), Assur-nazir-pal (called Assur-akh-pal, a. 890—865, B.C.), Salmaneser the Second (a. 865—830, B.C.), Samas-Rimmon (a. 830—817, B.C.), Tiglath-Pileser the Second (a. 744—727, B.C.), Sargon (721—704, B.C.), Sennacherib (a. 704—681, B.C.), Esarhaddon (a. 680—667, B.C.), Assurbanipal (the Sardanapalus of the Greek authors, a. 667—647, B.C.), and the inscriptions of the late Babylonian kings—Nebukadrezzar, Neriglissar, and Nabonidus. Besides these translations, the Persian cuneiform inscriptions of Behistun, Persepolis, and Susa are given in a new revision, an attempt is made to translate the Susian cuneiform texts, and, by way of appendix, is added the Phœnician sepulchral inscription of Esmunezer, King of Sidon. From the other non-historical monuments a fair selection is made to show the extent of the Assyrian and Babylonian literature: there are translations from mythological and magical tablets, from astronomical and astrological tablets, specimens of hymns to various gods, of Babylonian charms and exorcisms, of medical precepts, contract tablets, &c. In short, this collection gives a pretty adequate idea of those literary riches which are for a great part still hidden in the bricks and clay-tablets of the British Museum, only partly exhibited to the public visiting the Assyrian gallery.

To the Egyptian part of this collection have contributed: Dr. S. Birch, G. Maspero, L. Lushington, C. Cook, P. Pierret, Fr. Chabas, J. de Horrack, P. Le Page Renouf, W. Goodwin, Ed. Naville, L. Stern, Eisenlohr, Brugsch, Th. Déveria, Duemichen, Revillout, and Lefébure; names which represent the best explorers of the ancient monuments of Egypt. It is impossible to give a translation of all Egyptian monuments, on account of their great number, but the selection here made gives fair specimens of almost all kinds of Egyptian literature. The most interesting historical inscriptions are communicated as the annals of Thothmes the Third, of Rameses the Second and Third, the Rosetta stone, the Decree of Canopus, &c. Extracts, or whole translations, of the best known papyri are given, as the tale of the Two Brothers, the tale of the Garden of the Flowers, the tale of Setnaui; the book of Hades and the book of Respirations are entirely translated. Only the book of the Dead is almost excluded from this collection, because it was too extensive and already published by Dr. Birch in the fifth volume of Bunsen's work, *Egypt's Place in History*. A great deal of the work is devoted to the magical and mythological texts, as, the lamentations of Isis and Nephthys; several hymns to various gods, as, Osiris, Amen-Ra, Ra-Harmachis, the Nile, &c.

If we now examine the collection as a whole, we may certainly congratulate the editor for having enabled ordinary readers to possess themselves of the results of the studies in cuneiform and hieroglyphic inscriptions, which have attracted the attention of so many people, and which were till now for the most part almost inaccessible, because they lay scattered in so many different periodicals, or embodied in large publications only to be found in great libraries. This compilation will be very serviceable to all who wish to obtain a fair idea of this archaic literature without having time to study it in the originals.

5. *A Benedictine of the Sixteenth Century* (Blosius). By Georges de Blois. Translated by Lady Lovat. London: Burns and Oates; Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1878.

The translation of this work has been admirably executed by Lady Lovat, and we note with pleasure that it has been printed—in a style which does great credit to the printer—at Aberdeen. It is then, we must suppose, connected with the Benedictine movement, of which we hear so much, in the north of Scotland. The Benedictines of Fort Augustus, we should imagine, must look forward to a life of less retirement and greater missionary activity than Louis de Blois, the celebrated ascetic writer, more generally known under the name of Blosius. On the other hand, they must be ambitious indeed if they look forward to producing any writer of equal renown with him. His works are full of sweetness, mixed with solidity of doctrine, and are the most popular remains of the school which drew its inspirations from St. Gertrude, Tauler, and Suso. His name is enough to show the nobility of his birth and the distinction of his family, of which, however, he is the chief honour in the Church. He was born in 1506, and lived not quite sixty years, for nearly forty of which he was Abbot of Liessies, a monastery which he tried at first to reform on the primitive model, but which he afterwards was contented to rule under a more “mitigated” observance, which was still a great improvement on the condition in which he found it. He was highly valued by Charles the Fifth, whose page and almoner he had been before leaving the world, and by Margaret of Austria, who long ruled the Netherlands for the Emperor. He was one of the earliest friends of the Society of Jesus, which he helped very efficaciously. The incidents of his life are not very many, and the French biographer, whose work Lady Lovat has given us in good English, is a little too fond of amplifications and reflections. But the book, as a whole, is a valuable addition to our Catholic literature.





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